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jon whitcomb

Beginning a new serial—

SLUG IT SLAY!

by Edwin Lanham

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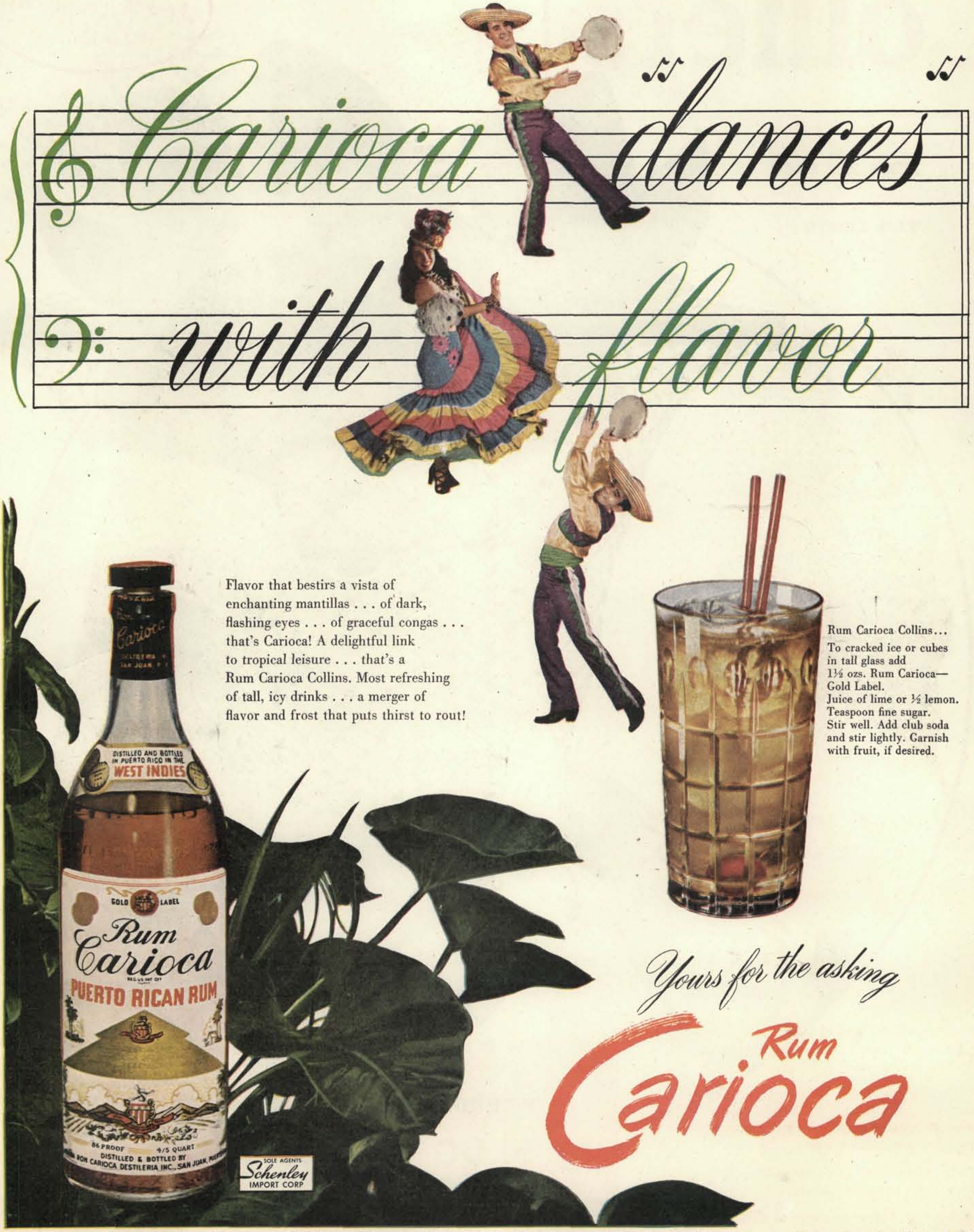
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Flavor that bestirs a vista of enchanting mantillas . . . of dark, flashing eyes . . . of graceful congas . . . that's Carioca! A delightful link to tropical leisure . . . that's a Rum Carioca Collins. Most refreshing of tall, icy drinks . . . a merger of flavor and frost that puts thirst to rout!

Rum Carioca Collins . . .
To cracked ice or cubes in tall glass add 1½ ozs. Rum Carioca—Gold Label.
Juice of lime or ½ lemon.
Teaspoon fine sugar.
Stir well. Add club soda and stir lightly. Garnish with fruit, if desired.

Yours for the asking

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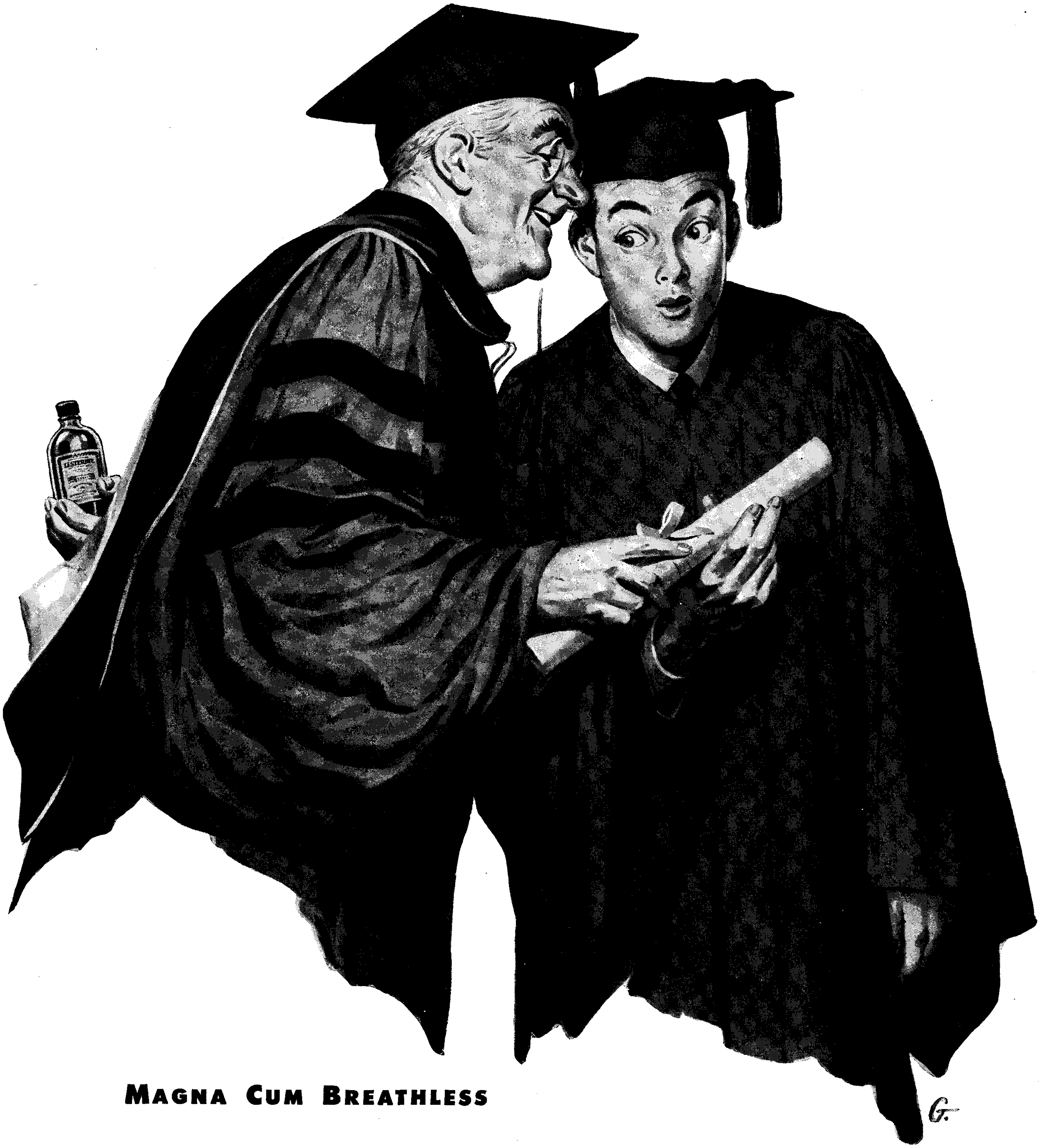

MAGNA CUM BREATHLESS

GREAT SCOTT! What's happening here? Has the starry-eyed Prof gone completely off his rocker in the warm summer sun?

"I'm slipping you something else besides your diploma, Son," he says, "something that's quite as important when it comes to getting a job and holding one."

And, slyly, from gown to gown, the bottle of Listerine Antiseptic passes.

Of course this never happens. Too bad that it doesn't; life might be a lot easier for bright girls and boys out to get a toe-hold in business.

For business has no room for halitosis (unpleasant breath). If you're guilty of it...and you may not know when you are...your other qualifications are not likely to be impressive.

Isn't it foolish to put yourself in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy, delightful precaution against off-color breath? You simply rinse the mouth with it, and almost at once your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit it before any business or social appointment.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

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FOR ORAL HYGIENE

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LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Hello, again!

★ ★ ★ ★

I guess you've been seeing my face on movie screens quite often of late—and maybe you've noticed the jubilant note when I roar.

★ ★ ★ ★

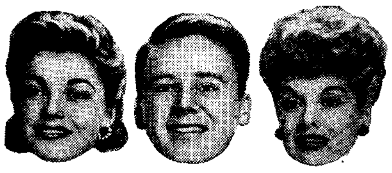
There's a reason. In fact, there are several reasons

★ ★ ★ ★

Just look at the M-G-M hits that are around. And the wonderful reception they're getting!

For instance, that wonderful motion picture "The Green Years". As you know, it was filmed from A. J. Cronin's latest romantic best-seller. And it has Charles Coburn, Tom Drake, Beverly Tyler—and a perfect cast. And it has broken records at Radio City Music Hall in New York and most everywhere else. It's wonderful!

★ ★ ★ ★



And there's "Easy To Wed" which is gay and melodic and in gorgeous Technicolor. Van Johnson is easy to go for. Esther Williams is easy to fall for. Lucille Ball is easy to look at. And Keenan Wynn is easy to laugh at. Yes, it's easy to see that "Easy To Wed" is easy to take!

★ ★ ★ ★

Then there's "Courage of Lassie" which is also in Technicolor. Lassie meets new adventures and new friends—and Lassie's best friend is the blue-eyed girl who charmed you in "National Velvet", Elizabeth Taylor! You'll love them both. It's the best "Lassie" film so far.

★ ★ ★ ★

So, you see, it looks like an exciting summertime of entertainment—a gala season that will be lighter and brighter because of hits and hits and more hits.

★ ★ ★ ★

From M-G-M, *of course!*

—Leo

Collier's
FOR JUNE 29, 1946

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
WILLIAM B. HART *Fiction*
MACLENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

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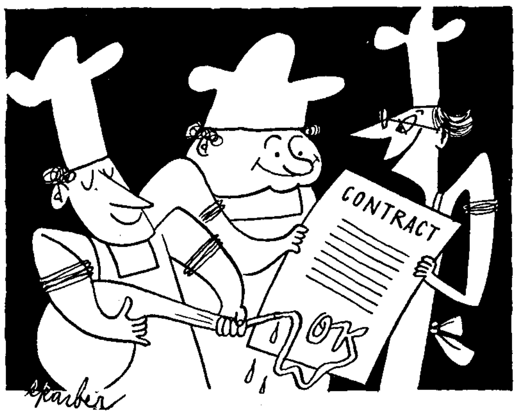
COVER By *JON WHITCOMB*

any week

MR. CLEVELAND SESSUMS in New Orleans assures us that there is a sign in a Magazine Street window reading: "Didn't we told you? We open noon on a Wednesday."

IN NEW ORLEANS, too, a delegation of friends of Officer Elmo Pic called on us. Mr. Pic is a cop. A great injustice has been done him and our sympathy was solicited. On a hot and humid day soon after New Orleans' new reform government took over, Officer Pic was seen by his sergeant emerging from a drugstore with an ice-cream cone in either hand. This, the sergeant decreed, was conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman. So Officer Pic was suspended. The F.O.E.P. says that Officer Pic was not eating ice cream, merely carrying it. This, they insist, is carrying reform much too far. There was nothing we could do about it except take the committee to the nearest ice-cream dive—which we did.



IN JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, we were introduced to three gentlemen who were waiting for the hotel manager to wrangle out a bakers' union contract. One was very fat and unconcerned. One was very thin and fidgety. The third explained the trio. He was just an ordinary fellow with no particular physical departures. He said: "One of us looks like a baker, another thinks like a baker and I do the negotiating because I talk like a baker."

NO MATTER what you do it is inevitable in Texas that sooner or later you will be talking to a Mexican. Incidentally you can and will do much worse. The one we talked to first said, among other things: "In my country it is requested by the government that every literate person shall make it his duty to teach at least one illiterate to read and write. But, Señor, before you applaud, consider. In this world today there can be no greater misfortune than to be able to read the newspapers. If one is able, the temptation to do so becomes irrestible. And having done so one becomes most unhappy. I myself taught one of my countrymen to read. In the newspapers he learned what a forlorn place the world today is. A happy man has become an unhappy one. He is now my enemy."

(Continued on page 39)

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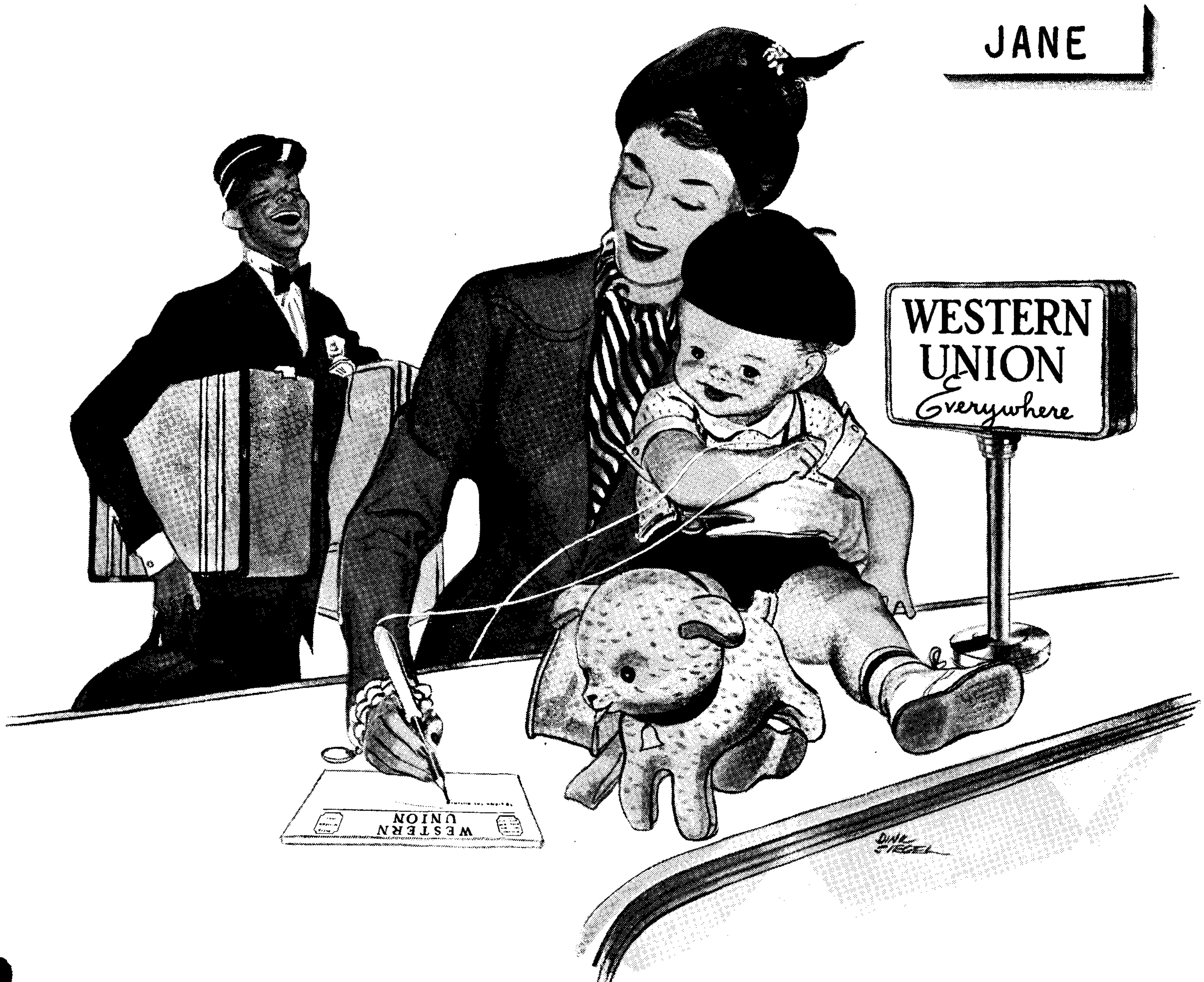
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

ARRIVED SAFELY. JOHNNY GOT HIS FIRST TOOTH

AS WE PASSED THROUGH TOPEKA. LOVE=

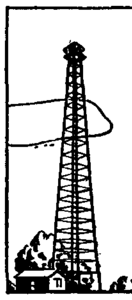
JANE


WESTERN UNION Everywhere
WESTERN UNION
DINK SIEGEL

"Wait till I show this telegram to Hank Lewis! His boy's 5 weeks older—and no teeth! Then I'm going to telegraph Jane right back what Hank's face looked like!"

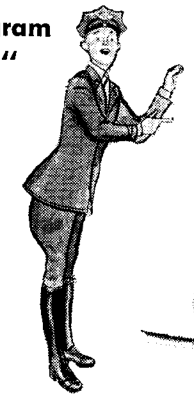
THE WAY to keep your spirits flying, when you're miles apart, is to *keep in touch by telegram.* What a thrill it is to flash a few cheery words back and forth, every day or so! And remember, too, it's so easy to send telegrams. Simply go to your near-by Western Union office or you can call Western Union and have your telegram charged to your phone.

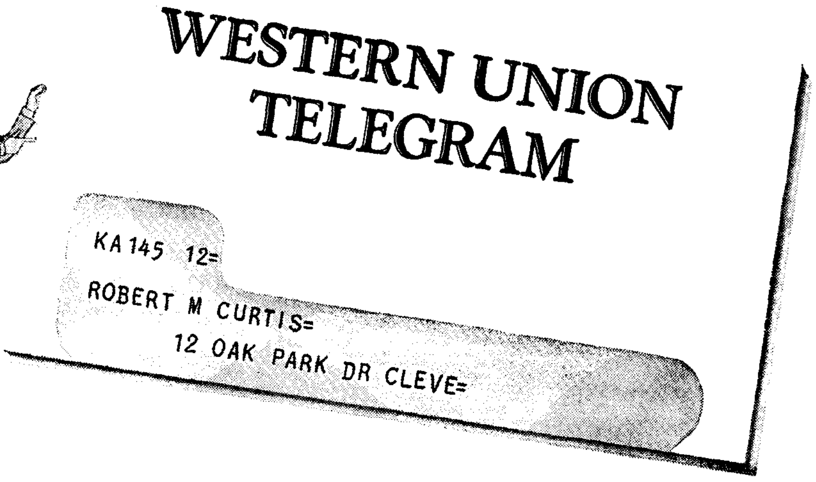
Telegrams cost you so little, take only a few minutes of your time, are thoughtful and appreciated. *Isn't there someone who would like to hear from you today?*



Look what's coming! To speed your telegrams even faster, new radio towers are replacing poles and wires . . . can send 1080 telegrams simultaneously on a single Radio Beam! Another dramatic milestone in the never-ending advance of telegraph service.

"So many times a telegram means so much!"

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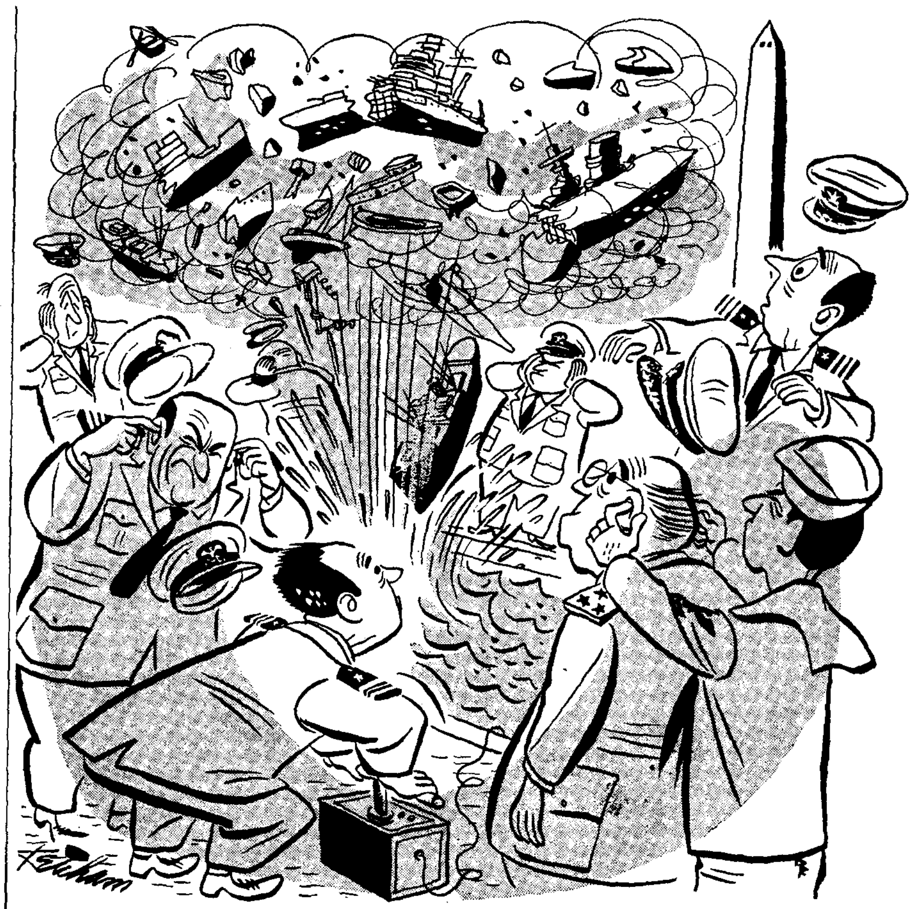


Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

To determine how to ballast and space the 97 ships that will be used in the coming A-bomb tests at Bikini, the Navy has been making miniature tests since last September in a pond near Washington, D.C. Much has been learned despite the small scale on which these tests have been conducted, the ship models being only 25 inches long, the water in the pond one foot deep and the charges of TNT about one twelve-millionth as powerful as an A-bomb.

The greatest inflation since Germany's financial collapse in the early 1920s is now disrupting the economic life of Hungary. Its pengö, whose par value is 17½ cents in United States money, has dropped to the point where 3,500,000 pengö are required to purchase an article that cost one pengö before the war.

One of the most effective immunization programs on record was the compulsory inoculation of the U.S. Army with tetanus toxoid in World War II, there having been only three cases of this disease among the entire personnel.

Although for several years much has been published about high-altitude flying, less than 100 airplane flights above 40,000 feet have so far been made throughout the world; and 30 of them were made by the test pilots of Boeing. —*By James J. Strebig, Washington, D.C.*

A method now employed in plastic surgery produces the whole external part of the ear perfectly formed and alive. Cartilage taken from the patient's breastbone is cut into small pieces and packed in a perforated metal ear mold which is inserted—and left for four months—beneath the skin of the abdomen. At the end of this period, the pieces have been formed, through the growth of connective tissue and the development of blood vessels, into a solid living ear which is then grafted to the patient's head. *By Mrs. W. O. Morse, Tulsa, Okla.*

The strangest of all the unique properties of liquid helium was discovered recently at the Institute of Physical Problems in Moscow. In the experiment, two bowls of the liquid were prepared, with the contents of one at a temperature within one degree centigrade of absolute zero, the point where it loses all viscosity or fluid friction, and the contents of the other at a temperature about two degrees higher where it still retains some viscosity. When the bowls were connected by a glass tube, their contents instantly began to flow from one to the other, both liquids using the full capacity of the tube simultaneously.

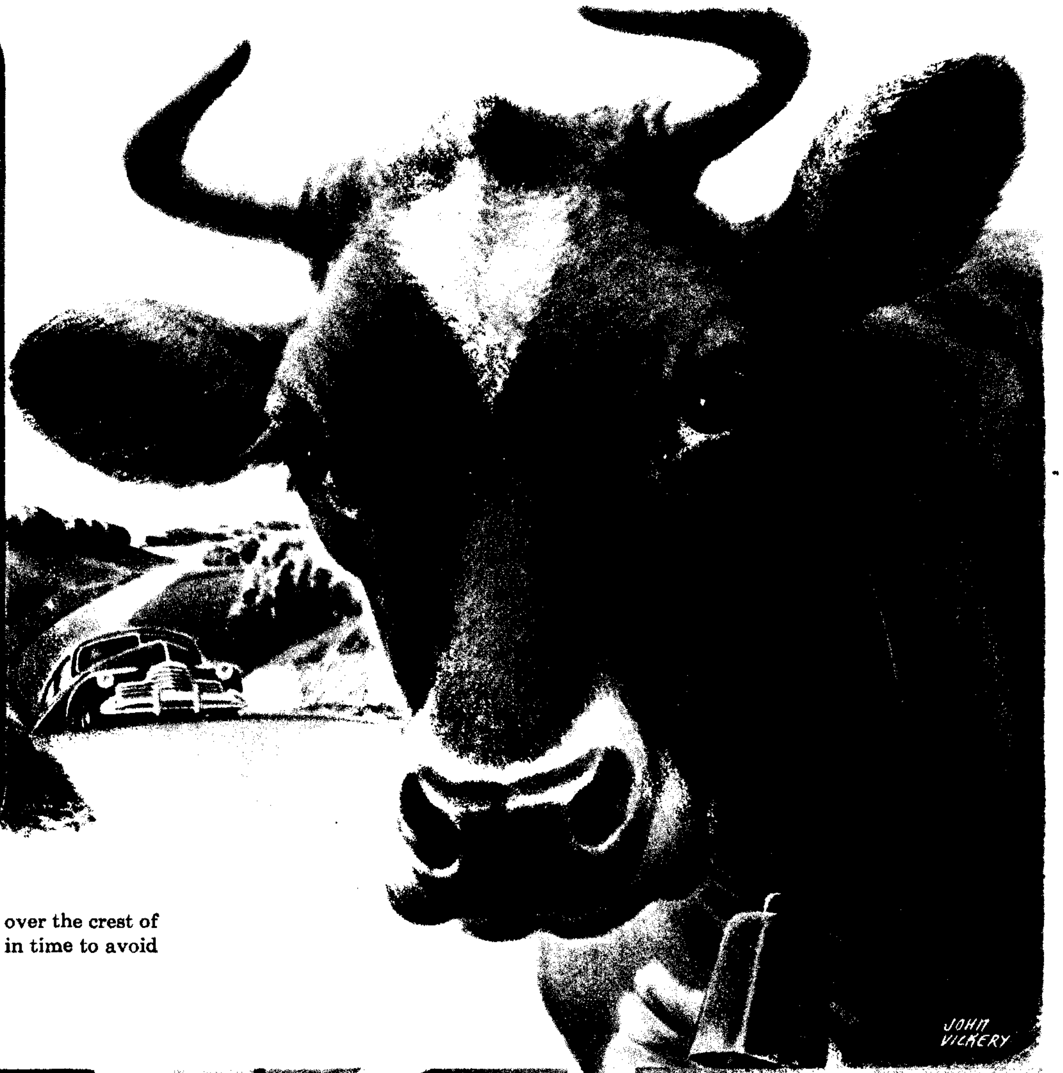
One of the few temples ever erected for the purpose of worshiping the idol of a living person is the Hindu temple dedicated to Gandhi which was opened recently at Shripur, Beguserai, Central India. But Gandhi is highly displeased with the building not only because it was completed without his knowledge but also because it has enshrined him as a deity, contrary to all his teachings.—*By B. G. Aiyar, Vepery, Madras, India.*

Although the vicuña of Peru possesses the finest fleece known, this animal has never yet been domesticated on a commercial scale. The chief reasons are that the vicuña, which weighs 85 pounds and is akin to the llama, is too wary and fast-moving to be captured, and spends most of its time at 16,000-foot altitudes in the Andes where the air is too cold and rarefied for man. Of the few thousand that have been caught and tamed in infancy, one man owns a flock of 300 from which he shears a total of only 100 pounds of wool a year, or barely enough for ten men's overcoats that have sold for as much as $1,000 apiece.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Could you pass this driving test?

Many states give driving examinations before they grant a driver's license. Well-trained or experienced drivers can readily pass these official tests. But here's a test that will make even you experts think a bit. Four answers right out of six is good—five is excellent—and if you get them all perfect, you're either a wonderful driver or you peeked at the answers below.

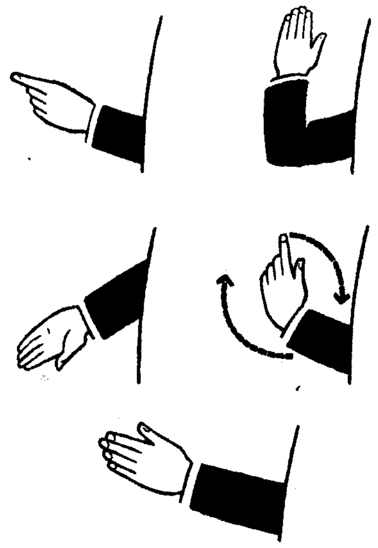


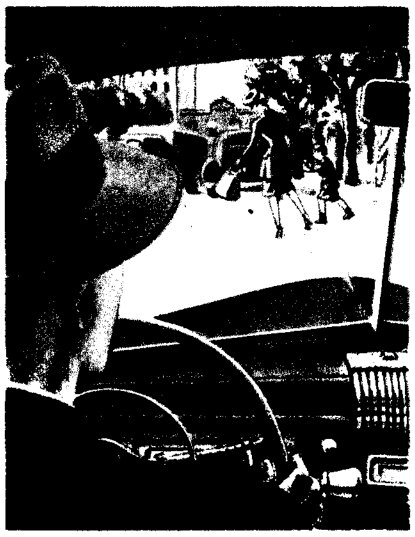
1. You are driving fifty miles an hour in the country. You come over the crest of a hill and see this cow about 150 feet ahead. Could you stop in time to avoid a cow-lision? ☐ YES ☐ NO

2. If you do much cross-country driving, you will find various types of hand signals used in different localities. What would you expect drivers ahead to do if they made the hand signals shown below?

A ________ B ________ C ________

D ________ E ________ F ________

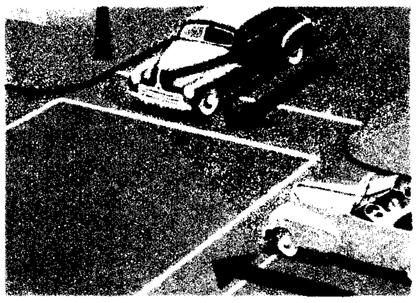




3. A woman and a child start to cross the road ahead of you. You are driving 35 miles per hour and you blow your horn when you are 100 feet away (about half a city block). How many seconds have they to get out of your way if you do not slow down or stop?

1 second *2 seconds*

5 seconds *10 seconds*

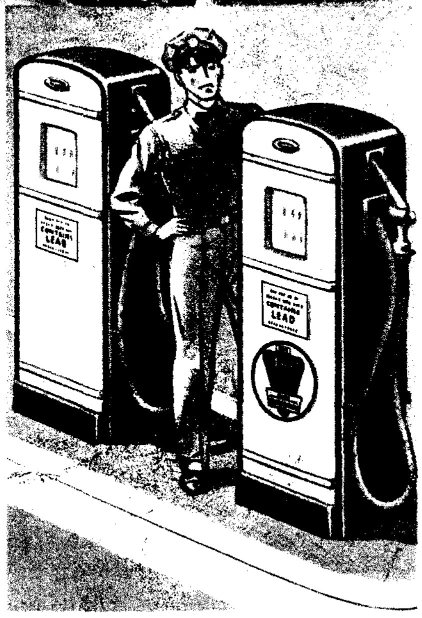


4. Which of these two cars has the right of way?

The sedan *The convertible*

5. What is the best thing to do when you hear a siren?

- A *Stop where you are.*
- B *Keep on going.*
- C *Listen to determine where the sound is coming from and then decide what to do.*
- D *Pull over to the right and stop.*



6. At which of these two pumps would you stop to get this service station's highest quality gasoline?

The pump on the left ☐

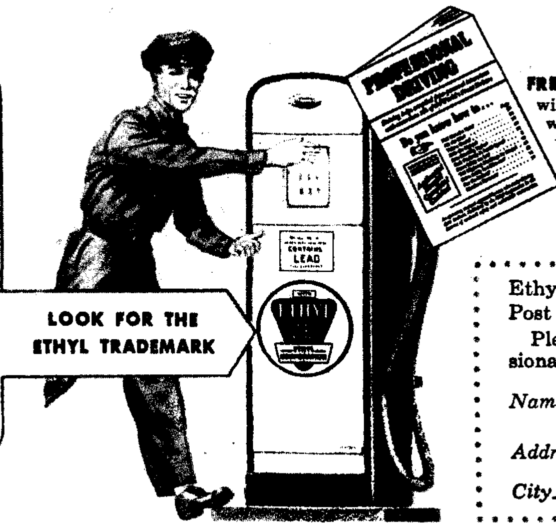
The pump on the right ☐

ANSWERS:

1. No. You would travel about 75 feet before you could get your foot on the brake, and under the average road conditions it would then take at least 148 feet to stop—a total of 223 feet.
2. A *left turn* B *right turn* C *stop or slow*
   D *right turn or "pass me."* E *can mean anything—stop, slow, right or left turn.*
3. Barely two seconds.
4. The sedan. Unless there is a traffic signal, stop sign or other regulation, the car on your right has right of way... but remember, it's always better to yield the right of way than take a chance.
5. (D) is right—emergency vehicles should be given the right of way without question. Generally this means pulling over to the right and stopping—so long as you do not block an intersection.
6. The pump on the right—the one with the Ethyl emblem. Millions of experienced drivers look for the Ethyl emblem wherever they drive. They know that high-quality gasoline in a properly tuned engine makes for a more responsive car and therefore a safer car. They make it a point to always *ask for Ethyl.*

Cooperate with the Police Safety Check

√ **CHECK YOUR DRIVING** √ **CHECK YOUR CAR... CHECK ACCIDENTS!**



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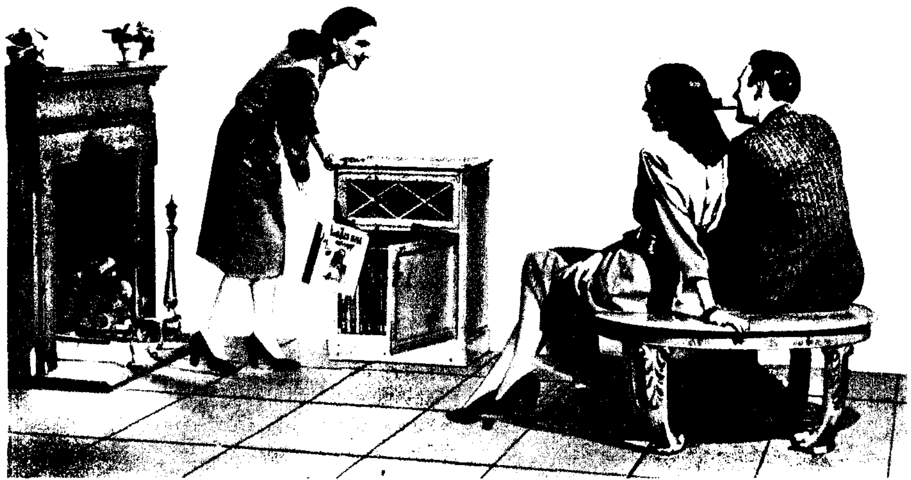

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The Week's Mail

DEAR EDITOR: I was pleased to read Our Schools Are a Scandal, by Kyle Crichton, in your April 13th issue. I am aware of what is happening to our school personnel even in Washington where our standards, salaries and working conditions are far above those in the average states.

I was much depressed just prior to reading your article because I had bumped into one of the finest young men we had ever had in the teaching profession. He had just returned from service, but not to educational work. His case is typical—seven out of ten young men teachers who went into military service will not teach again. I am glad Collier's is directing attention to our educational problems, which are serious.

JOE A. CHANDLER
Executive Secretary
Washington Education Association
Washington, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Every teacher and every thinking citizen should be grateful for your excellent article, Our Schools Are a Scandal. I hope to see the campaign continue and real results come.

May I suggest that actual interviews with teachers giving some of the difficulties they are up against might be helpful. More pictures of our crowded classrooms and some of the utterly inadequate buildings might also help.

EUNICE E. BURDETTE
Principal, University Park School
Hyattsville, Md.

Collier's intends to publish further revealing articles on this vital subject.

DEAR EDITOR: We Californians agree that the Japanese Exclusion Order was hard on the loyal Japanese, but it was necessary. While most of the Japanese-Americans were loyal, some were not, and there was no way to tell them apart. We disliked the order as much as you did, but it was the only way.

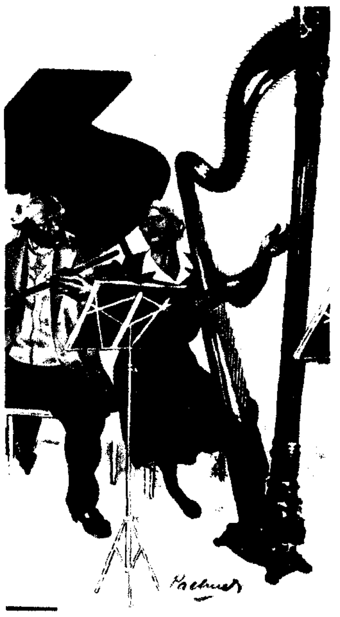
ROBERT SWENSON
Berkeley, Cal.

Mr. Swenson refers to our May 11th editorial, Tolerance in California.

DEAR EDITOR: I have heard many gags about "left-handed" manually operated devices, but I have yet to see a left-handed harp like the one in the illustration on pages 16 and 17 of your May 18th issue. The artist evidently did not know that a harp rests on the right shoulder of the player, and tuning pegs and action disks are located on the right side of the neck of the instrument.

STERLING GRABIN
Richmond, Ind.

Our harp editor says that while it is true most harpists use the right shoulder, some—including Harpo Marx—occasionally prefer to use the left one.



DEAR EDITOR: I don't know the conditions in your sector of the country, but sober people in these parts are actually afraid to travel the highways at night. We have more deaths from highway accidents than any other part of the state. And we have more liquor stores.

You can arrest a man for drunken driving but what are you going to do to a man who buys a quart of whisky, gets in his car, drives off and starts drinking as soon as he gets on the highway?

C. F. BENNETT
Dumas, Tex.

Stop him and jail him!

DEAR EDITOR: Toward the establishment of sound Anglo-American relations, Collier's has already played an important role, particularly in the years since 1939—and we are grateful for that editorial leadership.

But we particularly wish to express our appreciation for Ambassador Halifax's Message to Americans in your issue of May 18th. His realistic account of the wartime record of Anglo-American co-operation should contribute to mutually advantageous co-operation in the difficult days ahead.

BENNETT WEAVER W. B. WILLCOX
A. E. R. BOAK BRADLEY DAVIS
CLARENCE THORPE CARLTON WELLS
PRESTON SLOSSON
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The authors of this letter represent the departments of English, History and Botany at the University of Michigan. To them our thanks! Note: See editorial Among Us Elizabethans in this issue.

DEAR EDITOR: Your idea of an exchange of scholarships with Russia is excellent, but you might get some more ideas on the subject after perusing Kravchenko's I Chose Freedom.

Only when we make up our mind to do to Russia as she does to us and broadcast to Russia daily in Russian to counteract what we foolishly permit them to do right here on our soil, can we stir up in Russia a realization of the truth about us, of which they now are entirely ignorant.

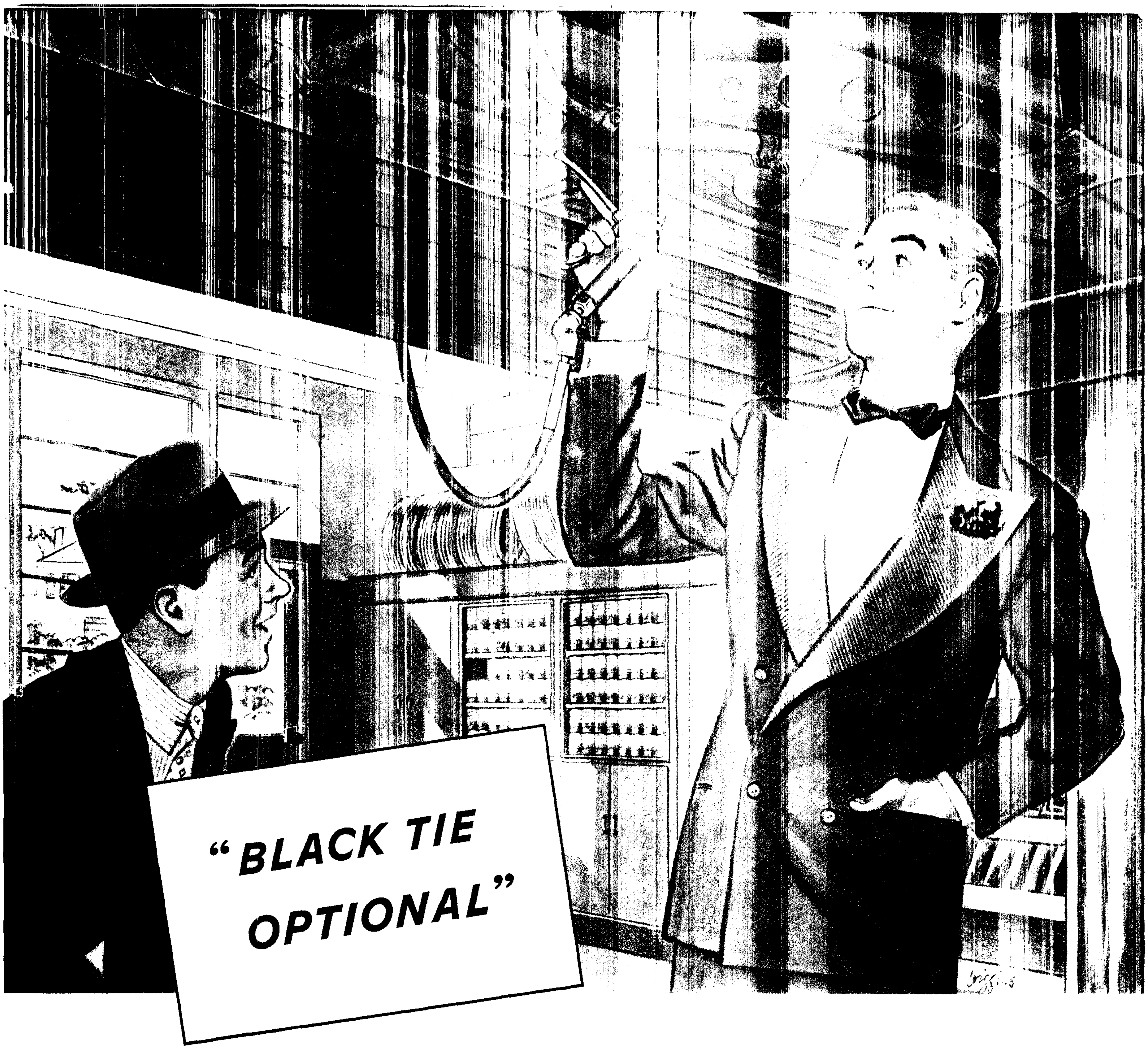
ROBERT J. CALDWELL
New York, N. Y.

A suggestion worth thinking about.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a plain farmer, seventy-one years old, and there is one thing I don't understand. Why is not more publicity given to the strikes in farm machinery factories?

I ordered a tractor disk last September. The disk is not delivered yet. This factory is obstructed by a violent picket line!

WALTER DEMING
Berrien Springs, Mich.



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COLLIER'S
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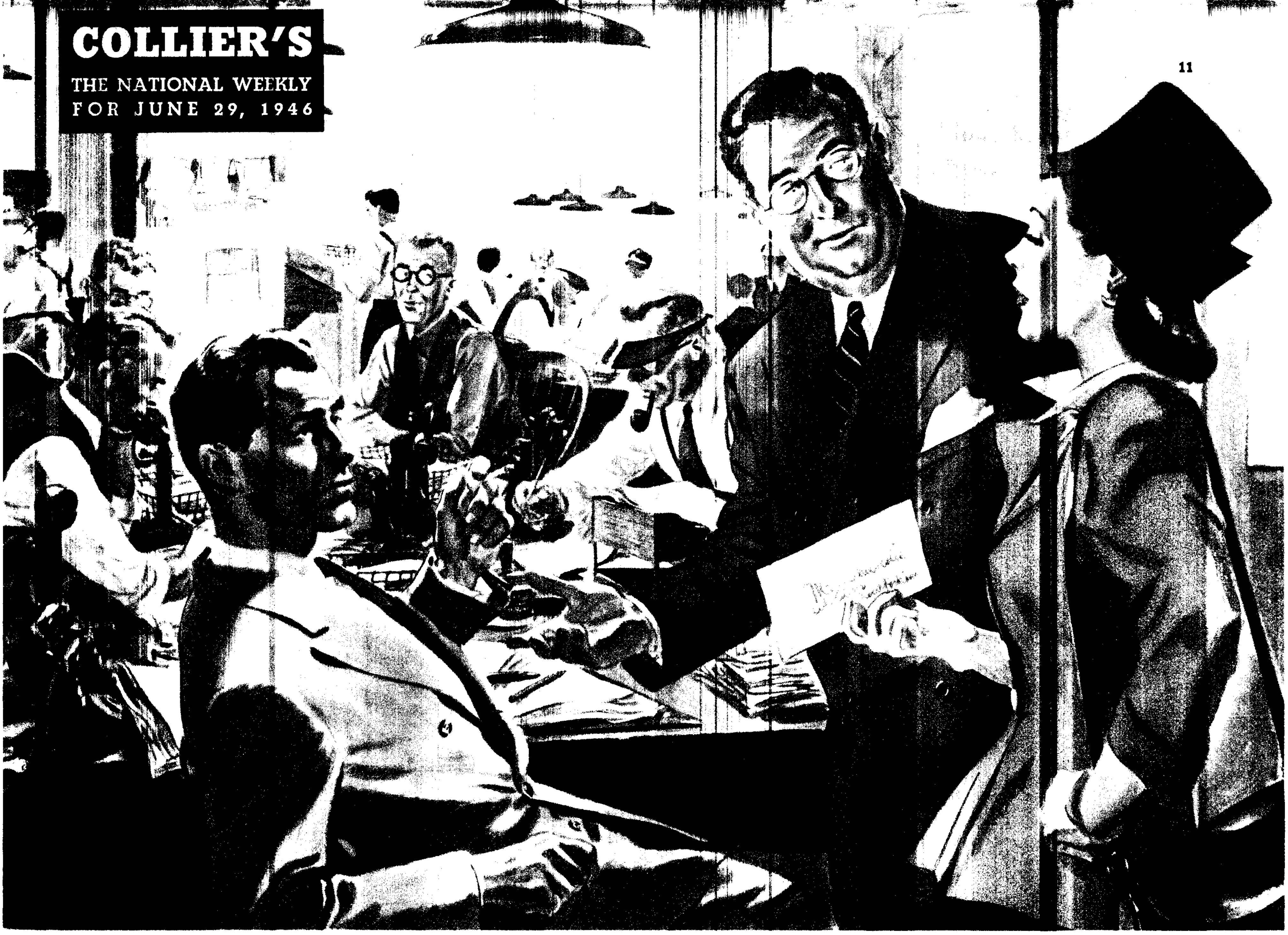
FOR JUNE 29, 1946



"Arty, this is Miss Carter," Harry said. "She's got a letter for you." "I can't help that," said Arthur. "I'm busy . . ." The girl stepped forward and smiled. "How do you do, Mr. Leslie?" she said

Slug It SLAY!

BY EDWIN LANHAM

There were too many secrets, too many conflicts hidden behind the tumult of the great newspaper. A killer stirred them up, a killer who struck twice and might again. Beginning a new story of sudden violence, mystery, and romance

ARTHUR LESLIE gazed morosely at the back bar in Gilligan's Tavern and thought that a casual drink did not have the savor it once had. The sheen of dim electric lights on the rows of bottles was not so soothing as it once had been, and even the stolid, watchful face of Otto, the barman, was no longer an invitation to another smart crack and another round. That was the trouble, he thought, with responsibilities.

Only a month ago he had been fond of saying that the beauty of the newspaper business was that you never took your work home with you. Only a month ago he was usually at the bar a few minutes after the deadline for the first edition, the day's work done and free of care until tomorrow. But that was a month ago, before he had been appointed city editor of the New York Courier.

Arthur glanced at the barroom clock and put his hand in his pocket. "How much do I owe you, Otto?"

"Stick around, Arty," Joe Beckett said. "Have one more on me."

"Got to get upstairs," Arthur Leslie said. "How much, Otto?"

"Dollar-twenty."

"One more, Arty," Joe persisted.

Arthur Leslie was one of those companionable men who feel uncomfortable about refusing a drink. It seemed an unsociable, disagreeable thing to do, and because he was doing it his manner became a little more brusque than normal.

"Can't," he said. "Got to look over the paper."

"Oh, Lord!" Joe Beckett said. "To hell with the paper. Relax. Be yourself. Otto, set up two more."

"No," Arthur said, but Otto already had two jiggers out on the bar and the bottle in his hand. "Oh, all right. One more."

"That's more like it," Joe said. "More like Arty, the common man." Joe Beckett was a lean, nervous man with short-cropped hair and moody brown eyes. He was one of those who maintained the cynical, critical attitude of the experienced newspaper reporter.

Otto poured the drinks and Joe took his, cocked an eye at Arthur Leslie, and drank. He put his glass down, still looking at Arthur. His lips curved in a distant, sardonic smile. "I'll be glad when you're back to normal, Arty," he said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"When the new rubs off, I mean, and you can see it's the same old brass check," Joe said. "When you're back on an even keel."

"Nothing wrong with me," Arthur said.

"I never yet saw a city editor who was altogether sane."

Arthur grunted. "Don't give me any barroom philosophy tonight, please."

"JUST a month ago you would have said the same thing, Arty. You'd have said, 'What chance has a poor dog of a city editor got? He's caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, the devil being the front office, and the sea the plain, honest facts of news as it comes.' "

"My principal troubles are alcoholic reporters," Arthur said.

"Very funny," Joe Beckett said. "And altogether irrelevant, too. Don't I always get my work done?"

"Sure," Arthur said. "Drunk or sober."

"Then leave the personalities out of it," Joe said. "We were talking about you. How about it, Arty? How long is it going to go on?"

"How long is what going to go on?" Arthur asked impatiently.

"This attitude of yours. This young-man-making-good obsession," Joe said thickly. "Haven't you heard that the once noble profession of journalism has been

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

turned into a safe six per cent investment?"

"You're tight," Arthur said wearily.

"Sure, I'm tight. I can get tight on my own time, can't I? It's not company time."

"Get as tight as you like," Arthur said. "So long as you're a fresh little beaver tomorrow morning."

"Okay," Joe said. "But just one more thing I want to say. Where do you think you get off, Arty? Where do I get off? What kind of squirrel cage do you think this is? The newspaper business! Look at it. We bust our legs getting a story for Mr. Forrest C. Willshire's six per cent investment in the New York Courier, and what do we get for it? A by-line. Sure. Any more dough? No. Say, did you ever stop to think that you're the guy I gotta ask for a raise now?"

"So that's what it's all about," Arthur said. "You want a raise."

"You're a disappointment to me, Arty," Joe said, shaking his head. "No, I'm not asking for a raise, but you can buy me a drink and you can stand there and listen to what I got to say. Why, a month ago you used to feel the same way, but now you're on the other side of the fence. How about it, boss?"

"Don't call me boss," Arthur said.

"SURE you're a boss," Joe Beckett said. "You weren't a month ago, but you are now. An executive, no less. Full of the old college try. Still, you're just a clerk, Arty. You're still carrying the mail for Forrest C. Willshire, and don't you forget it."

"Joe," Arthur said. "You're getting to be a little bit of a bore. I think I'll put you back on a police beat and get you out of my sight."

Joe Beckett swallowed hard, and Arthur added, "I'm the man who can do it, remember."

He put on his hat and walked out of the bar. It was a chilly spring night and the moon was pale, riding high above the Courier building across the street, above the penthouse on the roof of the building where Forrest C. Willshire, the publisher of the newspaper, lived when he was not at his home on Long Island. The building which housed the newspaper plant was only five stories high, but it was connected with the adjoining office building, and several floors of offices were given over to activities of the Courier. There were two entrances, one to the fifteen-story office building, the other, twenty yards down the street, for employees of the New York Courier only. Arthur crossed the street, went in the employees' entrance and rode the elevator to the fourth floor.

Arthur Leslie was thirty-four years old, the youngest city editor locally. He had been a newspaperman since copy-boy days, and he had covered everything there was to cover. But now he was city editor, and his new responsibilities brought with them a sense of isolation from his old friends on the staff. He was the boss now. He hired and fired. He did not like it very much.

The city room of the Courier occupied the fourth floor of the building, and all editorial departments except financial were fitted compactly into its area. As Arthur entered it, the first edition had just come up, and there was a brief hiatus in the newspaper's activities.

On Arthur's desk were three copies of the paper. He sat down and pulled one toward him. The lead local story was the Sam Clymer trial, and there was an editorial bearing on it, an editorial with a trace of blunt language that showed the hand of the old man, Forrest C. Willshire himself. The paper had brought about a police drive to break up Sam Clymer's handbook enterprises, and Clymer was currently on trial on a bookmaking charge.

It was quiet in the city room. Two of the three rewrite men on duty were playing chess, and the third, Harry Whiteside, was taking a story on the telephone. Bob Farley, the night city editor, was cutting down a local story. His assistant, Carl Rome, was reading a book, his lips moving slightly. They faced each other across the city desk, a contrast in personalities.

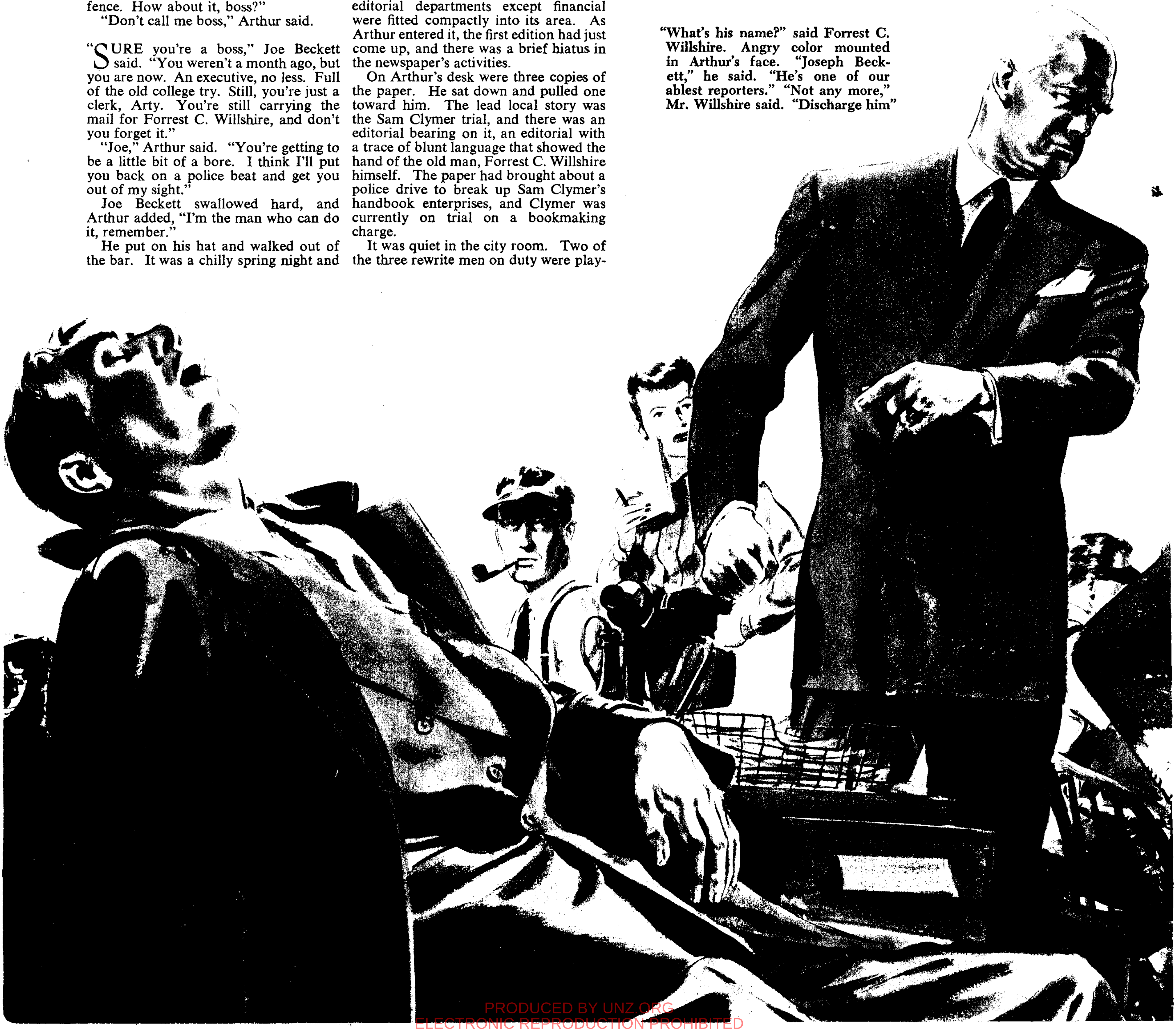
Bob Farley had a sallow face and overred full lips made conspicuous by an almost constant grin. He was the repository of office gossip and the stimulus of banter that went back and forth between the city desk and the rewrite men. Even when he was hard at work he had a poised look, as if he might raise his head at any moment, grin and make an effort to enliven the evening. But he always knew exactly what news was coming through, and what it was worth.

HIS assistant, Carl Rome, was a literal young man. He had read somewhere a list of books every newspaperman should own and had ordered all ten. He looked the part of the unimaginative student. There were deep, serious lines beside his mouth, and his full lips seemed always to be pursed a little in forced contemplation. He wore very thick horn-rimmed glasses, and if he thought of it, often put on an eyeshade. He was dull, dry, insipid, and uninteresting.

Harry Whiteside hung up, then approached Arthur's desk, a sheaf of copy paper in his hand. Harry had grown fat on three years of night rewrite, three restful years in which he had come to work each day at 5 P.M., sat himself down to the night's grist, and removed himself to a bar stool at 1 A.M. to drink beer until curfew—three years in which he had never heard an alarm clock ring. He moved softly and spoke softly, and his blue eyes, magnified by the glasses he wore, had a gentle, undisturbed expression.

"Got a little story here, Arty," he said. "Couple of gunmen had a little battle on West Fiftieth Street. Just like old times. One of 'em dead."

"All right," Arthur said. "Let's have a short spread. Slug it slay, Harry." Slay was the standard slug for a homicide on the New York Courier, as it is on nine papers out of ten.



"What's his name?" said Forrest C. Willshire. Angry color mounted in Arthur's face. "Joseph Beckett," he said. "He's one of our ablest reporters." "Not any more," Mr. Willshire said. "Discharge him"

Harry went to his typewriter, wrote his name at the upper left-hand corner of the page, spaced a few lines, and wrote the slug *slay*, the identifying label by which the various takes of the story would be charted through the copy desk and the make-up desk to the linotypes, and assembled later in sticks of type at the page forms.

A hand touched Arthur's shoulder and he turned his head. Joe Beckett stood behind him, swaying a little and chewing an unlighted cigar. "Wanta talk to you, Arty."

"Why don't you go on home, Joe?" Arthur said.

"Gotta know if you meant it," Joe said. "Arty, if I talked out of turn, I'm sorry."

"Meant what, Joe?"

"Put me back on a distric'," Joe said. "Back on a p'lice beat."

"Oh, forget it, Joe. Go on home and get some sleep. You're going to cover the Clymer trial tomorrow."

"Okay," Joe said. "Thanks, Arty."

Joe Beckett moved away. He dropped into the chair at his desk, took a box of matches out of his pocket, and clumsily went about lighting his cigar. He sucked in smoke contentedly, put the cigar down, and apparently went to sleep.

Arthur glanced at his watch. Nearly time for Smitty to bring up the first editions of the Record-Star, the opposition paper. The columns of the Courier were always carefully checked against the columns of the Record-Star.

Arthur saw Sue Wharton get up from her desk and walk toward him. She was a pretty girl with large blue eyes and dark brown hair that had a reddish sheen under the electric lights. You had to look at Sue's hands to understand her character. They were small hands, and they were usually grimy from typewriter ribbons. They were the hands of a conscientious, persevering girl, but they were workaday, untalented hands. She was forever inundating him with apologies, but he liked her and knew that she was completely loyal.

"Arthur, I'm sorry," Sue said. "I was sure I had the name spelled right, but I looked up my carbons and it was my fault. I made the mistake."

"What name?" Arthur said. "What mistake?"

"In my story of the Women's Club meeting, on page twenty-four. I had it Mrs. Paul Williams. It should be Mrs. Pauline Williams. I'm sorry, Arthur."

"It's okay," Arthur said, and made the correction with a big black pencil.

Smitty came through the city room with a bundle of newspapers under his arm and dropped two copies of the Record-Star in front of Arthur. Smitty operated a newsstand on a near-by corner and supplied each edition of the Record-Star to the Courier and each edition of the Courier to the Record-Star.

A DEEP, sarcastic voice called, "What's this?" and Percy Chambron got up from his seat at the make-up desk like an elephant rising. A huge, overbearing man, efficient and as clammy as cold lamb, Percy Chambron was the night managing editor. His office was in a railed enclosure near the managing editor's office, but he rarely sat there. He was usually at the make-up desk, examining every scrap of copy that came along, watching for the most trivial mistakes.

"*Mr.* City Editor," Percy called, and looked toward Arthur. "What's this?"

"What's what?" Arthur asked wearily.

"Slay!" Percy cried. "I don't know anything about a story slugged slay." The first take of Harry Whiteside's story had reached his hands. "What sort of liaison is this?" Percy Chambron demanded. "How can we make up a paper when the unpredictable city desk keeps thrusting in added starters without notifying us? Nobody spoke to me about a story slugged slay."

"You know about it now," Arthur said.

Percy wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then he sat down again with an air of satisfaction.

"Speaking of slugs," Sue Wharton said in Arthur's ear, "somebody ought to slug that guy, Arthur."

"He'll knock himself out one of these days," Arthur said. "Sue, how would you like a nice executive job? City editor, say?"

"I've got a city editor already," said Sue.

He looked up and met her blue eyes. She blushed and glanced down, saw her grimy hands, and put them out of sight at her sides. Arthur smiled. "As soon as I've checked the Record-Star, I'll buy you a drink. How about it?"

"Gee, I'd like to, Arthur, but—"

Percy Chambron was suddenly on his feet again, his finger tips touching the desk in front of him, his loose shoulders stiff, and Arthur, looking up, saw the reason. The Old Man himself had come down from his penthouse on top of the Courier building and was striding through the city room.

Forrest C. Willshire was an imposing man. He gave an impression of overpowering mass—shoulders squared, head carried forward a little, arms at his sides. His head was large, and nearly bald, shining like a crystal ball in the lights of the city room. His eyebrows were thick and gray, and his gray eyes were sharp but inexpressibly remote. His lips were loose, and usually were moving slightly. Forrest C. Willshire talked little, but seemed to carry on an interminable conversation with himself.

As he moved along the aisle between the rows of desks, he did not even glance toward Percy Chambron, who stood at attention. He walked on toward Arthur. A copy boy had slipped away to warn the managing editor that he was coming, and Jack Morton appeared in the doorway of the managing editor's office, anxiously appraising the Old Man's mood.

Arthur became aware of a hush. Mr. Willshire had stopped in his tracks and was staring at something. Arthur half rose to his feet, then dropped back into his chair. Mr. Willshire was inspecting Joe Beckett, who had plainly passed out at his desk. Joe lay back in his chair, snoring. His hat had fallen to the floor and his legs were stretched out in the aisle.

It was an awful moment. Forrest C. Willshire's cold gray eyes examined Joe Beckett carefully, then he turned slowly and faced the city desk. He looked at Arthur and said, "Does this man work here?"

"Yes, sir," said Arthur.

"Discharge him," said Mr. Willshire.

Angry color mounted in Arthur's face. He moved slowly around in his chair to face the owner of the Courier. It was an effort to control his voice.

"He's off duty, Mr. Willshire," he said at last.

"What's his name?"

"Joseph Beckett. He's one of our ablest reporters."

"Not any more," Mr. Willshire said. "Discharge him."

"Mr. Willshire," Arthur began. "He never takes a drink when he's working. He wrote the Clymer trial story today, and—"

Mr. Willshire was pointing a finger. "Look," he said.

Arthur looked at Joe Beckett, and at that moment Joe opened his eyes, saw Mr. Willshire and pulled himself erect.

"Ash trays are provided for the staff," Mr. Willshire said. "That man's cigar is burning the desk."

Joe blinked and reached for the cigar. Some of the leaf pulled off as he took it away from a charred spot on the desk.

"I demand a proper regard for the office equipment," said Mr. Willshire. "This man will have to be discharged."

He nodded brusquely to Arthur and walked on. Jack Morton came forward to meet him and they went together into the managing editor's office.

Joe Beckett ground the cigar out in the ash tray on his desk, avoiding Arthur's eyes. There was silence, and Arthur saw Sue Wharton's big, anxious eyes among those watching. Harry Whiteside was standing at his desk on rewrite, and his lips had a gray look. He slapped the notes for his slay story viciously down on the spike on his desk, and the flat, ripping sound of the spike biting through the paper was loud in the silence. Harry dropped into his chair.

"Joe, you heard the man," Arthur said.

"Yeah," said Joe.

"Go out and get some black coffee," Arthur said. "I'll meet you downstairs."

"Okay," Joe said.

"In about ten minutes," Arthur said.

Joe Beckett reached for his hat and walked slowly toward the elevators. Arthur went back to his chair. He felt like writing his resignation and walking out after Joe, but, he thought, there was a weakness in the godly maneuvering of a man like Forrest C. Willshire. The power he wielded was absolute, but it was limited by its own remoteness. Arthur would fire Joe Beckett, of course. He'd cut him off the pay roll, but he would hire him back on Wednesday, and he would hire him back at ten dollars more per week. For a month or so he'd have to keep Joe's by-line out of the paper, and that would be the end of it.

Bob Farley, the night city editor, shook his head slightly and murmured, "Wonder what's wrong with the Old Man. You'd think there'd been another Democratic landslide, the way he's acting."

Arthur nodded. There was a very bad taste in his mouth and he was asking himself if the job was worth it. Perhaps Joe Beckett was right. Perhaps the newspaper business was a good thing to get out of.

"Arthur, may I change my mind?"

"WHAT?" He looked up and met Sue Wharton's eyes.

"May I change my mind about that drink?"

"You bet," Arthur said.

"I'll put my hat on," Sue said. "Be right back."

Arthur was pleased that she was coming. She was an understanding woman, a woman a man could talk to with the assurance that there would be ready sympathy and a certain comfort. He watched her as she walked to her desk, the red in her hair showing under the overhead lights.

The door of the managing editor's office opened and Forrest C. Willshire's bulk filled the doorway. He was talking in a low tone, but anger gave his voice volume, and Arthur heard the words, "I'll give you just twenty-four hours to clear it up, Mr. Morton. Just twenty-four hours. Understand?"

Arthur barely heard Jack Morton's murmur; he could not distinguish words. The managing editor's face was pale and he seemed to avoid the publisher's eyes.

"Very well," said Mr. Willshire, and made an abrupt turn. As he passed the city desk his eye fell on Harry Whiteside and he stopped suddenly. His sharp voice said, "Mr. Whiteside, how about it? Did you fix that matter up?"

Harry got slowly to his feet. His ordinarily placid face was set in stiff lines. He murmured, "Yes, sir," and Mr. Willshire stared hard at him, nodded, and walked on toward the far side of the city room, where there were elevators in the corridor beyond. To reach the penthouse the publisher had to take an elevator to the fifteenth floor and walk up a flight of stairs to the roof. He maintained living quarters and a butler in the penthouse, and usually went to his home on Long Island only on week ends.

Arthur glanced at Harry Whiteside. "What was that about?"

The rewrite man looked sheepish. He

(*Continued on page* 48)

WHAT'S RUSSIA UP TO?

BY FRANK GERVASI

Secret documents captured in Berlin reveal that Russia, as late as 1940, was willing to make a military alliance with Hitler, and probably would have if Germany had been able to meet her demands. Today, those same demands stand unchanged—the major problem of world diplomacy and the greatest stumbling block on the road to permanent peace

Conclusion

WASHINGTON

AND when Ernest Bevin and Vyacheslav Molotov snarl at each other over Bulgaria or Greece, Iran, Trieste or the Dardanelles, they're carrying into the 20th century an Anglo-Russian struggle for power that began about 100 years ago. The conflict is complicated by the fundamental clash between capitalism and Communism, but behind it, visible by X-raying through layers of history, is the skeleton of an old struggle for supremacy in Europe, the Middle East and Asia.

Back in 1815, as in 1946, Britain and Russia had rid Europe of a conqueror—Napoleon. Russia's Alexander I, with a lot of help from Britain's Duke of Wellington, had beaten the Corsican and liberated Europe. Then, as now, Russia and not Britain was hailed as the liberator by the people of central and eastern Europe, and then, as now, Russia and not Britain expanded its frontiers and influence in Europe.

Alexander was succeeded by Nicholas I, who inherited an empire that stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea, owned or controlled all of eastern Europe and the Balkans, had the relative freedom of the Dardanelles and hulked hugely in Asia. Power went to Czar Nicholas' head and on March 27, 1848, he issued a manifesto calling on all Europeans to "submit yourselves, ye peoples, for God is with us."

In faraway London, men themselves engaged in building, consolidating and defending Britain's position in Europe, heard the challenge. Alexander had been Europe's "liberator." Nicholas, it seemed, wished to be its "chief constable." The British, as they say, were having none of it. They saw in the emergence of Russia as a full-grown *European* power, following Napoleon's fall, a threat to their destiny in the Mediterranean, Africa, the Middle East, India and the Orient.

Today the burly Bevin and the milder but no less determined Premier Clement Attlee—Britons first and Laborites second—see in the emergence of Soviet Russia after the fall of Hitler not so much a champion of the proletariat as a world power striving to resume its former size and influence at the expense of the British Empire or of people whose independence Britain is pledged to defend. They hear in Josef Stalin's demands an echo of the voice of Czar Nicholas.

A century ago British statesmen undertook a series of long and costly wars to prevent Russia's encroachment on their empire. By the end of World War I, not only had the power of the czars' empire been substantially reduced, but the empires of other ambitious people—the Ottomans, the Germans and the Austro-Hungarians—were wiped out. Present British fears for the security of their agglomeration of dominions and colonies covering about a sixth of the world's surface are as real as those which impelled Britain to help Austria, Turkey and France to shove Russia out of the Black Sea and the approaches to the Dardanelles in the middle of the last century and caused Disraeli to help the Bulgarians in their uprising against the Russians in 1876-1878.

To the British their empire is the physical expression of their high place in the world's society and the source of the wealth which makes their advanced state of political and economic democracy possible. They don't intend to yield one acre of its actual soil or one iota of its power, which means their supremacy in strategic areas essential to the military defense of their empire. The British don't intend to deny, however, the right of self-determination to people living under the Union Jack. These may achieve self-government whenever they are ready for it and that is the great difference between British imperialism and any other and is why, perhaps, it has endured so long.

Britain, today, is just as ready to resist the expansionist policies of Stalin as its statesmen of a century ago resisted czarist ambitions. They seem to fear Stalin more, in fact, than they did the czars of the past. Russia, today, is no longer a land of illiterate serfs ruled by a corrupt aristocracy. It is an increasingly powerful industrial nation with tremendous war-making potentialities energized by faith in Marxism. Russia is no longer a colossus with feet of clay and a heart of lead.

Russia's sympathizers see in the Soviet Union's expansionism purely a search for security, an effort to create around itself a thick life belt of friendly nations to insure itself against attack and, if attacked, to have time to prepare a counteroffensive. This is a logical defense of Russian expansionism. Russia, in all its history, has never known a friendly neighbor. But Britain's own sense of insecurity, in the face of Russian demands which exceed the limits of Soviet expansion as roughed out at Teheran, Yalta and other Big Three conferences, must also be considered.

The Shadow of the Bear

Seen through British eyes, for instance, Russia's insistence on cession of Trieste as war booty to the Soviet satellite, Yugoslavia, looks like a direct challenge to Britannia's supremacy in the Mediterranean, particularly when coupled with Russian passes at the Dardanelles and northern Iran. With Russia on the Adriatic highway to the Mediterranean and in control of its eastern gate-valve, as well as firmly established in Bulgaria and the Middle East, Britain would feel as unsafe as Russia feels now.

There are innumerable differences between Britain and Russia, all arising out of the latter's claims in Europe, the Middle East and the Orient, and the former's determination to hold on to what it has. The differences complicate efforts toward creating, through the war-born United Nations, a world parliament and eventually, possibly, even a world government to ensure a permanent peace. But worse, the conflicts are so numerous, so profound and irreconcilable that they threaten to produce, as in the past, another war.

The role of arbiter in this clash of imperialism has fallen in a far greater measure than it did in World War I, to the United States. Of all the nations involved in World War II, America alone has no territorial ambitions and no old frontier grudges to settle. It has also the most to lose and the least to gain from another war. Its stake in a stable peace is the preservation of its free, democratic way of life. This could be destroyed in the chaos of another war.

That's why the United States is trying with every resource at its command to lift the Anglo-Russian squabble out of the level of imperial back-alley power politics onto the plane of international justice and economic and political brotherhood. The United States cannot, however, fail to take sides in the Anglo-Soviet conflict. America is simultaneously a democracy and a capitalist state. As a democracy it is in conflict with the imperialisms of both Britain and the Soviet Union. But as a capitalist power it must oppose the spread of Communism. It sides, therefore, with Great Britain, a fact which disturbs the editorialists of Pravda and Izvestia.

Much Lost Territory Regained

During the leadership of President Roosevelt the United States went as far as it could to (1) satisfy the Russians' desire to play a leading role in world affairs and (2) to rectify injustices perpetrated against Russia in the past by land-hungry invaders. At Teheran, Russia regained the Baltic and its lost areas in eastern Europe and was granted definite spheres of influence in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. At Yalta, Russia's interests in Asia were redefined and later legalized in a formal pact with China. It got back, among other things, Port Arthur, a doorway on the Pacific.

But since Roosevelt's death and the end of the war, America has become increasingly diffident toward Russia. That public diffidence, due to Russia's westward thrust into Europe, its attempts to expand in the Middle East and reach the head of the Persian Gulf, and its expansion in the Orient, has been translated into a toughening of American policy.

This is visible in President Truman's stubbornness about keeping the atom bomb a strict Anglo-American military secret for the time being and in administration efforts to induce the nation to adopt universal military training and unification of the armed forces. This radical shift in American policy is probably best demonstrated by the recent establishment of long-range B-29 bases in Germany and France and the rapid build-up of United States Air Force personnel in Allied and occupied Europe. In addition to the B-29s, the first based in Europe, the U.S. will send new attack bombers and jet fighters. The Russians are known to respect strength.

True, none of our military moves have helped to alleviate the Russians' fear of the Western powers and haven't contributed to increasing Russian "understanding" of the democracies. But "understanding" is a two-way street.

(Continued on page 75)

EUROPEAN

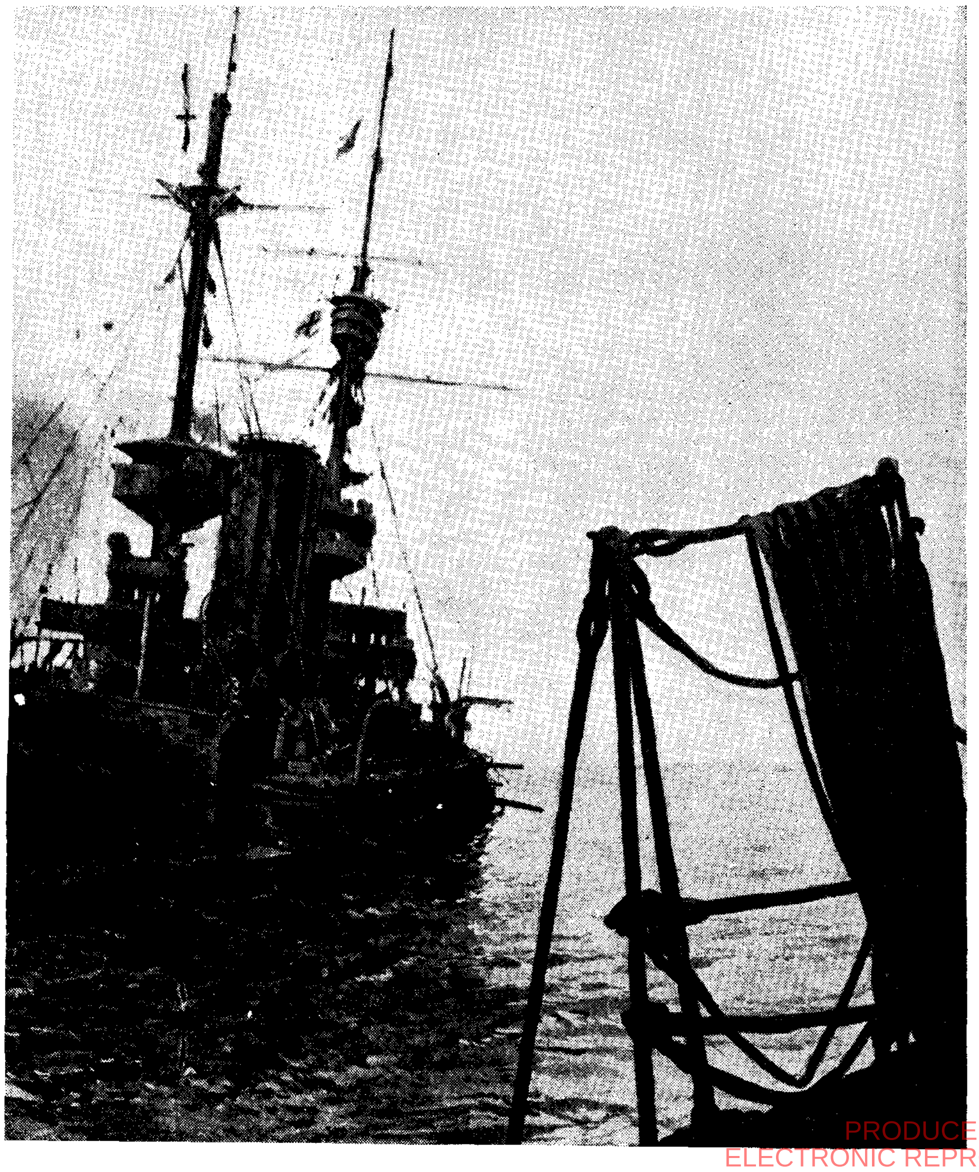
EUROPEAN

In September, 1940, Japanese Ambassador Kurusu met Ciano and Hitler to sign the pact that linked Japan with the Axis. Fourth man at this historic meeting might have been a Soviet representative if Hitler had been willing to meet Russia's territorial demands as the price of coming over to the Axis side

PRESS ASSOCIATION

All-important stake in the power-politics game is Trieste. Here, military police break up a pro-Yugoslav demonstration. Britain sees a Yugoslav-controlled Trieste as a Russian threat to her Mediterranean power. In other hands, Trieste would mark limit of Soviet penetration into Europe

The British battleship, Irresistible, sinking after the disastrous attempt to force the Dardanelles in World War I. These straits, connecting the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, are a historic hot spot in Europe's territorial squabbles. Today, as always in the past, Russia wants control of the strategic waterway



Russian good will was real and apparent in the first flush of victory over the Axis. Here, General Dimitri Sviatiev embraces Lt. Gen. William Simpson in Germany after V-E Day. But some American militarists argue for a "preventive war" to curb the Russian military threat to the democracies

INTERNATIONAL

FRED G. KORTH

Rabbits, injected with samples from freshly made batches of penicillin, will run a fever if impurities are present in the drug. Painless tests like this one constitute 95 per cent of all work with experimental animals in medical research

MICE—OR MEN?

BY NORMAN T. KIRK, SURGEON GENERAL, U.S. ARMY

As told to J. D. Ratcliff

No matter how you feel about vivisection, the simple fact is that medical progress would come to a standstill without the use of experimental animals

ANTIVIVISECTIONISTS are often sincere but misguided people who, on the grounds of cruelty to animals, would stop all research work. From time to time, they whip up nation-wide campaigns against the use of animals in medical research.

They have it in their power to do enormous harm. Wittingly or not, they are saboteurs of science. If they were to have their way, it would mean the closing of medical schools and research laboratories. It would mean that we would leave the cancer problem unsolved, and pass up all hope that future generations of children will escape the ravages of infantile paralysis.

These people must be fought with courage and vigor.

Understand this. This discussion has nothing to do with love of horses, dogs or other animals. That is a deep-rooted human feeling common to all of us. It has to do with human progress—eventual conquest of diseases which strike both men and animals.

After the first World War the antivivisectionists launched a campaign such as the one under way today. If they had won a general victory at that time, your neighbor who has diabetes wouldn't now have the insulin that keeps him alive. That friend with pernicious anemia would have been in his grave long ago.

Approximately 75,000 people would have died last winter of pneumonia, but for the sulfa drugs. The children miraculously snatched back from meningitis by penicillin wouldn't have been so fortunate. Thousands of soldiers who are back home now would be sleeping under white crosses in France, Germany, New Guinea, Okinawa—if the antivivisectionists had won in 1920.

The stock in trade of the antivivisectionists is the propaganda technique perfected by Dr. Goebbels—repeat a misstatement often enough and people will accept it as fact. Thus, the surgeon becomes a bloody butcher, the medical research man a sadistic monster. No distortion of fact is too vile. One of their favorite pieces of literature shows a physician waving a bloody hatchet over a cowering dog.

The "sadistic monsters" they speak of are such men as Gerhard Domagk, finder of the sulfa drugs; Edward Doisy, who discovered the vitamin K that keeps newborn infants from bleeding to death; the teams of researchers who found how to make the lifesaving plasma.

In broad outline, the antivivisectionists often work in this way: An executive secretary starts an organization. He plays on the sympathies of his clients, persuading them to part with as much cash as possible. When they die they are expected to leave their money to the organization. Many of them respond handsomely. Not long ago two persons died in Chicago, each leaving over $2,000,000 to the antivivisectionists. Smaller financial support comes from the person who has a dog, loves it and is kind to it, and who makes annual contributions to the movement without seeing the implications of the act.

To keep his organization going, the secretary has to provide excitement for his customers. He does this by keeping things in constant ferment. The chief objects of his attention are the state legislatures.

Without too much effort he can get signatures on a petition, supporting an antivivisection bill. It is axiomatic with pressure groups that you can get signatures on any petition—*even on petitions to sell* California to the Japs, to move the White House to Alaska.

Armed with an impressive scroll of names—over 200,000 people signed in New York State not long ago—the executive secretary storms the legislature, leading his tearful battalion. Legislators lend a respectful ear.

Medical men and research men have to rush to the state capitol to fight for their lives. They waste valuable time which might be better spent in their hospitals and laboratories. Over and over again, they have to tell the elementary stories of medical research that should be required reading in every grade school. Up to now, calm reason has always won. But there is the omnipresent danger that one day it won't win. In the state where such calamity strikes, medical progress stops.

Such shenanigans add excitement to the lives of the executive secretary's clients. He feeds them on preposterous pap to the effect that in medical schools, children's pet dogs are strapped to tables and butchered on purely sadistic impulse.

This, of course, is dangerous nonsense. Any medical school that appropriated a child's pet would be sued out of existence. An experimenter that inflicted needless pain on *any* animal is subject to a jail sentence for violations of laws that prevail in all states.

So far the antivivisectionists have won no campaigns, but they have won local skirmishes. In cities like San Francisco, Cleveland, Boston and New York they have secured ordinances

(Continued on page 61)

Mamma's Gift

Carl Bobertz

BY
HARRIET
HESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL BOBERTZ

THE voice of the lady on the radio was warm and friendly. It was like Mamma's voice—without Mamma's accent, of course. Karl Magner hunched his chair closer to the machine, turned Bella's favorite glass-bead lamp shade out of the way and cupped a hand around his good ear.

The lady was saying, "Fine linen damask is a treasure which any housewife should prize as a work of art."

Karl knew who she was: Margaret Menard. She conducted the Woman's Hour every day on Station WXZT. Karl always listened. Sometimes people asked her advice about their problems. Karl, listening, had often nodded his head, thinking, *That is good. That is just what Mamma would have said.*

"For heaven's sake, Papa!" The strident voice of Bella, his elder son's wife, broke Karl's reverie. "Why do you want to listen to that drivel?"

"Heh?" Karl turned his good ear toward her, his hand still cupped behind it. Bella seldom had anything pleasant to say. He had learned long since to let her think him quite deaf.

"Why do you listen to that?" Bella repeated. "It's a woman's program—about tablecloths!"

Karl didn't answer at once. How could he tell Bella that listening to Margaret Menard was like having a little time with Mamma every day?

Gerta, wife of the younger son, had come in, dropping her imitation sealskin coat on the nearest chair. "Oh, let him alone, can't you, Bella?" Gerta said.

Karl turned back to the radio, but the program was over. Karl didn't care much for the music that followed, but he pretended to listen. That was better than listening to the girls. Now they were arguing about him, anyway.

"He's eighty-two years old," Gerta was saying. "If he wants to listen to the radio, let him! After all, it's his house, isn't it?"

Bella said, "I don't know why! I've been keeping it for thirty years!"

"That's no way to talk," said Gerta. "Suppose he should hear you?"

Bella snapped, "He's deaf as a post, and you know it!"

Gerta changed the subject: "Speaking of tablecloths—don't forget I want that long one he keeps in the sideboard."

"Oh, you do, do you!" Karl knew just how Bella's back was stiffening. This was an old quarrel. "And why should you have that cloth?"

That cloth! Karl remembered the day he'd brought it home—to this very house. He was returning from a visit to his family in the old country. So long ago—1913, it was! But he could see Mamma's rosy face, her outstretched arms. . . .

"Look, *Liebchen!* A gift!" he had said, as he gave her the long flat box.

Her eyes, when she opened it, were brighter than any stars Karl had ever seen. "So lovely!" she said. "So lovely, Karl!"

Karl was proud of the gift. He watched her spread out the shimmering length of snowy linen, watched her trace the beautifully monogrammed letter M which graced each of its corners. He said, "And there are napkins, too. Twenty-four. And each marked with an M! Big enough for tablecloths themselves they are!"

She said, "But, Karl—the cost—"

He had taken her in his arms then. "It is my wedding gift, *Liebchen*. The gift I could not give you when we were young and poor."

She had kissed him. "We will keep it for a special time, Karl. For our golden wedding, maybe. It is a wonderful gift." And so they had put the cloth away in its box in the sideboard. It had never been used. There had been no time special enough for Mamma—when she lived. Afterward, even when his grandson married, Karl would not let Bella use the cloth.

THE radio was filled with static. Karl snapped it off. The girls were still quarreling. Gerta's thin face was flushed now. "You get everything else, Bella. And you still want the cloth!"

Bella waved a fat hand around the room. "Who would want this stuff?" she demanded.

Gerta set her mouth in a hard line. "All right," she said. "If you won't give me the cloth, we'll divide it. We'll cut it in two and each take half!"

Cut Mamma's gift! That is what they would do! Karl rose from his chair to protest. But he knew it would do no good. The girls wouldn't listen to him. They didn't even notice his motion as he got up.

Trembling, he went through the door to the dining room and opened the sideboard drawer. The gleaming cloth lay in its box, just as Mamma had left it. And they would cut it! They would tear in two the precious gift Mamma had loved. What was it the lady on the radio had said? "Fine damask is a treasure—" This cloth was Mamma's treasure.

Karl took the box from the drawer. He held it so tightly in his arms that the pasteboard broke softly under his pressure. What should he do? What would Mamma want him to do?

Perhaps—perhaps Margaret Menard could help him. She gave people good advice. He would ask her. Today he would go!—he was eighty-two years old; he could not count on tomorrows. . . .

Quietly, Karl put on his coat and hat in the hallway. Then, clutching the box, he left the house and walked to the bus stop at the corner.

He had not gone downtown alone for many years. Bella always insisted that he was too feeble. He had forgotten it was so far.

As the bus jolted over the brick-paved streets, new fears rose to torment him: if he were too late—if the radio station were closed—if Margaret Menard were not there or would not see him. And, of course, he might be wrong; perhaps she was not like Mamma at all.

The radio station was not closed. Karl stumbled as he stepped out of the elevator into the elaborate reception room. The box containing the cloth had crumpled and flattened in his grip. A young girl at the desk said, "Yes? Can I help you?"

Karl's breath came with difficulty. He spoke falteringly: "Miss Menard— I'd like—to see her."

The girl's glance swept over him before she dialed a number on her telephone, and Karl felt suddenly shabby and out of place. Then the girl said smoothly, "There is no one in her office. I'm afraid she's left for the day."

Karl steadied himself against the desk. He couldn't keep his voice from shaking. "It was—it was important," he said. "I—I'm sorry. Thank you." And he started to turn away.

A man and a woman came through the swinging doors beside the desk. The man was talking. The woman didn't look a bit like Mamma. But she stopped. "Did you want to see me?" she asked Karl.

The man protested: "But, Margaret. You know Peabody is fussy about people being on time for appointments! This account—"

She said, "You go ahead, Bill. I'll come in a few minutes when I've talked with Mr.—"

"Magner," said Karl, his voice a mere whisper above the pounding in his ears.

She turned and held the swinging door. "Come in, Mr. Magner." She led the way down a long hall and through another door marked "Margaret Menard, Director of Women's Programs."

At her gesture, Karl sat down gratefully in the comfortable chair before her desk. The office was peaceful and uncluttered. Margaret Menard sat down without hurry. She was tall, Karl saw, dark-haired and dressed like the ladies in magazine pictures. Mamma had been small, with hair like honey. Karl said, "Miss Menard—"

"Mrs. Menard," she corrected. She smiled, and tiny fires warmed her eyes as she handed Karl a photograph from her desk. "I have two sons," she said.

Karl looked at the picture—enlarged from a snapshot, probably taken at some family outing; it showed two little boys and a tall man at whom Margaret Menard was looking with such pride and pleasure as Karl had not seen since Mamma . . .

KARL gazed at the picture for a long time. She *was* like Mamma, he knew. Underneath her fashionable appearance there was warmth and kindness. In her home there would be love and understanding.

He replaced the picture and got to his feet, laying the box on the desk between them. "I have brought you a gift," he said. "It was Mamma's gift and she loved it." He lifted the lid of the box, to show her the cloth in all its beauty.

She caught her breath. "Oh, it is lovely! So lovely!"

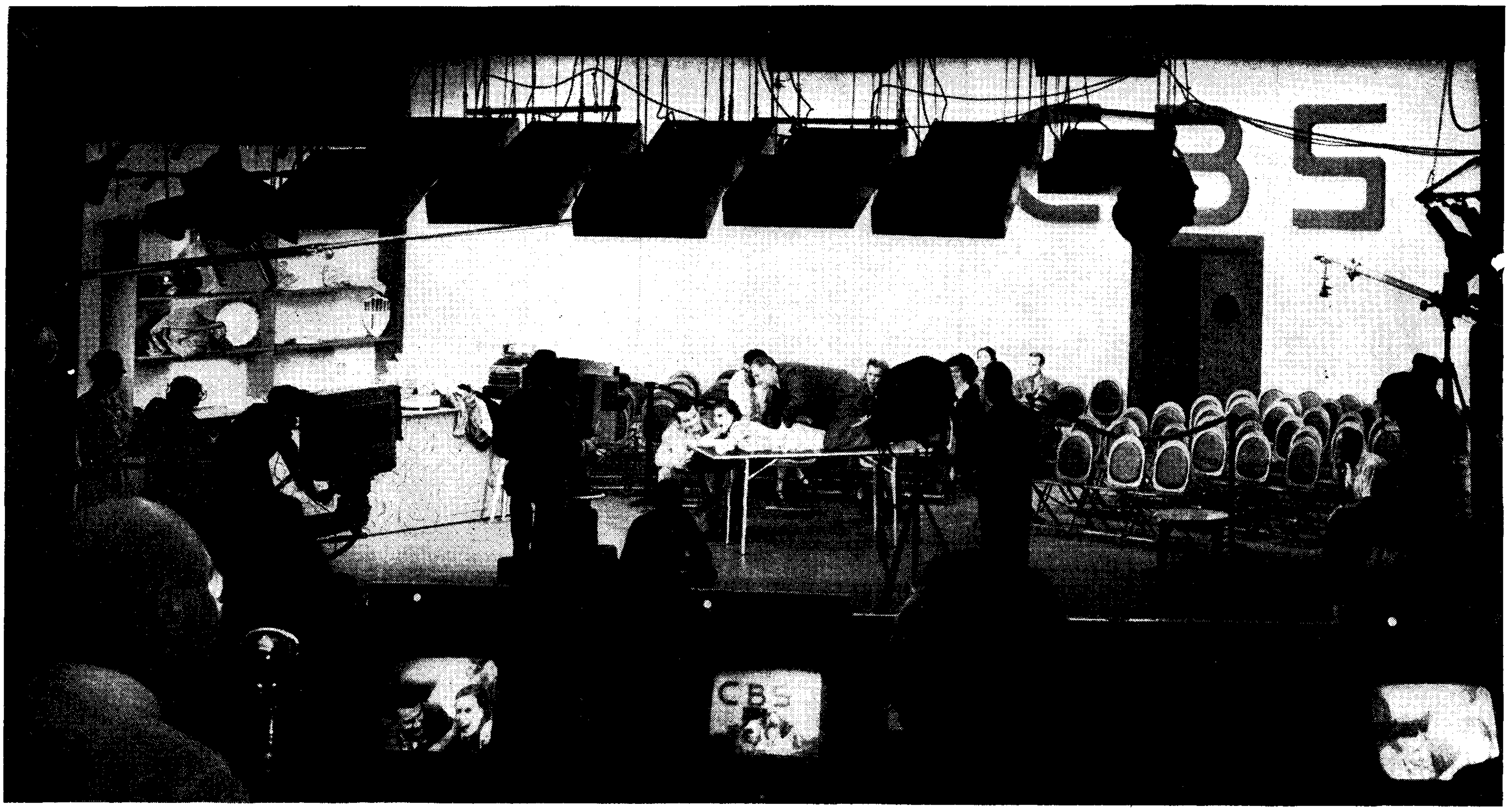
Karl watched her trace the monogram, as Mamma had done so long ago. He said slowly, "I have lived a very long time. Soon I shall have no more need of tablecloths. Will you keep it for me?"

Margaret Menard lifted her gaze to his face. Karl saw the tears in her eyes. He had been afraid that she was going to ask questions, or say some of the silly things women sometimes do. But she seemed to understand, just as Mamma would have done. She said quietly, "I will keep it for you, Mr. Magner. I know that it is precious to you. It will be precious to me. . . ."

Karl felt strangely at peace on the bus going home. Bella would ask where he'd been, what he'd been doing. When she discovered that the cloth was gone, she would be very angry. But it didn't matter. Mamma's gift was safe.

complete on this page

a short short story



In the control room the director (left) lines up his next scene on the screen, issues orders to cast and crew by microphone. Center image is already on the air

TELEVISION WILL COST BIG MONEY

BY E. F. MC DONALD, JR.

Like the movies, television has had many false starts and failures. It will fail again, thinks this head of a large radio manufacturing concern, unless it finds a box office to pay the huge cost

THE televisionaries are beating their drums again. They don't intend to harm anybody, but they can hurt your pocketbook and disappoint your hopes, just as they have at intervals for the past fifteen years.

Almost everybody wants television. The public would like the entertainment and opportunity to view events as they occur. Educators, statesmen, entertainers, and others interested in reaching the public are looking eagerly toward the opportunities this new medium will bring. Radio manufacturers with or without patent motives would welcome the new market that would be presented by successful television.

As a radio manufacturer I am constantly besieged with questions:

"Why," I am asked, "is television so slow coming? When can I buy a television set for my home and get good programs? I bought one set and it was useless two years later; why? If I buy a television set now will it be obsolete two years from now? I read last year that there would be a million television sets manufactured in 1946, but now I read that there will be only a few thousand; why? When will television really be here?"

The time has come for frank discussion, for a behind-the-scenes explanation of the basic problem that has tripped television in the past, and that is still unsolved today. Only when this problem is solved can we look for prompt realization of the bright television dreams that have been held out to us for years.

In doubting the immediate commercial success of television, I am not speaking as the stagecoach driver who opposed the coming of the railroad, nor as a livery-stable owner who predicted failure for the automobile. I am in the television business, and have been for many years. Since 1938, when I warned the industry that launching television without first providing a sound plan to finance its development was a serious mistake, I have been working actively to make television a reality for the American home.

My company's television transmitter, W9XZV, has been on the air with a continuous schedule of programs using modern transmission standards longer than any other television transmitter in the country. We are now completing final tests on our new ultrahigh-frequency transmitter, which should be broadcasting television in full color by the time these words see print.

Full-Color Sets Being Built

We are not manufacturing black and white receivers for the wave bands now assigned to television because we know that these sets would become obsolete within the next year or two, but we are building receivers for the new high-definition, full-color television. These sets will not be sold; they will be loaned to our executives and engineers. We have no intention of placing them upon the market until we are reasonably sure that television is on as sound a basis artistically and economically as it is technically.

There can be no question about television's ultimate success, which will come after the industry realizes that it *is* something new under the sun. It enjoys both advantages and disadvantages that characterize radio, motion pictures, publications and other competitors for popular favor, and also has characteristics that are all its own.

Like the motion picture, television is limited by the camera lens. Each scene must be in accurate focus, and changing from short to long range demands a change in lens or camera. Movies have the advantage here, because several cameras can be worked simultaneously to produce film that will be cut and spliced before being shown. Like radio, television is blessed and cursed with the quality of immediacy. Action occurs this instant, and is gone. If you tune in late, you can't wait and see the first part of the show over again. Moreover, you have to be on hand at a scheduled time to see the broadcast. With movies you have your choice of time over a period of several days. With newspapers or magazines you can wait until you are ready to read. With radio and television you have no such choice.

Television gives you either an instantaneous, unedited portrayal of events as they occur, or reproduction in your own home of a film that is being projected in the television studio. In either case you will see it at the moment of broadcast or not at all, because for the vast majority of people, visual entertainment will not bear repetition. For instance, how many movies have you seen a second time? Compare that with the number of times you can enjoy hearing the same musical selection.

Failure to consider television as something entirely new has crippled it in the past. It has been launched as a new commercial reality at least four times in the past fifteen years, with more publicity and greater public response than have been enjoyed by any comparable innovation. For fifteen years more people have felt they wanted television than owned radio sets in the five or six years it took radio to become a major industry, but relatively few people have ever seen it. In the same fifteen years a vast fortune has been spent on the development of television. Yet, each attempt to launch it has been a noteworthy commercial failure.

Various reasons have been advanced to explain these failures. Business cycles, technical changes, The Federal Communications Commission and the war have all been successive whipping boys, and it is probable that now some are preparing to put the blame on James Caesar Petrillo, boss of the American Federation of Musicians. The real reason is that the industry has consistently followed a blind alley of illusion instead of studying and finding solutions for the full scope of television's problems.

Fine Technical Achievements

Television is at once a science, an art form, and a business. As a science its development has been marked by brilliant achievement. Technically it has been acceptable for many years. The recent development of high-definition, full-color television has lifted it to a far higher state of technical excellence than that enjoyed by radio during its years of greatest expansion. So far as purely scientific development is concerned, there is no barrier to television's expanding at a rate comparable to radio.

Unfortunately, the economic or business side of television, and as a result the artistic side as well, have been sadly neglected. Because it is possible to send pictures through the air by radio waves, there has been an overwhelming tendency to think of television as just another form of radio, and to assume that its problems are identical with those of radio.

This misconception of television's problems has caused the same confusion that would result if the airplane industry tried to run its business like the automotive industry because both vehicles are propelled by gasoline engines. As an art form and a business, television has no more similarity to radio than radio has to phonograph records or to the production of Broadway plays. Had the same type of misconception prevailed continuously in the motion picture business, we would still see movies only in nickelodeons.

As a matter of fact there is a striking parallel between the development of motion pictures and television. Both tell the story of a new invention brought to the point of technical acceptability; of a new art form limited by and exhibited with its nearest apparent competitor; of attempts to alleviate financial pain by the sale of advertising. It took motion pictures twenty fumbling years to achieve spectacular success.

The commercial history of the motion picture began in 1894 when Edison's new "Kinetoscope" was publicly exhibited in New York. Filming of the Passion Play in 1897 attracted little attention, but pictures of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight were just as popular as are prize fights today over television.

Then came the period of movie shorts as vaudeville accompaniments, of nickelodeons, and barnstorming exhibitors, with a few attempts at more spectacular production.

In 1913 D. W. Griffith raised and spent a fortune on the colossal production, The Birth of a Nation. The results were spectacular. The public had paid ten cents admission for poor movies and left many seats unoccupied; people stood in line to buy reserved seats for The Birth of a Nation. The point is that the movies found it necessary to spend vast sums in order to provide entertainment that would continue to please a large section of the public, and to find some method of financing these costly productions. Once that lesson was learned, movies swiftly became a great industry.

Developing the Photoplay

What happened was very simple. Instead of merely putting vaudeville acts and stage plays on film, with all of the limitations that the stage imposes, motion picture producers developed a new art form that used the camera's potentialities. They brought scenes from all over the world, changed settings constantly as the action indicated, and produced a form of entertainment that was different from anything ever known before.

Television faces the same problem of providing adequate entertainment and of finding some method of paying its way. Visionaries tell us it will be financed in the same manner as radio, and advertising agencies are already establishing elaborate television departments. Unfortunately, these people are forgetting not only the lesson offered by the early years of motion pictures, but also the prime, basic maxim that each new business must look at its competition. Since television can provide news, education and entertainment in the home, it will compete with not only radio but newspapers, magazines, motion pictures and the legitimate stage.

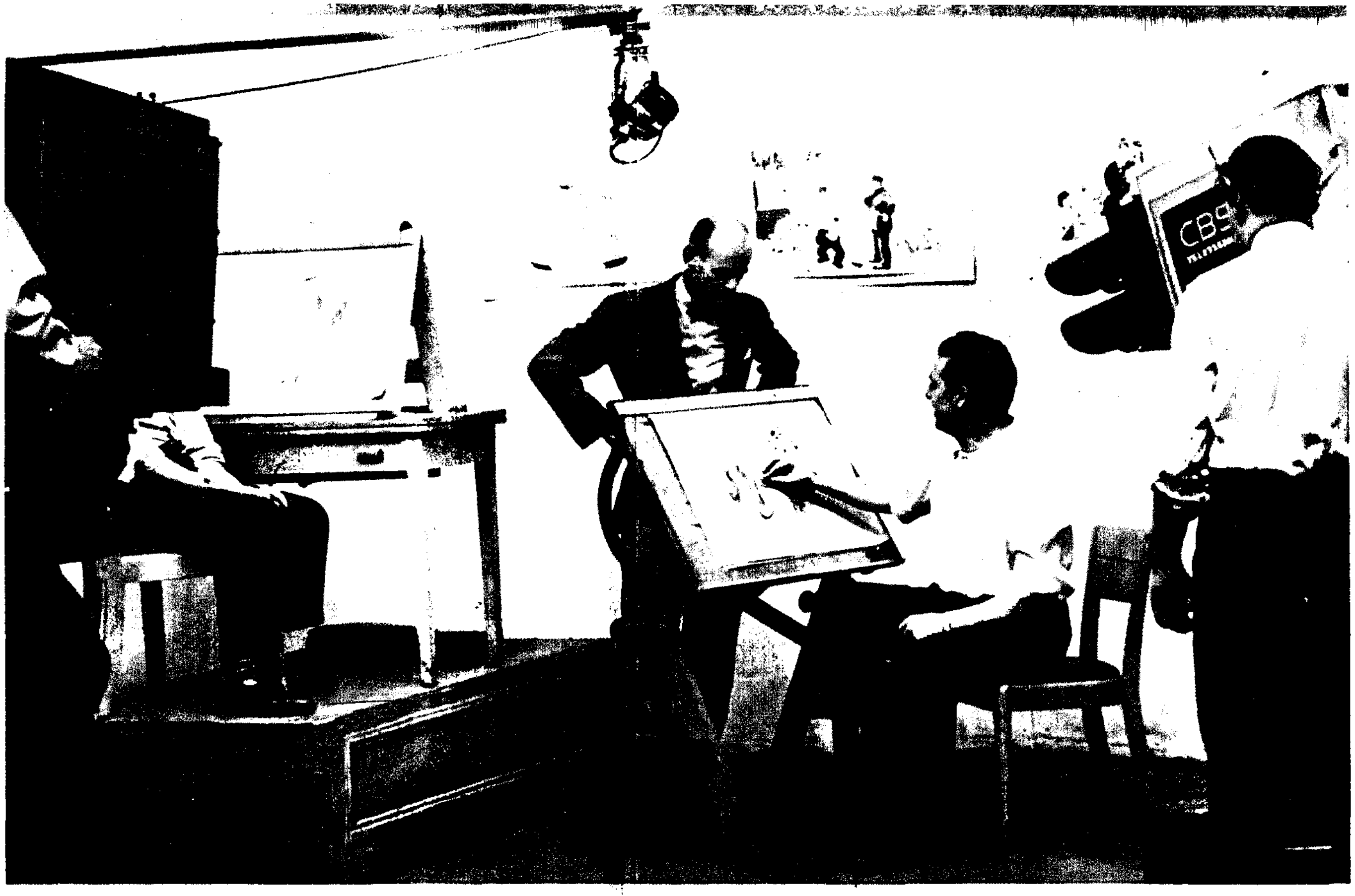
Here are some significant figures:

There is no way of determining accurately the number of people who listen to radio every day, but it seems conservative to estimate the audience as at least 100,000,000 people. Radio is supported entirely by advertising, at a cost to advertisers of about $400,000,000 per year.

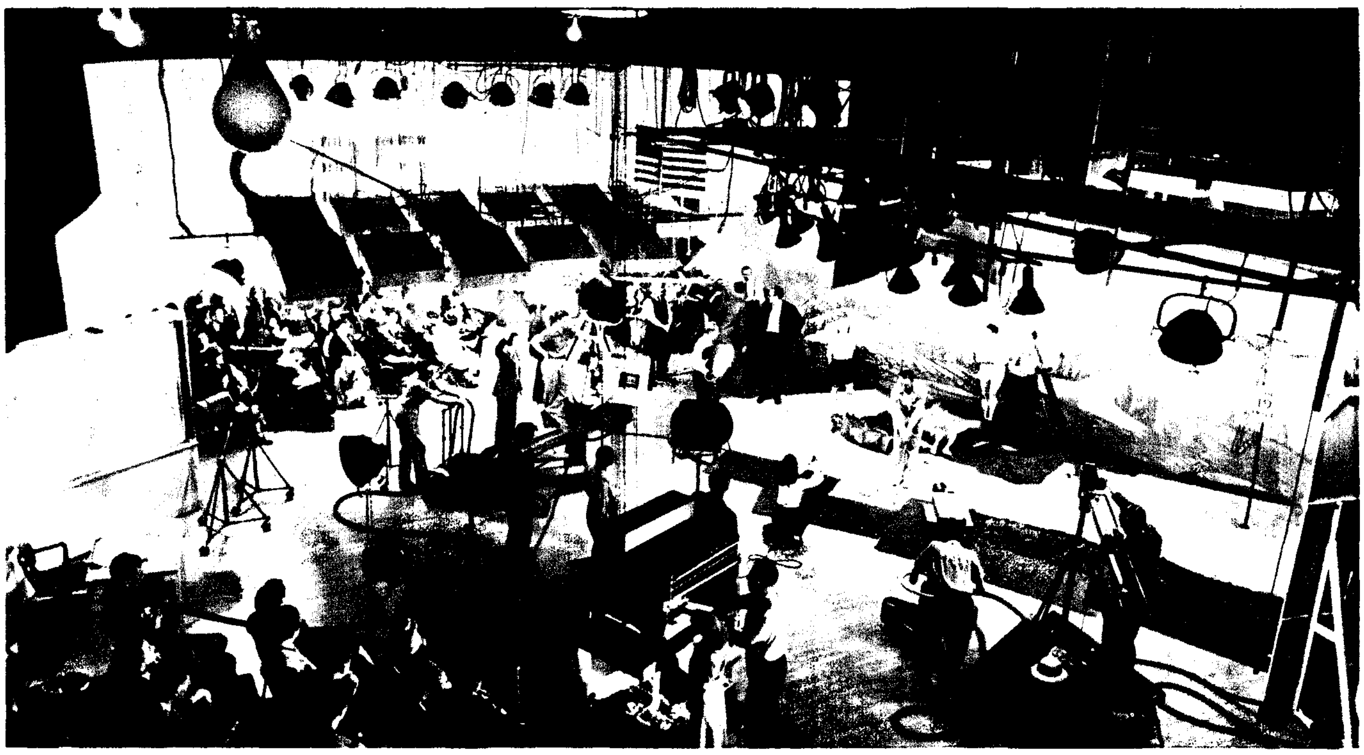
Magazines, weekly and monthly, have a circulation of about 174,000,000, and account for about $450,000,000 of the nation's annual advertising bill. In addition, the public pays $310,000,000 a year to purchase magazines to make the total cost about $760,000,000.

Daily newspapers have a circulation of about 48,000,000; Sunday newspapers, about 40,000,000. Cost to advertisers

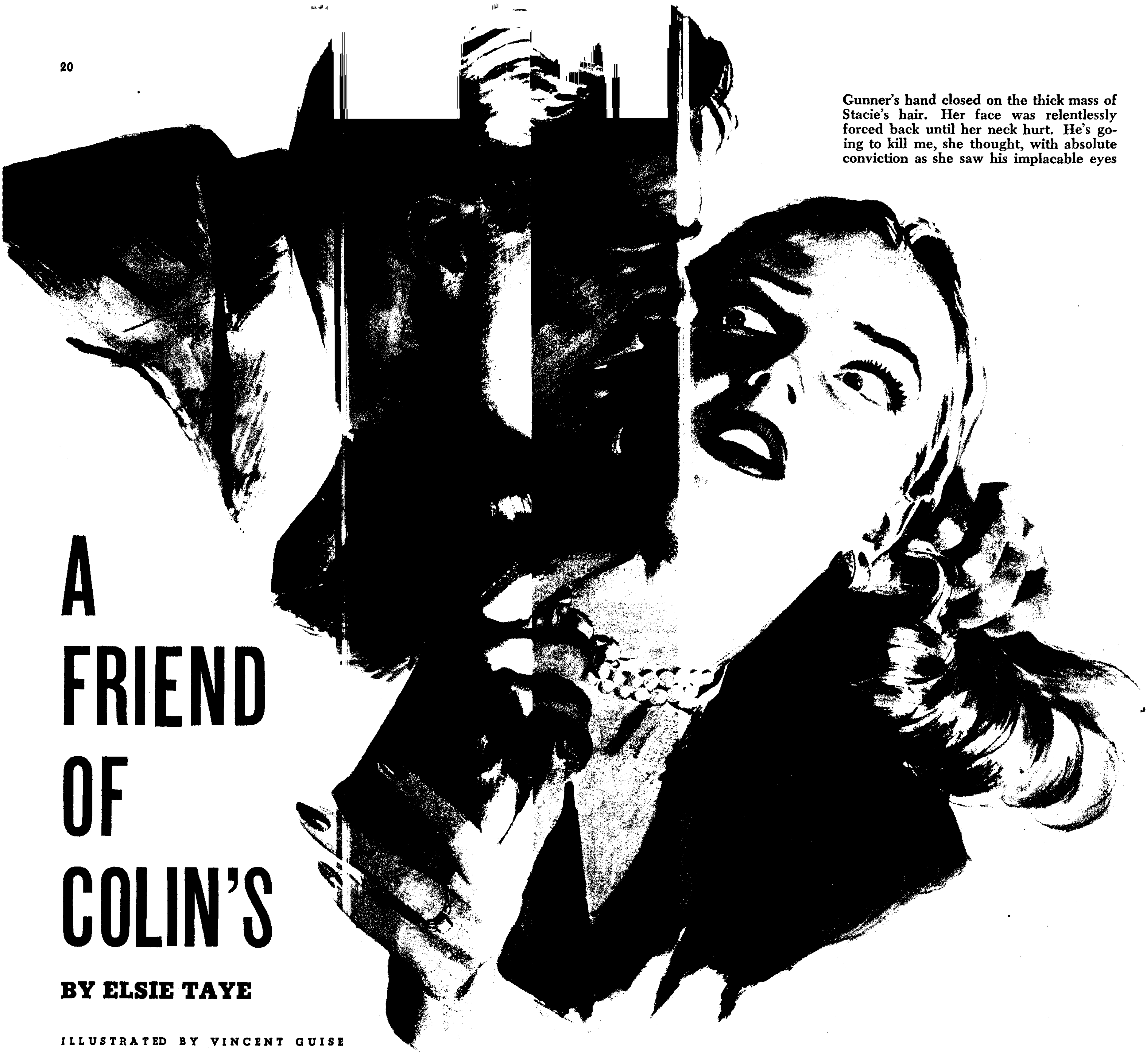
(Continued on page 79)



Cartoonist Reamer Keller (at easel) draws a gag for an art program conducted by Collier's cartoon editor, Gurney Williams (standing). Technical difficulties have largely been conquered, but economic problems persist



Much space and equipment are needed. Above, left, a news program ends; a golf demonstration is aired (right); a quiz show is ready in background. Below, talent like celebrated dancer Katherine Dunham is also expensive



Gunner's hand closed on the thick mass of Stacie's hair. Her face was relentlessly forced back until her neck hurt. He's going to kill me, she thought, with absolute conviction as she saw his implacable eyes

A FRIEND OF COLIN'S

BY ELSIE TAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

As a rule, the end of love is the beginning of hate. But look what happened in this instance. Nobody hated anybody. On the contrary—

THE man was going to live here in town, and that was that. Running a hand through her two-colored hair, Stacie said into the telephone, "Don't be silly, darling—I'll probably like Gunner very much."

"No, you won't. Not at first," said Colin Edwards, her fiancé. "Women never do, but they usually end up by making passes at him which he doesn't even see."

Doing violence to her natural reaction to this, Stacie was able to say, "I bet he's sweet."

"Sweet!" Colin laughed, his deep easy laugh that Stacie loved.

"How did he happen to come here to live?" asked Stacie.

"Well, he's got this job with the Bemish Optical Company. I knew he was contacting them but it's just like him not to let me know he was here until he got all set . . . Anyhow, he's going to be here from now on and we'll be seeing a lot of him, so I want you to meet him right away."

"All right," said Stacie. "I'll meet you at the club at one."

She blew him a kiss and hung up.

Gunner, she thought gloomily. It wasn't a Navy nickname (which would have been bearable) but something Mr. Witlock had collected in his days of felling lumber in the Northeast, or mining in Colorado, or cooking on tramp steamers. All these things he had done before he tended furnaces and waited on tables so that he could sit up all night working out equations or whatever to get through engineering at some state university.

That wasn't all. Colin had come out of the Navy a lieutenant senior grade, and Gunner should have come out an admiral instead of a jg, said Colin. Gunner's trouble, said Colin, was that he would not sweet-talk the brass. A brain, said Colin, a guy with more guts than anyone he had ever known, and if he was a little on the rough side. . . .

Oh dear, oh dear. She had known for a long time that he was going to be Colin's best man, and now he was going to live here! Which was definitely the wrong attitude.

STACIE jumped up and went upstairs. Any girl would understand that the thing to do was to floor the Gunner person at once. After that she would be nice to him. A beige wool dress, cunningly cut, would do, a dress from the days before her father had died and she and her mother had faced the fact that they could no longer afford clothes like these. Before slipping into her four-year-old beaver coat she surveyed herself critically in the mirror.

It was her hair, she knew, that made people think she was prettier than she was. There were lots of deep blue eyes around town, and mouths that took lipstick well, and extra long legs. For years Stacie had devoutly hoped that her hair would not change, and it had not. The color of maple sugar in back, it was the purest gold in front where it was swept back from her face. It was long and, needless to say, Stacie seldom wore hats.

She ran up the five steps to the crowded lounge of the club. At the top, Joyce Chalmers stopped her.

"Are you meeting Colin?" asked Joyce. "I didn't see him—"

"Oh, I'm early—he probably isn't here yet. But," said Stacie urgently, "your mother is honking like mad outside for you."

"I hear her." Joyce looked vaguely around. "It seems to me I had something to tell Colin—"

"You never give up, do you, darling?" said Stacie and gave Joyce a little push. "You're blocking traffic in the driveway."

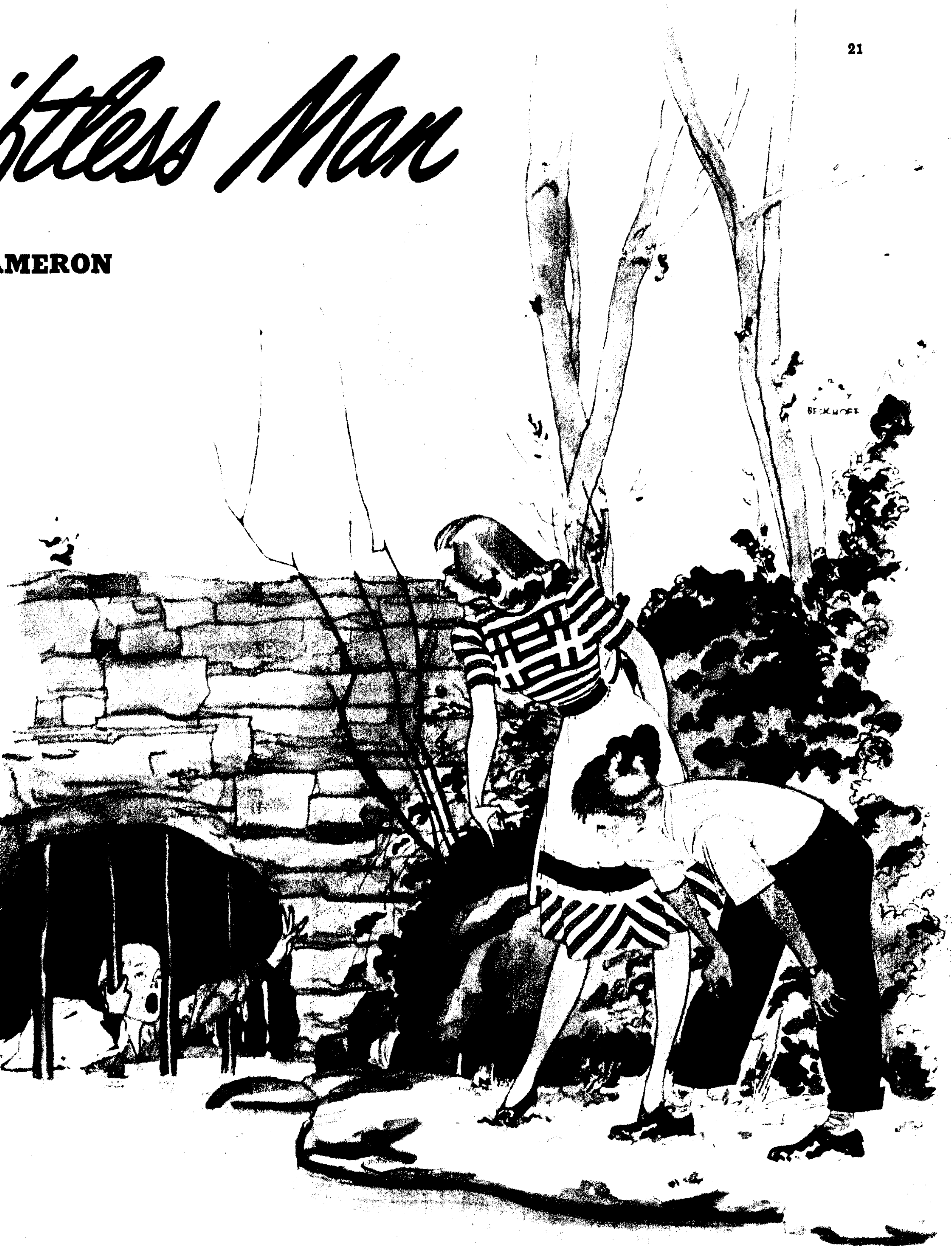
"Yes, dear," Joyce gave her a forgiving smile, and went reluctantly down the steps . . .

(Continued on page 39)

The Shiftless Man

BY OWEN CAMERON

Bill and Jane saw things more clearly underwater—thanks to a pair of small wet boys and a big dripping dog



WHEN Father went to the convention in Los Angeles, Mother went with him, and Mitch and Rex and I stayed with Cousin Jane. We went to her house in a taxicab, and Rex didn't get sick like he usually does in autos, but he barked all the way. Cousin Jane lives on top of a hill, with hardly any other houses around, like out in the country. Even the taxi driver thought so, and he said, "If I had to live up here in the sticks I'd go nuts. Two thirty-five, ma'am."

"Miss," Cousin Jane said. "They aren't mine, thank Heaven!"

Mitch pulled the taxi driver's coat and asked, "Hey, are you married?"

"How do you think I got this haircut?" the taxi driver said. "Thank you, Miss."

Rex went over to smell stuff at the house next to Cousin Jane's. There was a man lying on the porch and I asked Cousin Jane if he was sick.

"He's sleeping," Cousin Jane told me. "That's all he ever does. He's the most shiftless person in the world."

The man opened one eye and looked at her, but he did not say anything. The taxi driver leaned out of his car and said, "It's this air up here. It's too thin."

Rex started to look for a gopher in Cousin Jane's front yard, but she said she needed a new lawn anyhow. We went in the house and she made us stay in the front room until lunch was ready. She gave us a book to look at, but we found a better one, with pictures of people cut open and peeled to show what their insides looked like. They were colored pictures.

FOR lunch we had chops and soup and squash and cake. I ate my squash, but Mitch just sat and looked at his. Cousin Jane asked him if he wasn't going to eat the lovely squash, and Mitch said, "No. Why don't you get married?"

"Eat your squash if you want some cake," Cousin Jane said. She had red hair like Father and Mitch, and when Mother explained to her about Mitch being stubborn she said she could handle him all right.

"Edgar ate all his squash," she told Mitch.

"I never eat squash," Mitch said. "Why don't you get married?"

Cousin Jane looked the way Father does when it is the last straw, but she didn't holler. She kind of whispered, *"Eat that squash!"*

Mitch made a face, but he put the squash in his mouth and made a funny noise. He told Cousin Jane, "It pretty near chokes me. Well, why don't you?"

"Because I'm no fool," Cousin Jane said. "Anyhow, I'd never, never marry a man who lacked ambition."

Mitch asked her why and she told him to eat his cake. After we ate our cake we went out in the back yard where Rex was. He had found a long hose with a sprinkler on it and dragged it to the porch to chew on. He was glad to see us and knocked Mitch down, and Mitch spit the squash in his hand and gave it to him. Rex liked squash all right.

Cousin Jane didn't know about Mitch's pouches. Mother always looked, because when Mitch had to eat something he didn't like he put it in his cheek, the way gophers do, and he could keep it there and eat and drink and everything without swallowing it.

A man looked over the fence from the house next door. It was the man on the porch who was shiftless. He said, "Hi" and we said "Hi," and he asked what Rex's name was and what made him so big, and I told him we thought it was because we used to let him lick our cod-liver oil spoons.

The man said his name was Bill Banks and I told him I was Edgar Fearson and Mitch was my brother and two years younger, and until Mother and Father came home we were going to live with Cousin Jane, and Father said she would learn a few things.

"So will you," Mr. Banks said. "She is beautiful, but stubborn."

"Get out of there this instant! That water is filthy!" said Cousin Jane. I told her I couldn't get out and then she decided to come in after me. She was awful mad

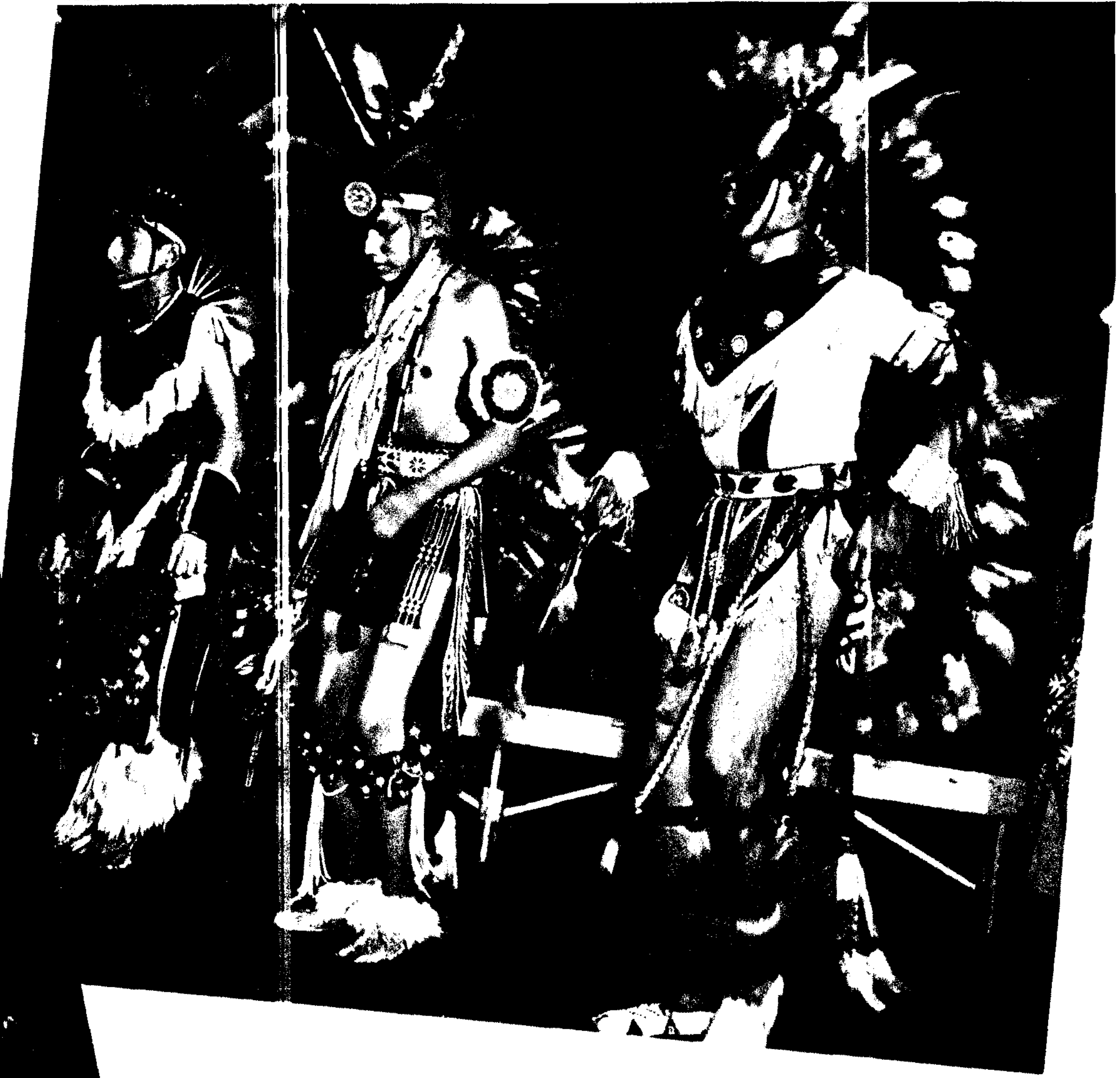
"And I'm stubborn, too," Mitch said quite proudly.

"You can't compare with her," Mr. Banks told him. "I heard her tell you I was shiftless. I can pay my rent, can't I? And hers, too, if—I mean, why

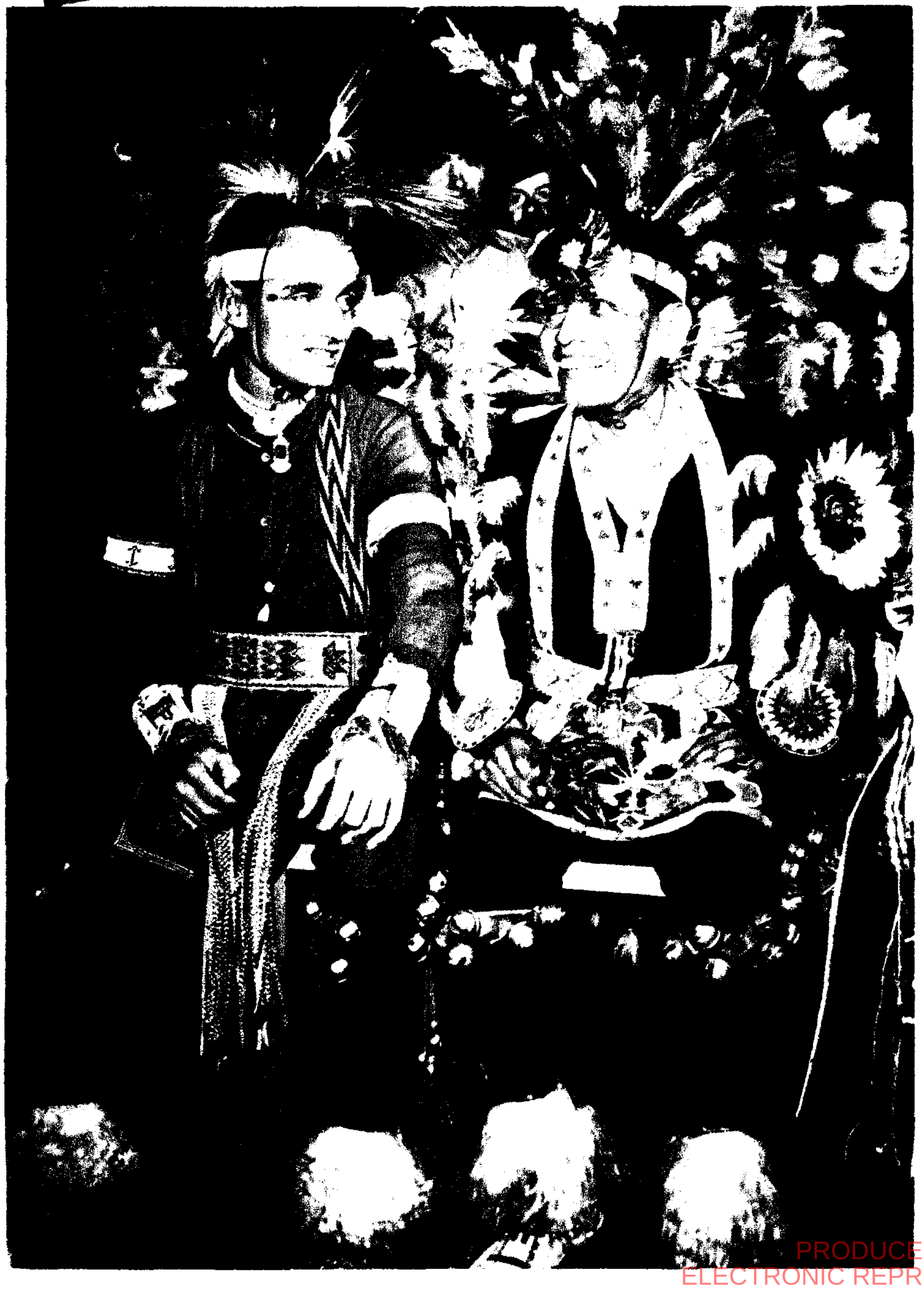
(Continued on page 35)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The great chief, Lookout (Wa-Non-Sha-She-Ga), called the meeting of the tribes to honor their returned braves. He was whip man but, too old to join in the dancing, stayed in his chair



The Pawnees, once enemies of the Osages who now played host, joined in the dance with a bragging, jaunty step. Their costumes are modern, are frowned on by tradition-proud elders



Pawnees, in "dyed underwear" dress. Facial paint symbolizes the custom of painting the entire face

DANCE OF TRIUMPH

BY GEORGE W. CHURCHILL

The braves come home from battle beyond the seas, and their tribes celebrate with their age-old victory dance

WHEN the Indians went to war against the Axis, they wore blue and khaki, but when they returned to their tribes they put on the breechcloth, roach and feathers, and danced the same victory celebration that their people had been dancing for centuries.

At Pawhuska, Oklahoma, they feasted but did not speak of courage or bravery. In the old days, the women would have brought buffalo meat, and the braves would have eaten their fill. Now, the great herds were only a memory in the minds of the oldest. Barbecued beef was served.

In the capital city of the Osage Indian nation, largest and wealthiest of Oklahoma's 52 Indian tribes, the principal chief, Lookout (Wa-Non-Sha-She-Ga), had waited until the majority of his 550 young men returned from war. He had planned the dancing at the stomp ground in the Indian village to be a meeting of many tribes, with dancers coming from as far as Maine. When the giant drum sent out its summons, the majority of the young men who had been in the armed services were present, with their military blouses traded for the bear claws of their ancestors.

In the center of the dance ground sat the drummers, six of them, who beat at a substitute drum with sticks tipped with packed grass sewn in dried skins. The ceremonial drum would remain in mourning for many more months in tribute to those who had lost their lives far away from their tribe.

The six drummers sang as they beat the hypnotic rhythms of the dance, symbolizing the end of the war and that peace had come. Their voices were high pitched and the songs told of the brave enemy, the courage of their own warriors, of the craftiness of their horses and the wisdom of their dogs.

In the old days, a whip man went first to the center of the ring in a victory dance. He carried a long leather whip with which he beckoned the bravest of the men to join him. Those who had won a scalp lock in battle and who had shown daring received the flick of his whip. With his face painted to frighten the weak and the timid and to tell of his own bravery, the whip man would first twist on his left and then on his right

Lieut. Ernest Childers, attired in the roach, the breechcloth and the bear claws. Childers, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, hopes to stay in the Army, says it's the best job he's had

Three Osages dance about the drum, each wearing the roach of his tribe on his head. The handkerchief about the head is a gesture to the hot afternoon sun, not part of tradition

foot. The long fur of the otter hung from his neck and danced behind him.

At Pawhuska, the whip man was the chief, 85-year-old Lookout, who was entitled to wear the otter hat. Now, his legs are racked by rheumatism, so the great chief stayed in his chair. When he was young, he had danced with those who had earned the right to wear the claws of the bear around their necks. In those days, no Indian merited this honor unless he had slain a bear in hand-to-hand combat. These modern young braves had seen hand-to-hand combat, too, with a foe who fought with claws of cold steel. And they had richly earned the right to wear the bear claws.

Lieutenant Ernest Childers had won the Congressional Medal of Honor for action at El Avito, Italy, when he crawled for five hours with a wounded instep and wiped out a Nazi machine-gun nest. Others wore the Silver Star, earned by valor in action.

Some painted their faces for the ceremony and many wore the Osage roach on their heads. The roach is usually made from the fur of the fox and stands erect on the head like a crown.

Some of the young men hesitated to put on their tribal finery and instead wrapped blankets around themselves. Modern clothes are allowed by the Osage Indians at their dances if the participant covers his clothes with a tribal blanket.

For two days the dance continued in Pawhuska. The Congressional Medal of Honor winner, Childers, first danced with a blanket about his Army uniform, but later he put on the red breechcloth and the bear claws, and on his chest, strung on buckskin, hung the sacred teeth of the horse. Many tribes came to join the Osage nation in their rejoicing that the young ones had come back. The Five Civilized Tribes, the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, were there. Moved from the old Southland in 1839 and 1840 in a rout that the redmen have since called the Trail of Tears, the Five Tribes are generally considered the intellectuals of the Indian nations.

The Pawnees, Poncas, Sacs and Foxes, Miamis, Otos, Delawares, Shawnees and the Crows were there. From Maine came Too-Awh, a less than fullblood Penobscot.

Most of the Osage Indians are ranchers and oil-field workers, and many, wealthy from oil royalties, retire at unbelievably early ages. Lookout speaks no English and visitors who do not know Osage must use an interpreter, usually his son, Freddie Lookout. The counsel and wisdom of the present ruler have earned him the respect of both the red and the white men throughout the Southwest.

At the dance ceremony, the old chief called a cessation of hostilities between the Osage nation and the Axis powers. Assistant Principal Chief Whitehorn spoke to the tribes in English and in Osage and told them that the Indians had reason to be proud. They had gone in large numbers to fight for the United States. Their languages had been used as passwords in many an advance battalion and the lore taught for generations had saved more than one Indian scout from annihilation.

World War II had shown again that the Indian as a fighter was unexcelled. He went to war. He drilled and maneuvered and jumped on D-Day with the white man, but when the peace came he went back to his people, and his respect for tradition started his feet dancing.

The old chief, with the stoic face of the bison, sat and watched and was silent. ★★★

Pin-up Girl Freda Copperfield is a Delaware-Shawnee from Tulsa. Her bonnet belongs to Chief Lookout

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. M. McCORMACK

Young Doc

A small community, Dr. Mason discovered, is in some respects like a man's wife; it has to be needed as well as understood and appreciated

BY GEORGE A. SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

THE pilot said, "Jump when I yell, Dr. Mason. Count two before you pull the rip cord!"

Dr. Mason nodded, his lean young face taut and impersonal. "Dr. Mason," the pilot had said. Not Doc, or Neil, or even Mason, but *Dr. Mason,* keeping it cold and careful and formal. Neil Mason hid the sharp sense of rejection within him and moved into the open doorway of the big Forest Service plane.

The ship was circling. Below, he could see thick smoke ballooning upward, and the crescent of leaping flame that edged with red the black devastation in the brush and timber below. Swinging into view, as the Curtis leveled out of its turn, was the clearing into which he must jump.

He crouched, tensing, a familiar taste of acid saliva in his suddenly parched mouth as the naked fear screamed in the back of his mind. He had conquered that fear before; and now, as Dickerson waved and yelled "Jump!" he conquered it again and flung himself headlong into space. He did not count two; he simply kept his hands away from his chest as he dove out of the doorway. By the time he reached up to the metal ring and yanked it savagely he knew that he was safely distant from the plane.

The pilot chute whipped back and the canopy boomed into shape, yanking him right side up with the viscera-shaking jolt that was so savage and so welcome; and he floated gently earthward under the outsize smoke-jumper's chute that lets a man down with little oscillation and no bone-crushing hurry.

The wind coiled smoke about him, and he gasped and choked until he dropped into untainted air again. Abruptly he saw that he was slanting too far east, and he reached up and hauled on the lines of the steering flaps to guide himself toward the center of the clearing. The earth seemed to rise to meet him, small trees becoming big trees, pebbles swelling into boulders and grass taking form as brush.

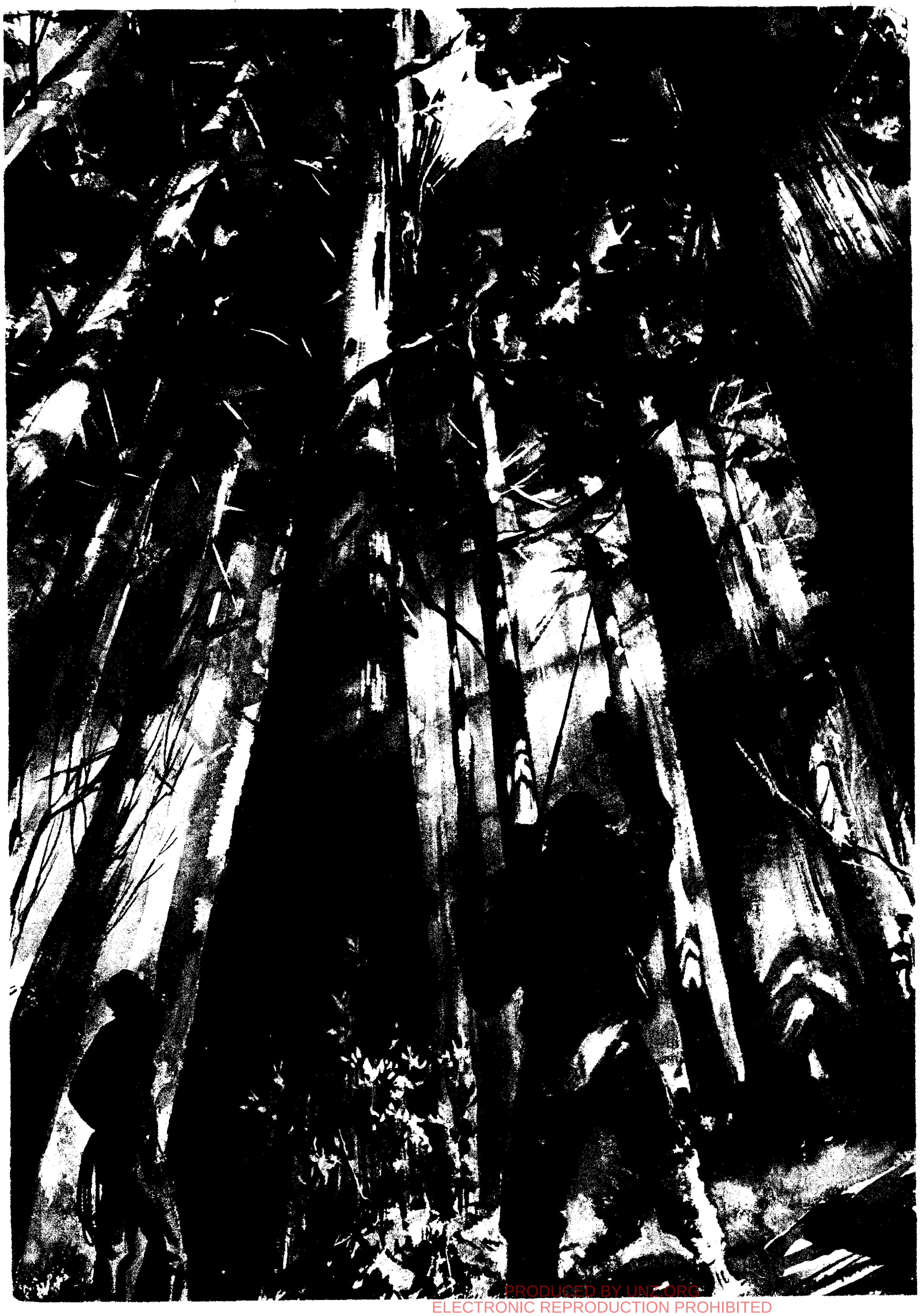
He got set, and he lighted running, Army fashion, and piled into his chute, spilling it fast. He stood up, breathing hard. The Forest plane was coming overhead, and already his big medical pack had been flung out and its chute was a fat red bulge against the sky. He pulled off his chute harness, then, his long fingers deft with the buckles; and he unzippered his jump suit and stepped out of it—a tall, wiry man of not much over thirty with gray in his red hair and lines of strain about his full lips.

HE LOOKED around for his patient, and saw the man lying near the edge of the trees. The way the fire fighter lay, so sprawled and lifeless, screamed urgency in Dr. Mason's mind, and he grabbed up his kit and started running.

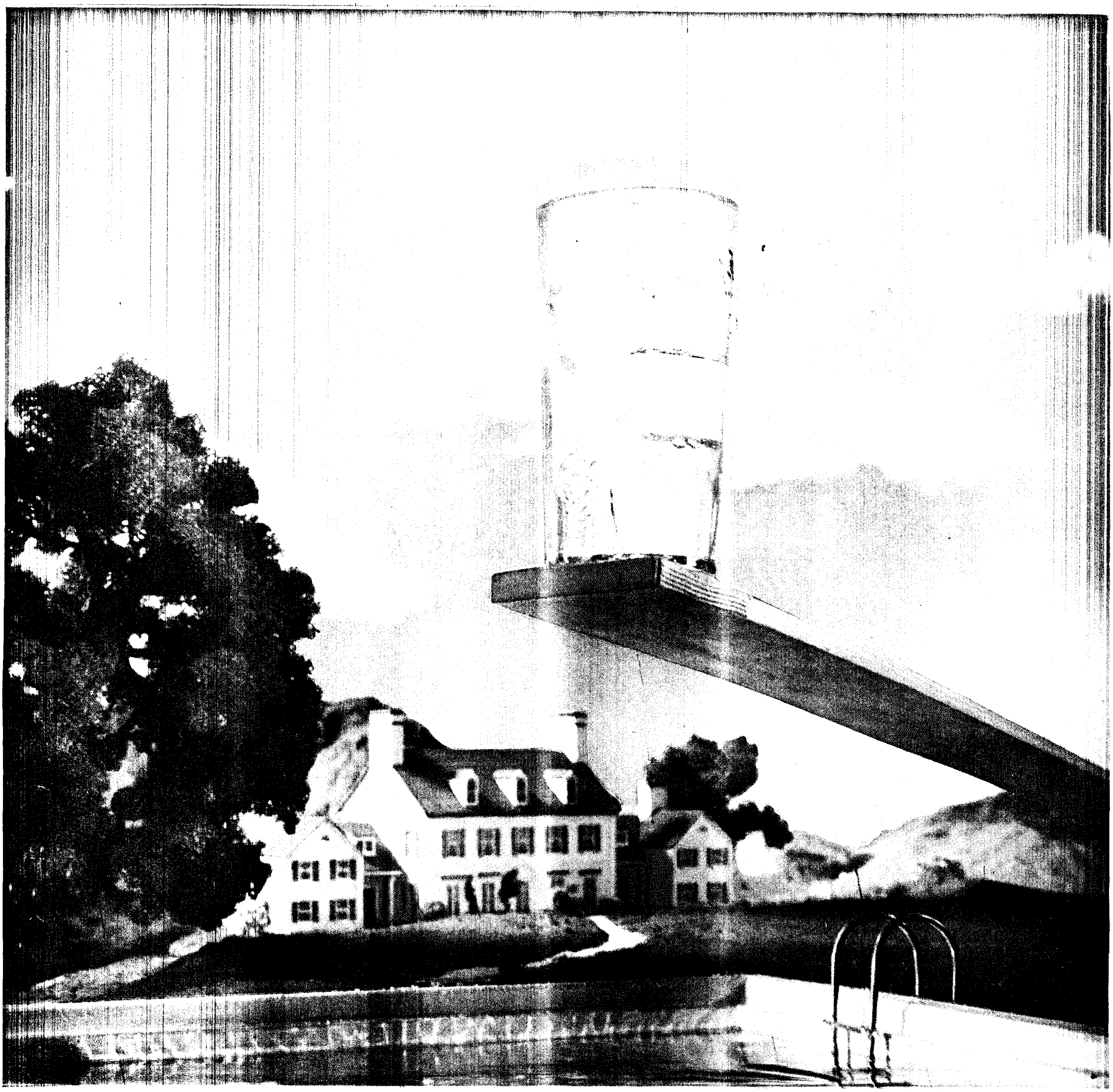
The injured man was Steve Lathrop, a slim hawk-nosed youngster who had trained as a parachute fire fighter while in a C.O. camp. Bending over him, Neil Mason saw that he was unconscious; and the extent of his burns made Neil breathe a "Good Lord!" of compassion. Gray eyes narrowed, he set to work.

The burns had induced shock. Into a vein in Lathrop's arm Neil injected 100 c.c. of serum albumen that would suck additional body water into the depleted tissues. Then he went to work on the burns themselves. Gently he cut and pulled away cloth from Lathrop's legs; and over the burns he laid a thick dressing of sterile vaseline, and he covered this with compress bandages of rolls of three-inch gauze and taped them down firmly. Lathrop should be coming to his senses now. To muffle the pain that would go shrieking along his nerves, Dr. Mason

(Continued on page 28)



By handie-talkie Dick talked to Luke Carney in the plane. "Carney," he said, "we've just found Dr. Mason . . . he's just dangling there, like he was senseless"



Springboard to coolness

SOME people say they experience a feeling of coolness just by *thinking* of a tall Four-Roses-and-soda with plenty of ice tinkling in the glass.

But a much better idea is to enjoy one of those cooling, glorious and delectable drinks at first hand.

Four Roses, you'll find, makes a really superb highball. It has an incomparable flavor—different and distinctive in its own special way. That's because Four Roses is made with specially selected whiskies, distilled the slow, old-fashioned way.

Try Four Roses today.... There's no other whiskey like it.

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

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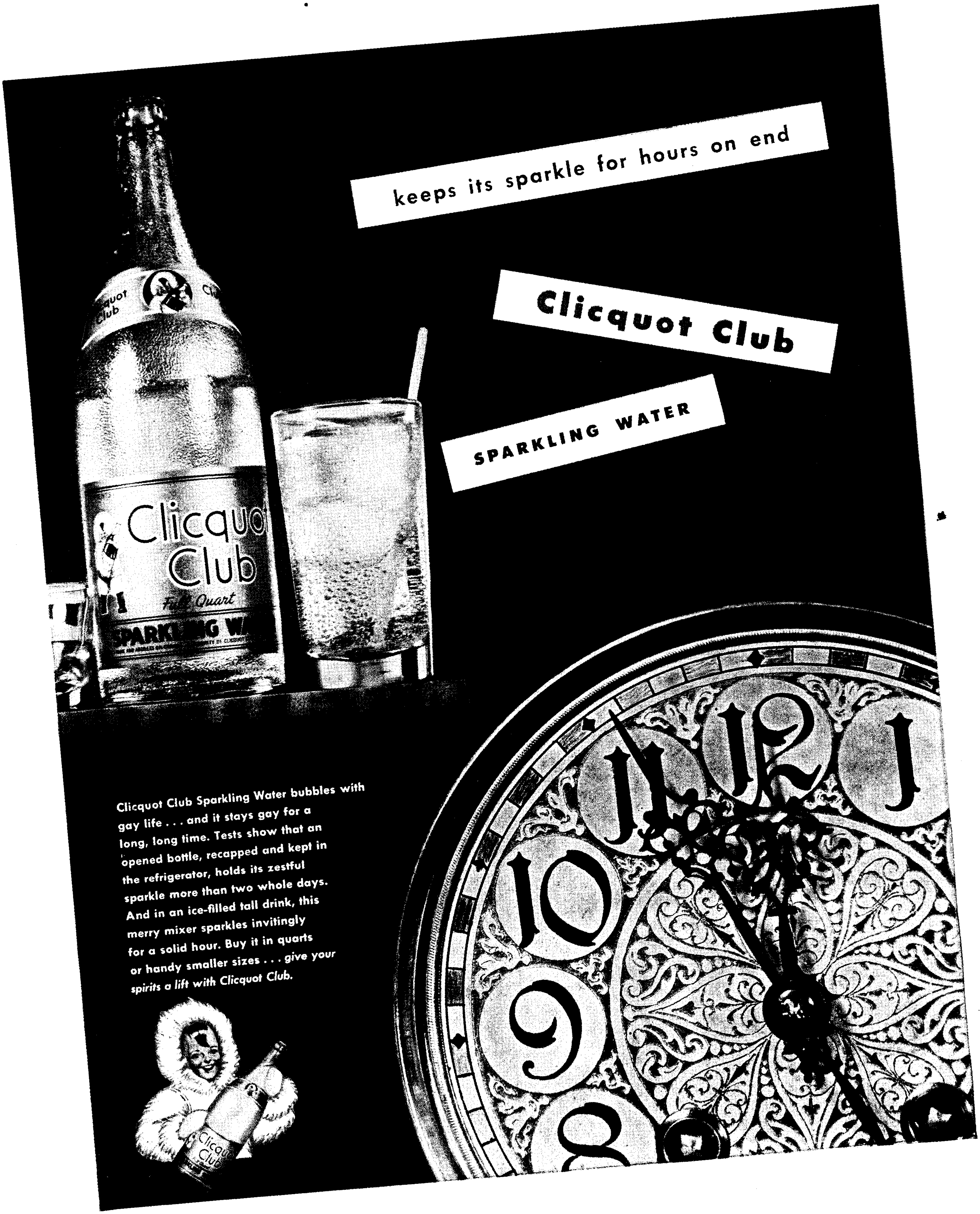
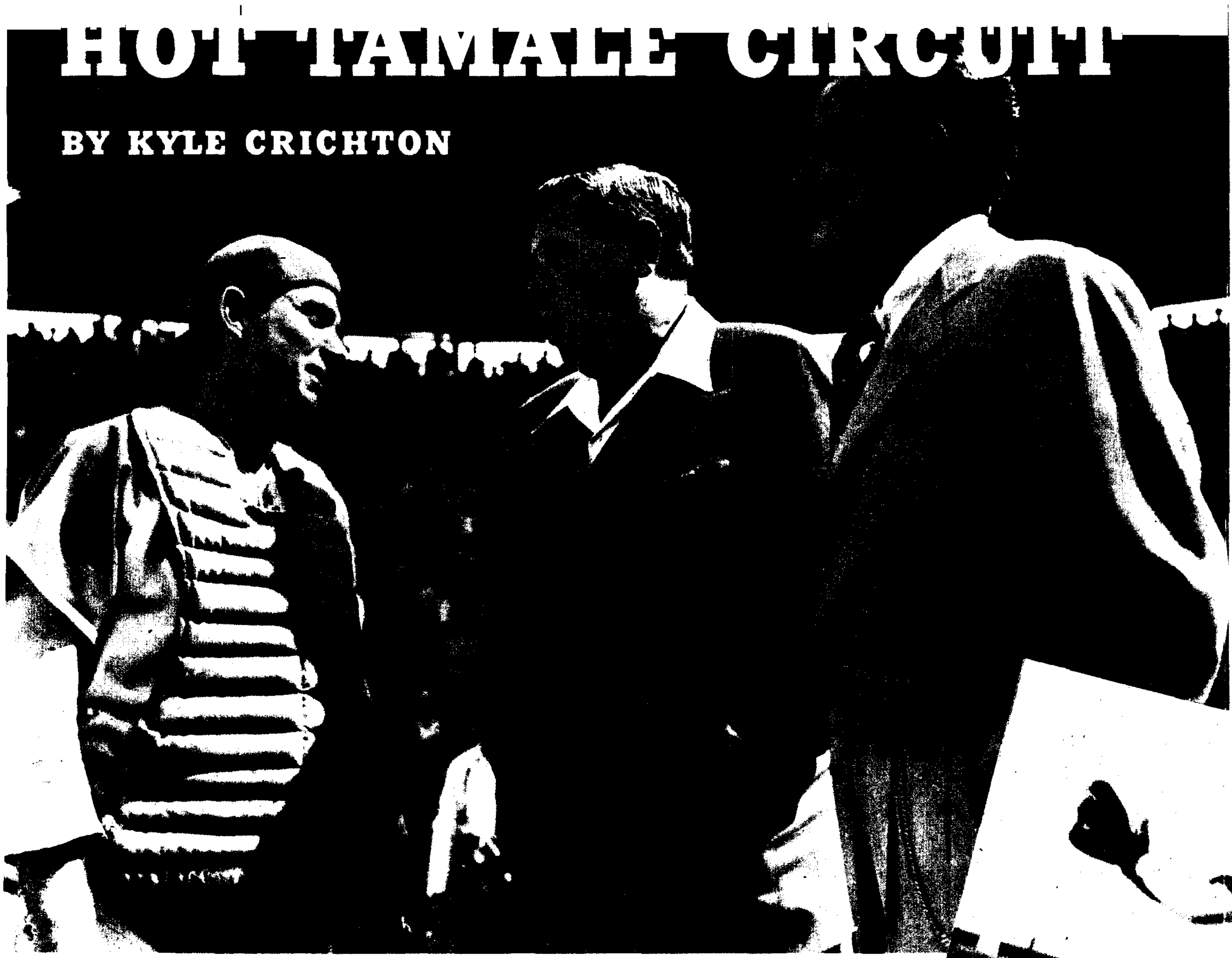

keeps its sparkle for hours on end
Clicquot Club
SPARKLING WATER
Clicquot Club
Full Quart
SPARKLING WATER

Clicquot Club Sparkling Water bubbles with gay life . . . and it stays gay for a long, long time. Tests show that an opened bottle, recapped and kept in the refrigerator, holds its zestful sparkle more than two whole days. And in an ice-filled tall drink, this merry mixer sparkles invitingly for a solid hour. Buy it in quarts or handy smaller sizes . . . *give your spirits a lift with Clicquot Club.*

HOT TAMALE CIRCUIT

BY KYLE CRICHTON



Fans gave Babe Ruth a great ovation when he appeared at the Mexico City ball park. At left, he chats with Mickey Owen, ex-Dodger, now of Vera Cruz, and with Jorge Pasquel

Danny Gardella, formerly of the New York Giants (below, center). Vera Cruz has Gardella on first base, where he is proving himself a wonder man

A section of the bleachers at the Mexico City ball park (lower right). Candy and soft-drink vendors do big business, just as they do in the States

The vendetta between Mexican baseball and the major leagues in the States waxes ever more furiously, but the procession of American big-league ballplayers keeps wending its way southward

II

MEXICAN baseball is exactly like American baseball, except for the extraneous embellishments. They work the hit-and-run and make the double play, but they don't sell the hot dog. The Mexico City ball park (Delta Parque) looks like something discarded in Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1915, but the bleacher fans are a spitting image of the horny-handed sons of toil from downstate Missouri who crowd the stands in St. Louis for a Sunday double-header. In spirit, however, they are much like a New York crowd. Which is to say, they are impartial and often on the side of the visiting team.

Games in Mexico are really a spectacle for the gods. The bleacher *aficionados* (fans) are rattling the gates for admittance long before the ballplayers arrive. Outside, the concessionaires are lining up their wares. A young man stands on a table busily mixing huge bowls of what seem to be soft drinks. In little booths outside the park, frijoles, tamales and *tortillas* are steaming on the stoves. In the grandstand the early arrivals are having their shoes shined by bootblacks.

After the game starts, the vendors begin selling oyster cocktails, tall glasses in which the oysters are embedded in tomato sauce. Another delicacy is chicken, of which you buy a very full plate with a mixture of white and dark meat. Despite what the young man is selling outside, the vendors inside are getting rid of vast quantities of soft drinks.

It's an American game, right down to the nomenclature. On the scoreboard are places for Strikes, *Bolas,* Runs.

Out on the field the players are proving that *beisbol* has an excellent chance of becoming an international sport. The teams are made up of Mexicans, Cubans, Puerto Ricans, South Americans and recruits from the States. They handle themselves with every mannerism known to American players. And don't let anybody fool you with the theory that Mexican baseball is amateurish. They play fast, hard and very good ball. The Americans playing down there feel it ranks up with AA baseball in the States. If the seven games we watched were a fair test, the Mexican League has major-league class in defensive play, at least.

In the Vera Cruz-Monterrey game, Colas for Vera Cruz made a sensational catch of a screaming low drive into center field with the bases full and two out. In the San Luis Potosí-Puebla game, the Puebla third baseman made a fantastic play on a ball over the bag, converting it into a double play in the ninth with the bases full and none out.

Contortion Act at First Sack

What will probably be harder to believe is that the best ball we saw played in Mexico was by Danny Gardella, who was noted in New York for his awkwardness as an outfielder. Gardella happens to be a physical culture fanatic who can do flying splits and tie himself into a knot with ease. Vera Cruz had him on first base, which is where he perhaps should always have been. He made three unbelievable plays in a game with Monterrey, on the last play throwing himself full length on the ground to the left, keeping his foot on the bag and making a back-handed pick-up of a wild throw. Hal Chase in his palmiest days never did better.

But what about the pistol-toting Mexicans from whom Vernon Stephens of the St. Louis Browns fled in terror? Stephens signed a Mexican-League contract with Jorge Pasquel, played two games to the frantic approbation of the Mexican fans,

(Continued on page 70)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR DEPALMA AND WILLARD HATCH—PIX

Young Doc

Continued from page 24

injected a syrette of morphine. That done, he sighed and sat back on his heels.

But Lathrop wasn't returning to consciousness.

Neil Mason realized that smoke as well as shock had knocked Lathrop out. Quickly he pressed a 1½ c.c. ampoule of coramine into an arm muscle, to stimulate Lathrop's heart. Then, jumping up, Mason ran across the clearing to his big medical pack, lying under its crumpled red parachute. He had planned these big kits for fire-fighting eventualities. From it he took a cylinder of "carbogen" and hurried back to his patient. He put the rubber mask over Lathrop's face and valved a flow of carbon dioxide and oxygen for Lathrop to inhale. The CO_2 would prod his lungs into faster effort and make them work to clear themselves of the smoke they had drawn in.

"How's he coming, Dr. Mason?"

Neil looked up. Brad Kyle, burly foreman of the fire-fighting crew was running toward him.

"Can't tell yet, Mr. Kyle," Neil Mason said, and then he swore at himself. Why didn't he address the other man as Brad, the way everybody else did? It was just that he felt the aloofness between them, the subtle wall which they set up and which he could not get through. "Got the fire under control?"

"Yes, sir, got it licked. Say, Steve's moving—"

THE hurt man was finally coming to his senses. Neil removed the rubber mask. Deftly he gave Lathrop a hypo of antitetanus, to complete his treatment for the moment.

"Any way we can help, Dr. Mason?" Kyle asked.

Neil nodded. In the big pack was a Stokes stretcher, a wire basket, which Neil knew was the best thing for carrying a man out of dense timber and over rugged terrain. An injured man could be strapped into it and would get good support.

"Would you, please, talk to the plane? Tell them we'll need stretcher bearers."

"Tom Beals and I can carry Steve out."

Neal looked at Kyle. He did not intend his sharp glance to be challenging or appraising, but Kyle flushed. It was simply that Neil *knew* what packing out a casualty on a stretcher was like, and Kyle didn't. You used a man at each handle, four men at a time; and in rough country you moved a hundred yards and then you stopped to rest; you had to.

"Call the plane, please," Neil Mason repeated; and then he was annoyed with himself again, for his words sounded like an order. Brad Kyle was taking it as an order.

Kyle had a handie-talkie, and he spoke to Dickerson, the pilot of the plane overhead. "Look, Dr. Mason says we'll need more men to carry Steve out to the road." He listened a while, then finished with an "Okay," and turned to Neil. "Dickerson says he'll fly two more jumpers in. They'll be here in about half an hour. That all right—sir?"

Brad Kyle had been in the Army. His language was correct, and as cold and impersonal as the manual of arms. Neil Mason bit his lip, and nodded, looking away. . . .

There was a dance, several nights later, at the Odd Fellows Hall, and Neil dropped in because he felt that he should. Mrs. Laurie Haynes, whose husband ran the town pharmacy, introduced him to people. Mrs. Haynes was plump and comely and had shrewd eyes and a tart tongue.

"My young sister will be here, Dr. Mason, and I want you to dance with her. She's working as a lookout in one of the Forest towers just now, and that's lonesome work and I want her to meet people. She's just a small-town girl, but nice."

"Why did you say that?" he demanded.

"Say what? Oh, here's Sally— Oh, Sis!"

Sally was tall and shapely, and Sally had light brown hair and brown eyes. Neil's heart skipped a beat as she looked up at him. Mrs. Haynes introduced them, and Sally nodded and smiled; and when Neil asked her to dance with him, she nodded again. She was light in his arms, and her hair was fragrant against his cheek for a moment; but she had nothing to say, and as soon as the dance was over, she excused herself.

"Well, how do you like her?" Mrs. Haynes asked him.

Neil looked across the room. Sally wasn't tongue-tied, now; she was talking animatedly to a chunky young man in the green uniform of the Forest Service.

"The question is," Neil retorted defensively, "how did Sally like me? I liked her fine. She—well, she tolerated me."

"Oh, no!"

"Tolerated me, the way all the rest of you do."

Mrs. Haynes' shrewd dark eyes were bluntly appraising for a moment. Then she asked, "Why did you come to such a small town, Dr. Mason? You're so obviously a big-city person."

He was more deeply hurt and affronted than he wanted her to see, and his first impulse was to excuse himself and stalk away. But his long-pent feelings could no longer be checked, and he found himself talking.

"I *did* go back to a big city, after my discharge from the Army. I tried San Francisco for a year and a half. While some of us doctors were in the service, the ones who stayed at home carried a double load, and they made a lot of money. Most people think that we medicos who came back want to dig in and make our pile, too. But it's not entirely so. A lot of us underwent a transvaluation of values, if you remember that phrase from college—"

"I never went to college, but I know what you mean."

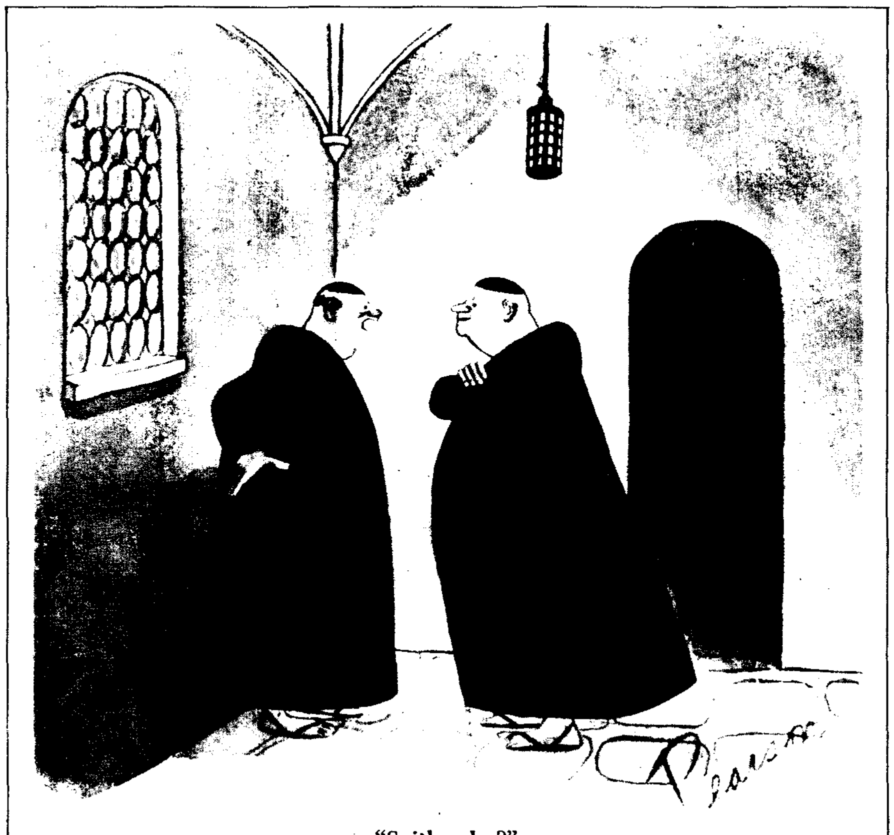
"I'm not good at explaining. What I mean is: For me a big-city practice was a hectic, impersonal kind of business. I didn't like the feverish money-making feel of it. Besides, like a lot of G.I.s, I promised myself when I got home again —*if* I got home—I wanted time of my own. Some time to read, to get out of doors, to fish for trout, and to ski. You can't do that sort of thing under big-city pressure."

"But why did you pick a little place like Modoc to come to?"

"Because I discovered there was just one doctor here; and I figured that, on account of special things I learned in the Army, in a lumbering district I could really do a lot of—of good."

He realized how that sounded, and he flushed hot.

"But we don't seem to be appreciating how much good you can do us," she said dryly, "and that hurts." She pressed his arm reassuringly then. "But you're right. You did a swell job for Steve Lathrop. Saved his life, probably."



COLLIER'S "Saith who?" CHARLES PEARSON

"But, in spite of that, somehow I just don't—fit in."

"You don't."

"I want to. But I won't if I have to wear dandruff on the collar of a ten-year-old blue serge suit and chew tobacco and keep a bottle of whisky in my desk and play poker at the lodge—"

"Don't make any cracks about Dr. Eames. He admires you an awful lot!"

"He fits in. He's accepted. I'm not."

"And isn't it natural?" Mrs. Haynes retorted. "You go bareheaded and you smoke a ten-dollar pipe and you've usually got a book under your arm and you're quiet. You wait for people to say hello to you first instead of smiling and just taking it for granted that they like you. You say *eyether* and you say *tomahtoes*, and you never say 'they was' and you can't help showing that it turns your stomach to see some timber beast spit on the sidewalk or wipe his nose with his fingers. And you've got manners. Layers and layers of manners. But you're no old maid. You got several citations for jumping with the paratroopers, I hear—"

"I never told anybody that!"

"And the clothes you wear! You make our dudes look cheap."

"They're my prewar suits. I can't get others."

"And you drive a big open touring car—"

"That high-wheeled old heap gets me over the rutted roads in the timber."

"You're not married, and you haven't joined the Methodist or Baptist church—"

"So I'm a freak."

"So we're in awe of you."

"Just the same," he said stubbornly, "I think I'm needed here. Dr. Eames is still using chloroform when we've got sodium pentothal, and he'd have amputated that high-rigger's leg that we saved with the Trueta-Orr method and—"

"Sure you're needed! Doc Eames says so to everybody."

"But I'm not *wanted*."

"For your own sake," she admitted soberly, "maybe you'd better go back to the city."

He drew in a long, unsteady breath, and wasn't aware that he sighed. Across the room, he saw that Sally was dancing with the young Forest man, looking up at him, laughing delightedly at something he said.

Neil asked, "Do you think Sally would go to the movie with me some evening?"

"She'd gasp with surprise, if you asked her, and she'd be panicky for a minute, but then she'd say—'Yes, sir.' "

"As if I were some Methuselah in a cutaway!"

Mrs. Haynes' lips twitched. She said, "I bet you could change that impression. If you worked at it."

His office phone rang, and Neil answered, "Dr. Mason."

"This is Luke Carney, dispatcher at the Forest Service airfield. Look, Dr. Mason, we've just had word of a cave-in at the Applejack Mine on Wilson Ridge. One man's dead and another's badly hurt. Unless he gets care in a big hurry—"

"I'll go," Neil cut in. "Where is it?"

"Wilson Ridge would take you fifteen hours by horseback. We can fly you there in twenty minutes. No place to land, though—"

"I'll jump. I'll be at your field in ten minutes."

AS HE boarded the big green plane, Dickerson, the pilot nodded and said urgently, "Better get into a jump suit, Dr. Mason. You'll have to land in the timber. McIver'll help you."

The plane took off at once. When they had leveled off into the northeast, McIver helped Neil pull on the canvas coveralls with its ankle braces and high collar, and the football helmet and steel-mesh mask. The padded suit sagged from the six-pound weight of the two-way radio set snug in a pocket. Neil buckled on the back chute and the emergency chute and his small medical kit. The big medical pack was ready on the floor.

The lanky pilot shouted back over his shoulder. McIver opened the door of the plane. Neil looked down and saw the wooded hogback of Wilson Ridge below them. The Applejack Mine was near the summit of the crest.

The ship banked in a turn. McIver flung out a ten-pound sandbag attached to a chute. The chute opened, and it drifted down on a slant before a brisk wind that drove it east of the ridge, down into the deep canyon.

McIver shouted to Neil, "That's a strong wind! You'll have to allow for it. Ready to jump?"

Neil merely nodded, and crouched in the open doorway. He looked forward to the pilot. Dickerson had one arm raised. Abruptly Dickerson swept his arm down.

Neil flung himself out, catching a wild

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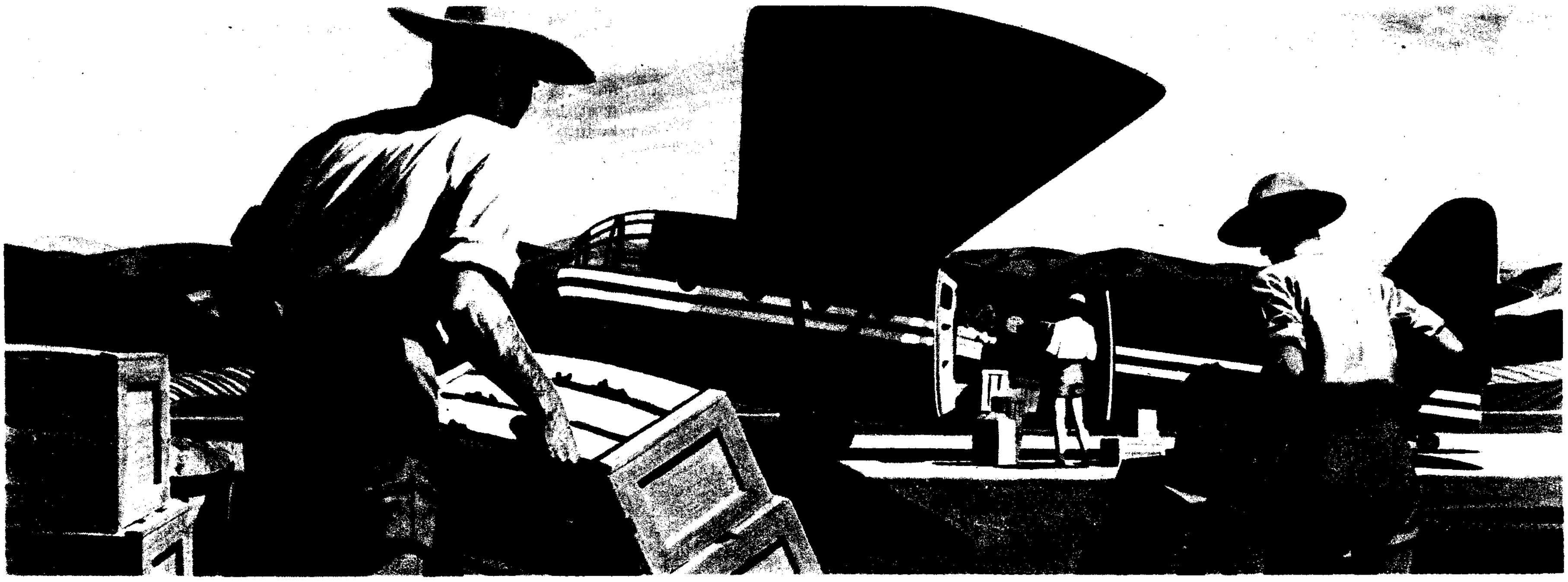

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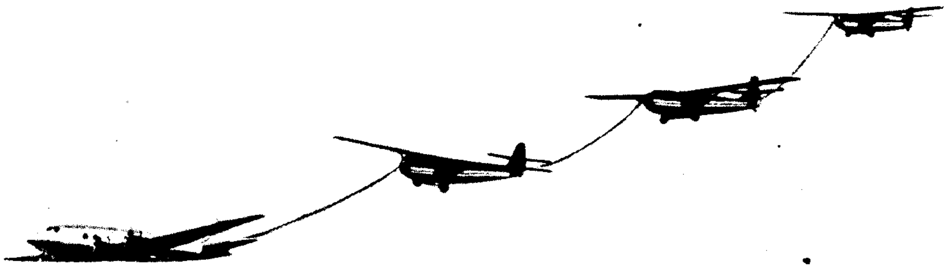

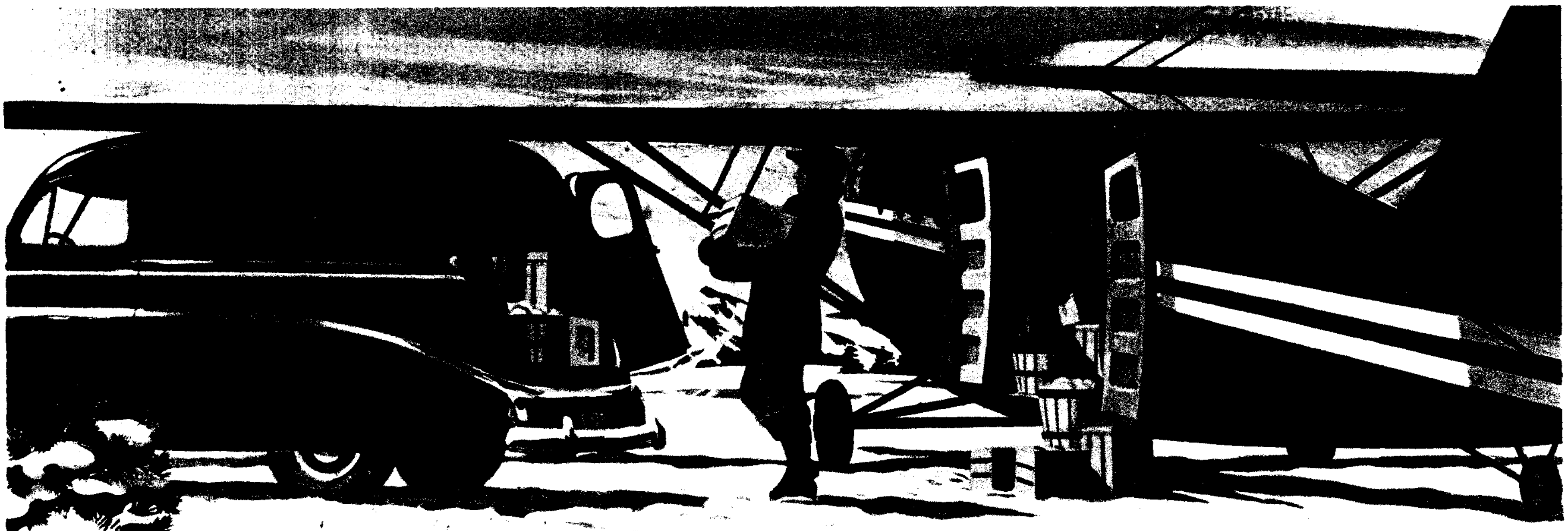

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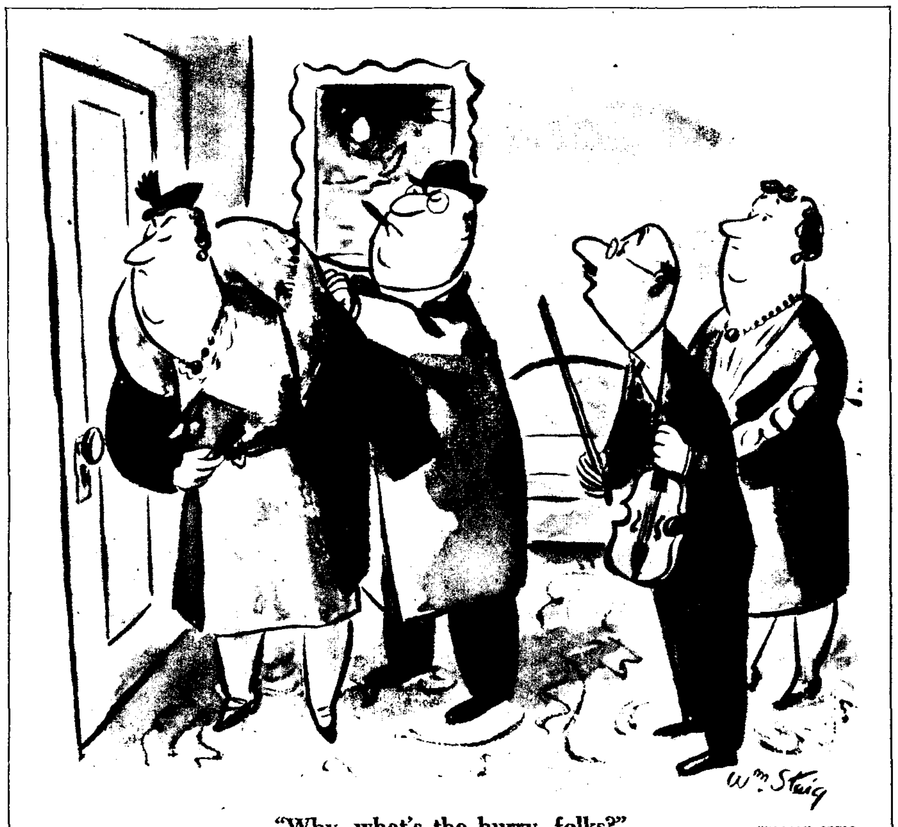


COLLIER'S "Why, what's the hurry, folks?" WILLIAM STEIG

gasp of breath as he plummeted into space. He yanked his rip cord.

The chute filled with a whoosh and jar; but with not as much of a snapping bang as Neil expected when it whipped him right side up. And he realized, presently, that he was falling faster than was normal with a parachute of this type. Smokejumpers' chutes were of thirty-foot diameter with a wide scalloped periphery for a slow rate of descent and a minimum of swinging.

He glanced up at the dome and his heart choked into his throat. Shroud lines had caught over the canopy and held it in lopsided shape, making it spill and slip. He jerked savagely on the risers, but could not free the lines. He glanced earthward, and sight of the green floor of treetops zooming up at him knotted his innards with panic.

He pulled desperately on the cord of his emergency chute. It opened, bloomed, and checked his descent as if he had reached the end of a rope. The jar shook free the tangled lines of his main chute, so that now it too worked properly; and then he was dropping so slowly that it felt as if he were not descending at all, but sailing under a balloon. For the two chutes offered generous purchase to the wind. Looking down again, he saw that the ridge, which had been to east of him and moving into line below, now already was *west* of him, and he was riding the wind out over the deep-swooping trough of the canyon.

He hauled viciously on the lines to the steering flaps of his main chute; but the two canopies bulged against each other and managing them was almost impossible. He could do nothing but ride them down.

He landed in the big timber near the base of the canyon. It wasn't the usual "feather-bed" landing. Branches broke under his feet as he crashed through a fir top, and then the parachute cloth caught, and held; but only momentarily, for the textron ripped, and down he plunged again. He glimpsed the ground, far below, and realized that he was in the top of a giant Douglas fir. Then the canopies caught again, suddenly, and he was slammed against the trunk of the tree with force that knocked him breathless and momentarily blacked out his senses.

He was conscious of pain when he came to; of an agony of pain and swimming senses that made him feel as if he were oscillating under a wildly swinging chute. Something warm was trickling down his right side; and when he tried a deep breath, darts of anguish through his chest made him cry out. He steadied himself against the rough tree trunk, and looked down at his side. That last plunge and swing through the tree had flung him against the jagged stub of a dead branch that the wind had broken off the trunk; and that jagged three-inch stub had speared through his jump suit and slashed his side and broken a couple ribs and possibly done internal damage.

He was losing a lot of blood, he realized hazily; and he was caught in this fir. He needed help to get down. But how—

The radio. In the coveralls pocket. He fumbled for it with fingers that seemed like gloves filled with air. He did get the radio out. Dimly he knew that he must talk to the pilot, that he must tell Dickerson that he was in trouble. And there was a vague urgency in his reeling brain, and he groped to seize the strand of thought deviling him, and caught it in a lucid moment. *That miner hurt by a cave-in! It'll take me hours to climb up the ridge to the mine—*

But then that faded; and when the mists of giddy pain cleared away once more, he found that his hands were empty, the radio gone, as if it had slipped from inert fingers. It didn't seem important; and he realized that it didn't seem important, and that was a shock. He was hurt, he reminded himself. He was losing too much blood. He was half-conscious from loss of blood and he ought to do something about it. He thumbed at the catch of his medical kit, but couldn't get it free; and the effort was too much. Waves of relaxing darkness beat in upon his brain, and his fingers quit their fumbling and he hung limp in the chute harness, swaying slightly as the wind nudged and whined against him.

SALLY sat in the fire tower at Pine Knob, relaxed yet alert to spot the faintest telltale of smoke rising over the green horizons of timber below her. Her lovely young face was aglow with daydreaming plans. She had decided to go back to school and finish work for her degree. The university had answered her request for readmittance with the news that, due to shortage of living quarters, it was necessary to discourage enrollment. Well, she could lick that obstacle. Rooms were scarce, but domestic help was scarcer. She'd find some professor's wife who had a spare room, and she'd earn her keep by helping with the children. And this time, she'd be practical; she'd take teacher training, along with the art courses.

She had seen the Forest plane pass, and had seen a jumper drop into the timber. Her radio was on, and now she heard Pilot Dickerson report to the dispatcher.

"Dr. Mason has jumped, but he's landed 'way down in the canyon. He'll need a guide to take him up to the mine!"

So it was Dr. Mason who had jumped! Sally lifted her binoculars and studied the trees into which Neil had fallen.

She found the white cloth of the chutes, and then she saw the figure dangling in the web straps. The 8-power lenses brought the figure up close. She turned to the old hand-crank telephone.

"Mr. Carney!" she reported wildly to the dispatcher. "Dr. Mason's in trouble! He's hurt. He's badly hurt!"

She was almost crying, and Carney, deliberately offhand, said, "Take it easy, honey. Now say it slow."

But in a rush of breath she told him, "Dr. Mason's chute caught in the top of a big fir and he's hanging there like he's senseless, and his suit's ripped and the side all covered with b-blood!"

"Take a reading on him." Carney's voice crackled now. "I'll send Mapes and O'Reilly out pronto."

Sally picked up the binoculars again, wondering if she had gone off half-cocked and made an unnecessary alarm. But the glasses brought Dr. Mason close again. And through the fir branches she saw that he still hung limp in the harness. Her hands shaking, she swung the alidade around and took a reading on him of direction and height. . . .

The green Forest plane was back inside of twenty-five minutes. Sally had phoned in her reading. When the plane was in proper position, two smokejumpers plunged from the ship, one after the other, and drifted down under the chutes into Wilson Canyon.

Dick Mapes and John O'Reilly made "feather-bed" landings in the treetops. They unbuckled their chutes and lowered themselves with emergency lines to the ground.

It took the trained fire-fighters only a few minutes to locate Dr. Mason. But then they faced a baffling problem.

By handie-talkie Dick Mapes talked to Luke Carney, the dispatcher, in the plane. "Carney, we've found Dr. Mason—"

"How's he look?"

"He's just dangling there."

"Climb up after him."

"Carney, we can't do it. He's up in the top of a fir that's big enough to make a spar tree for a highball lumber outfit. He must be up there a hundred and thirty feet!"

"Climb it!"

"Man, this tree's six-seven feet in diameter and don't seem to taper any. We ain't squirrels! You need a high-rigger!"

THE plane banked into the north, crossed the summit and dipped down into Rock Creek Canyon, diving dangerously low over the McAfee Lumbering Company's No. 2 Camp. And Carney dropped a hastily scribbled note tied around a pair of pliers. The whistle punk snatched up the note and ran to the foreman, who unfolded it and read the message twice.

"WE GOT A JUMPER SNAGGED IN THE TOP OF A TREE OVER IN WILSON CANYON. SEND YOUR HIGH-CLIMBER OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY. URGENT. LUKE CARNEY."

Foreman Tim Jaeckel waved to the circling plane, then ran to the bunkhouse and yelled for Brazzel. Mike Brazzel, the McAfee Company's high-rigger, nodded when the foreman explained and grabbed up his safety belt and climbing irons. They jumped into a light pickup truck, and Jaeckel headed up the fire trail that switchbacked up the ridge.

It was low-gear traveling clear to the summit, and there the road ended. Jaeckel and Mike Brazzel left the truck and started down into Wilson Canyon afoot in long, plunging strides. They were sweating and blowing as they neared the bottom, but Jaeckel had enough wind to bawl, "Where are you?"

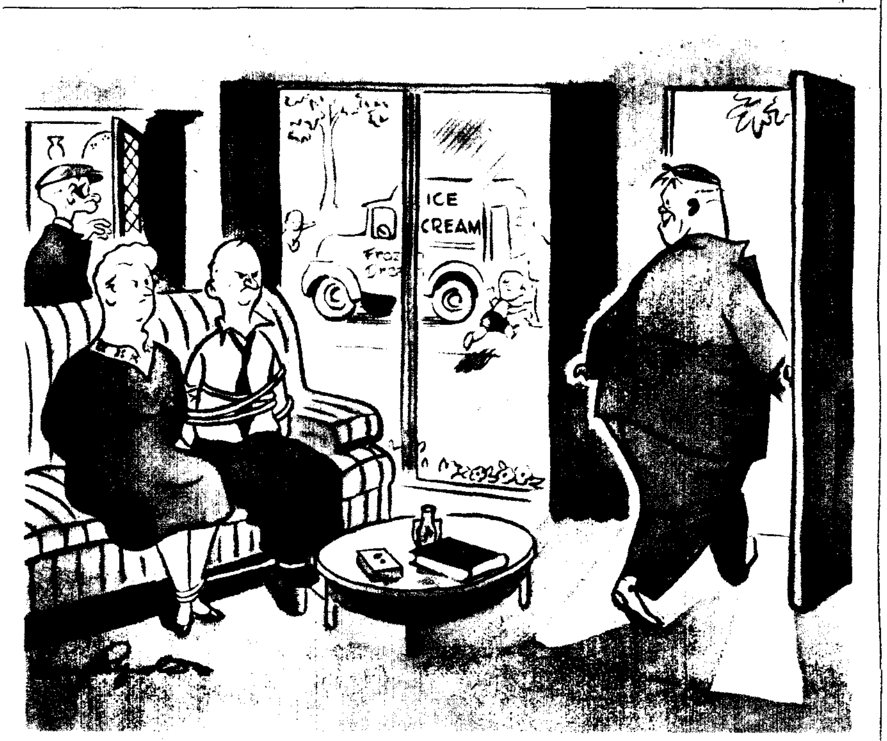
Mapes and O'Reilly, waiting in an agony of impatience under the big tree, whooped answer, yelling directions.

Mike Brazzel, a lean, sandy-haired giant, looked up at Dr. Mason, high above, and studied the giant fir.

"Reckon you can climb her?" Dick Mapes asked.

Brazzel glared at him and did not answer, just bent and buckled on his climbing irons. Then he picked up a coil

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



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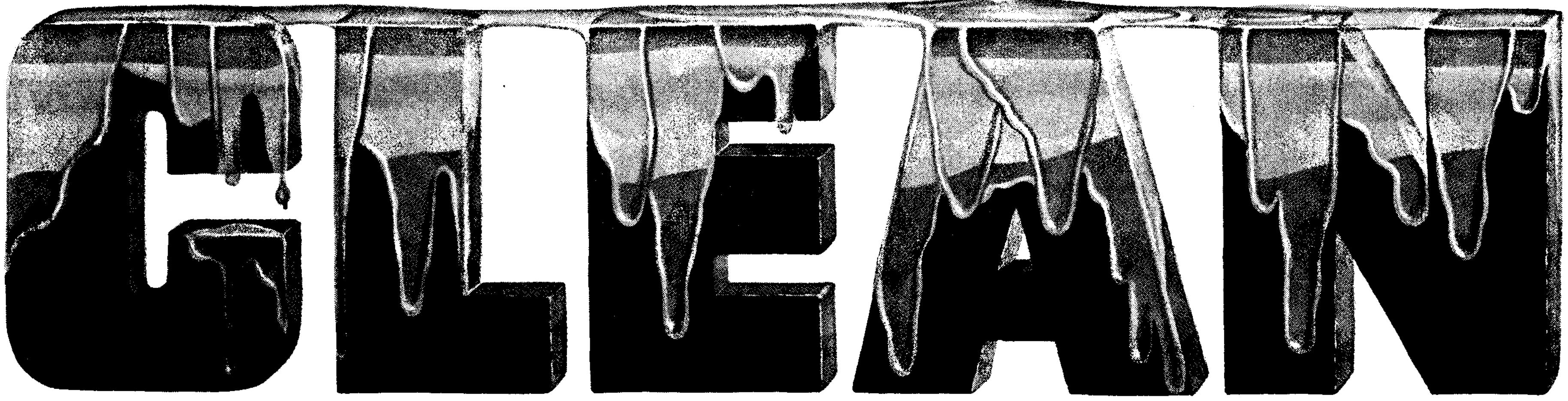

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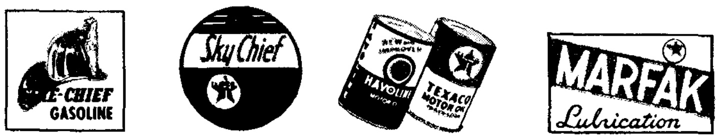
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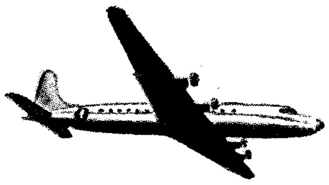

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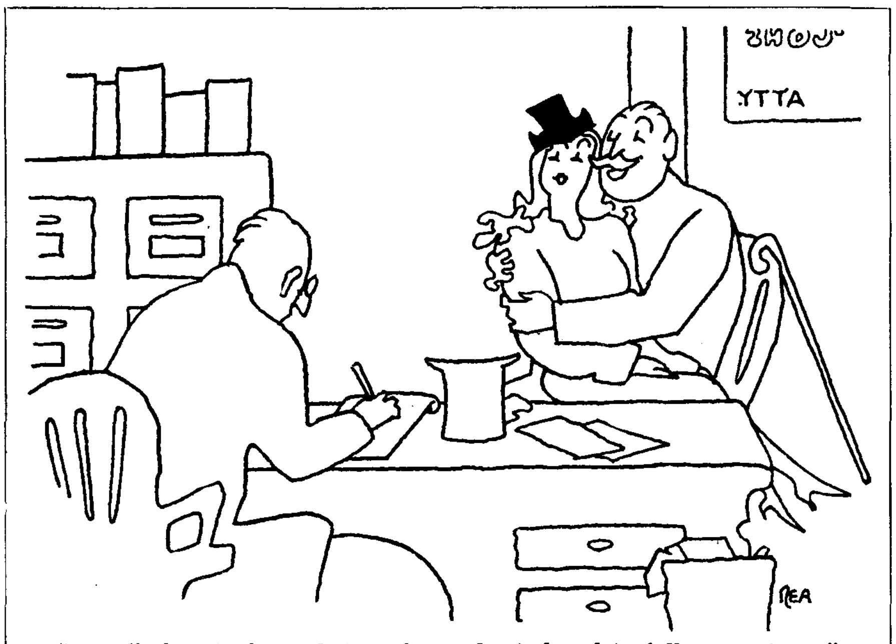
THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS **AMERICAN AIRLINES** of rope and moved to the tree, and flung his safety belt around the great trunk, cinched it, and started up—digging his spurs in deep, hitching the wire-cored safety line upward with a deft jerk.

Up, on up he went with an easy sureness that looked almost indolent in its perfection, that looked slow but was actually fast. He reached Dr. Mason's height, and he dug both spurs in securely and leaned back on his safety belt. He unfastened the coil of rope from around his lean waist. Then, reaching out, he pulled Dr. Mason close to the trunk, and he fastened the rope to Dr. Mason's parachute harness. He had no block, no pulley; so he passed the rope over a five-inch limb, and dropped the coiled slack to the men below. Grasping the parachute lines together, then, he slashed them like a bunch of celery with his belt knife.

Then he started down, guiding Dr. Mason's limp figure with one arm while the men below eased on the rope, gently lowering the doctor. There was red on Mike Brazzel's hand, but he did not bother to wipe it.

Dr. Mason's big medical pack had been dropped from the plane, and the smoke-jumpers had taken the Stokes stretcher out and had it ready.



"I, Willerby Singleton, being of sound mind and in full possession—"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Carefully they laid Dr. Mason in it. He stirred with returning consciousness and the awareness of pain. Big Tim Jaeckel pressed a fat wad of gauze over the gaping slash in Dr. Mason's side.

"Serum albumen," Dr. Mason said thickly. "In arm—in vein." He tried to direct them, but was too weak.

Jaeckel found the right hypo, but his thick, calloused fingers were not deft at directing the needle into a vein. He tried, sweating and swearing, but hardly half of the 100 c.c. flowed into Neil Mason's blood stream.

It wasn't enough. Neil knew he should have more; and morphine, to ease the pain. But he couldn't manage his tongue, and then he passed out again.

Jaeckel said, "We got to carry him up the ridge."

IT SEEMED easy, at first; four men to a stretcher. But they had not gone fifty yards up the slope before they were panting; and presently they had to stop to rest. Considerately they broke step, and tried to keep the stretcher level and smooth in motion. But Dr. Mason's lean body seemed to gather weight as the slope steepened, to gather so much weight that it became a desperate effort to keep moving at all. It was impossible not to tilt the stretcher, and only the straps kept him from falling out.

Then partial consciousness returned to him, and he could not stifle the groans.

There was a windfall to cross, a jumble of down timber that made carrying the Stokes basket a sweating ordeal of strain and juggling; and a gulch like a deep slit trench with treacherous, caving sides; and always the climbing, the heaving effort to ascend through tangles of buckbrush and chinquapin and thorny devil's-club. And when a man slipped and almost dropped his hold, the others glared at him.

Neil's pain was constant. But he was unaware of his moaning, unaware of his harsh catches of breath and of his gritting teeth.

It was more than young Mapes could stand. "Do something for 'im, Jaeckel! Steve Lathrop was hurt just as bad, but he fixed Steve so he didn't suffer! Do something for 'im, for God's sake!"

"All we can do is keep moving," Jaeckel said heavily.

They kept moving, their faces stiff with torment.

That bandage on Neil's side became suffused with seeping red. And after a bit, his moaning ceased entirely.

"He's dead!" Mapes gasped.

"Damn you," Jaeckel raged. *"Shut up!"* . . .

They reached the summit of the ridge, finally, and they laid the stretcher in the back of the McAfee Company's truck. As gently as humanly possible, Jaeckel drove down the switchbacks to the lumber camp. There he turned west, taking the truck road to the railroad spur at Hennessy's Junction. Mike Brazzel had dropped off at the camp to make a phone call; and old Billy Hanson, conductor of the accommodation, had held his little train a full hour. Dr. Mason was lifted aboard. And under Billy Hanson's profane orders, the engineer raced the ancient train over its weaving rails into Modoc at a pace that made timber beasts along the right of way stop work and stare in drop-jawed wonder.

At Modoc, Dr. Eames was waiting. He bent over Neil, and he shook his head in sudden tight-lipped dismay; then he set to work. . . .

Neil came slowly back to consciousness. He had a dim awareness of many long twilit hours passing; of people, and talk, and motion. Now it seemed as if he had shaken off an oppressive fatigue and heaviness. . . . Someone was talking, near by. One-sided talk, as if at a telephone. It sounded like Sally's voice. While she spoke, he groped toward wakefulness; but when her voice ceased, he dozed off into comfortable oblivion.

"Dr. Eames says he's coming out of it nicely, Mr. Hanson. I'm saving the magazines for him. . . . Oh, hello, Brad. Why, he's sleeping now. Dr. Eames says he'll be fit as a fiddle in a few days. 'By . . . Golly, Sis, that phone just never stops ringing. . . . Oh, hello! Yes, we got the flowers, Mrs. Lane. He isn't awake yet, but he'll enjoy them later. Doc Eames says he'll be weak for a while, and in some pain, but he's definitely out of danger. . . . Oh, yes, the books came! He isn't reading yet, but they'll be a help. . . . That's very sweet of you, Mrs. Carney. The down comforter was a lifesaver! It's so light and warm, and we had only heavy blankets for him. 'By . . . Sis, I'm wearing down. Seems as if everybody in town has to be told personally that he's all right!"

THE sounds faded, and he slept. He came to, then, with a start, aware of people in the room.

"How're you feeling, Dr. Mason?" It was Mrs. Haynes, and Sally was with her.

"All right, I guess," Neil answered. "Where am I?"

"I had them bring you here to my house. You needed someone to look after you. Say, Doc Eames is here and a couple fellows who dropped in to see how you were making out. I'll tell Doc that you're awake now."

"Wait! Tell me— That man at the Applejack Mine that I started out to treat—"

"Don't have him on your conscience, Dr. Mason. He died just about the time you were starting out."

She sent Doc Eames in, and with him came Mike Brazzel, the climber, and Luke Carney. They came in with the gingery carefulness of big men afraid of being clumsy, and they nodded and looked serious. Doc Eames alone seemed in high good humor.

"Hi, Neil! I've been telling the boys that you're okay, but they wanted to see for themselves. They worked so hard bringing you out of the woods that they hate to think that maybe all that sweatin' went for nothing!"

He guffawed, and they grinned.

"But we darn' near lost you, at that," Eames went on, more soberly. "You'd just about drained yourself of blood. Good thing for me that you've pulled through, or the boys would've rode me out of town on a rail! You know, lad, I gave you four direct whole-blood transfusions. Say, you'd've been tickled. I asked for donors, and half the doggone county volunteered, seemed like, and the people I turned down got sore at me until I told 'em that they were the wrong type. Boy," he said, "you've literally got the blood of this town in your veins, now."

It's good blood. It's given me life, Neil told himself.

"Anything you need, Doc?" Mike Brazzel asked him.

And Carney, bending over the bed, said, "Look. Doc, maybe you've got expenses. The boys want to take care of that—"

"You go to hell," Doc Eames snapped at Carney. "I take care of Young Doc myself. Professional courtesy. Now let's get out. Young Doc can use some more rest."

They left, with subdued so-longs.

Doc. Young Doc. Not *Dr. Mason*. . . . Neil was smiling, and Sally looked curiously at him.

"You're grinning as if you'd just won a big jack pot."

"I have," Neil murmured. He looked up at her bright face a moment. "Say, Sally—"

"Yes?"

"When I'm up again, would you go to the movies with me some night?" he asked her.

"Why, Neil, I'd love to."

His smile broadened. Young Dr. Mason felt warm all through; warm and safe. Young Doc was happy.

THE END

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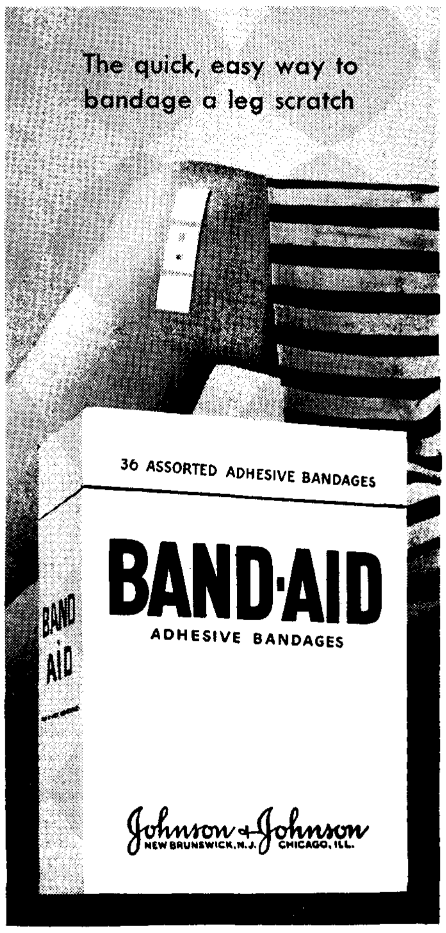
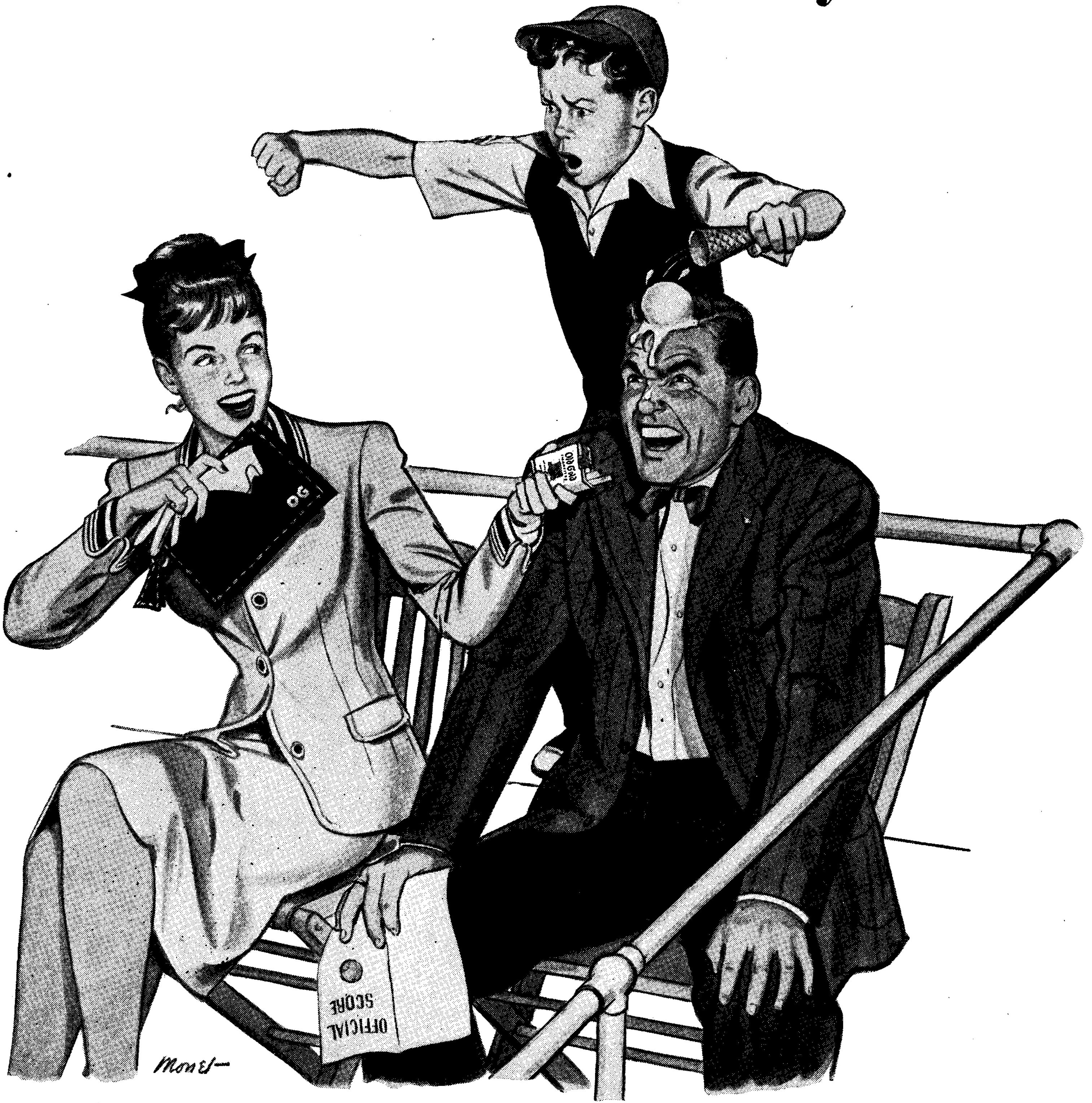


When Junior's ice cream leaves you cold...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The Shiftless Man

Continued from page 21

should I have to rush downtown and hang out my shingle today?"

"What do you hang out a shingle for?" I asked him.

Mr. Banks said it was just a roundabout way of getting ulcers, and Mitch told him about Father's and how they made him cross. Mr. Banks was watching Rex. Rex had found a shovel and he was bringing it to the porch.

"Does the dog do the gardening?" Mr. Banks asked.

I said, "He just likes to chew on things. Once he brought home a gate, but it was a little one. Father says he is teething."

Cousin Jane opened the kitchen window and hollered, "Edgar! You and Mitch come in here."

"We're talking to this man," Mitch hollered back. "The one who is shiftless."

"Never mind—I want you in here," she yelled.

We were standing close to Mr. Banks, so he didn't need to holler, but he did. "You see what I mean? Determined to have her own way, right or wrong. She's stubborn as a mule!"

"That's me. Mother says so," Mitch told him, and then he hollered to Cousin Jane. "His name is Mr. Banks and he hangs out shingles."

"I don't care," Cousin Jane yelled. "Do you want me to come after you?"

So we went in the house and Cousin Jane told us to take Rex and go out in front and play. It was kind of cloudy and she said to come right home if it started to sprinkle. She said she didn't want us getting wet and catching cold.

There was a creek at the bottom of the hill and we went down there. The creek ran under the road through a tunnel, but the bars at each end kept you out. Where the water ran in, the bars were kind of loose, but we couldn't move them enough to get into the tunnel. We sent boats through, and Mitch stood at one end of the tunnel and I stood at the other and we looked at each other between the bars, like being in jail.

Rex found an automobile wheel in the creek and I guess he wanted it to chew on, but it was too heavy and we got wet, helping him. When Cousin Jane came to get us for supper, she was mad. She said she didn't understand why Mother wasn't gray.

AFTER supper we went outside and climbed up on the fence. Mr. Banks was lying in the yard on his stomach. Mitch asked him what he was doing.

"Watching ants," Mr. Banks said.

I asked if we could watch too, and he said certainly, and we slid off the fence on his side. Rex wanted to come with us and tried to jump the fence, but he wouldn't let go of the shovel. Mr. Banks said something would have to be done or the fence would collapse, so he knocked off two boards and let Rex in with us.

"A gate was needed," Mr. Banks said. "That proves I am a man of action. I'm right there in an emergency. Otherwise I watch ants."

We all lay down on our stomachs and watched the ants. One got on Rex's paw and he ate it, but he didn't like it and he went away and started to bury the shovel.

"I like this especially because there is no future in it," Mr. Banks said. "You can't beat watching ants in your own back yard. I got way ahead on my emergencies during the war, and now I have to catch up on my ant-watching. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," I said.

"She won't see it that way," Mr. Banks said. "She doesn't want to give. She's stubborn. Suppose I did give in to her? What kind of a way is that to start a marriage?"

"Are you married?" Mitch asked.

"I am not."

"Well, why don't you get married?" Mitch asked him.

Mr. Banks said, "If it comes to that, why don't you?"

"I got married last Saturday," Mitch told him. "I won't tell who it was, because I promised Dorothy I wouldn't."

"He really isn't married," I said. "He's just making believe."

"That's the best way," Mr. Banks said. "Then if you don't like it, you can pretend you're not married again. Is this Dorothy a bossy female?"

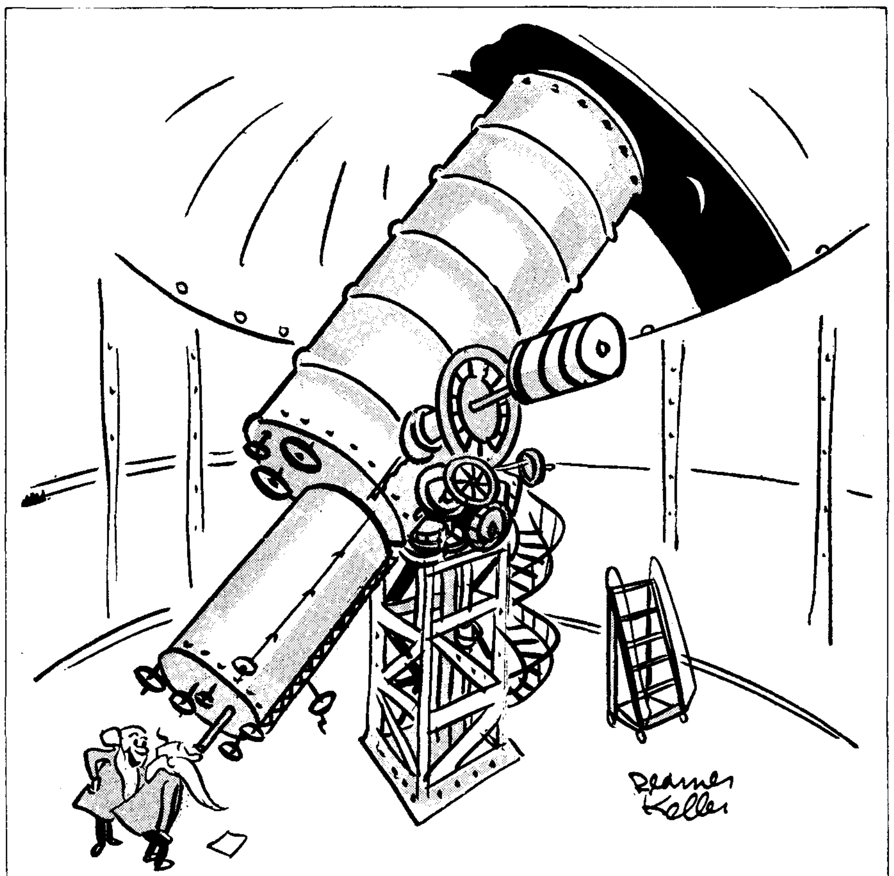
"She has a bicycle," Mitch said.

"I see. Tell me, do you think it's better than being able to watch ants whenever you want?"

Before Mitch could answer Cousin Jane looked through the hole in the fence and asked me, "Who wrecked my fence, Edgar?"

"Our fence," Mr. Banks said. "I did it."

Cousin Jane did not hear him. She said, "Come along now, boys, and get cleaned up for bed."



"Now let's turn it around and make everything look tiny"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"We're watching these ants," Mitch told her

Mr. Banks said, "We are a bunch of sluggards, learning how not to waste energy."

"Come over here where you belong," Cousin Jane said. She did not even know Mr. Banks was there.

"We have to see what these ants are going to do," Mitch told her.

"Don't be stubborn," Cousin Jane said. "Though if it's catching I could understand it."

"Mr. Banks kind of groaned. "Oh, God! Now *I* am stubborn."

"He's not married, either," Mitch said.

"That doesn't surprise me," Cousin Jane said. "Are you coming, or must I use force?"

So we went in the house. Cousin Jane got a hammer and was going to fix the fence, but Rex wanted one of the boards to chew on, and he growled at her when she tried to take it. Rex scares people because he is big, but he hardly ever bites anybody unless he gets excited.

Cousin Jane and Mr. Banks started to holler at each other and when she came in she was mad again. She said she didn't want to catch us talking to him, because he was a bad influence and she hated him.

We had a bath and then looked at the colored pictures of people's insides until Cousin Jane took the book away from us. She said we weren't old enough for such things, and when Mitch asked her how old we had to be she said never mind, and if we weren't undressed in two minutes we'd be sorry.

Mother always let us say our prayers in bed, because she said it was possible to be pure in heart and comfortable at the same time. But Cousin Jane made us kneel on the floor, because that was how she had been taught. I said my prayers all right, but Mitch crossed his fingers on both hands and I knew he was going to say his again when he got in bed, and didn't want these to count. . . .

In the morning it was cloudy again and Cousin Jane said that was all she needed, to have it rain so we couldn't get out of the house. After breakfast we went out in the back yard and Mitch gave Rex his poached egg. It was kind of gooey and he had to let Rex lick it off his fingers a little at a time, but he almost had his pouches cleaned out when Mr. Banks looked over the fence and said good morning.

"We're not supposed to talk to you," I said. "But I guess you can talk to us."

"You're a bad influence," Mitch told him. "Why don't you get married?"

"You should know," Mr. Banks said.

Mitch thought for a minute and then asked, "Is it because you are shiftless?"

"I am free, white and twenty-six," Mr. Banks said. "A man is as old as he feels and the race is not always to the Aryan, but I insist on freedom. Does that answer the question?"

"I don't know," Mitch said. "What's Aryan?"

"A myth I helped explode," Mr. Banks said. "In so doing, I took all the orders I plan to take for some time. Also I was pretty busy, and I earned a rest. Work is a curse."

"Once Edgar got his mouth washed out with soap," Mitch said. "Cousin Jane says she hates you."

"No," Mr. Banks said. "She just loves her own way. Watch ants, if you want to know what work does to you. Ants are always busy accomplishing nothing, trying to go two ways at once, or getting hysterical over a bee's wing."

"Once I watched a bee and stung myself on him," Mitch said. "But I didn't cry—very much."

COUSIN JANE came out on the porch and hollered at Mitch, and Rex thought she was calling him. Mr. Banks hollered at Mitch, too, though he didn't need to. "Ask her why. Ask her what's wrong with the back yard."

"I don't like the people you meet there," Cousin Jane yelled. "Besides, it's going to rain."

"Rats!" Mr. Banks hollered. "Tell her this is merely a high fog."

"Did you ever watch rats?" Mitch asked. "Once I had twenty-one white rats. Two big ones and nineteen babies. Father said he was going out of his mind, but he didn't."

"Edgar and Mitchell!" Cousin Jane hollered. "Come in this minute! Do you want to get wet?"

"Yes," Mitch hollered.

Mr. Banks yelled at me, "Tell her it's a high fog. Anyone can see that. Tell her not to be so stubborn." Then a big drop of water hit him on the nose and he said, "Oh, my God, it's a conspiracy. Even the elements!"

"I watched the circus lots of times," Mitch said.

Cousin Jane stamped her foot on the porch, so we went in the house. We watched the rain from the front room. For a while it rained so hard the water bounced off the ground. It was like a cloudburst and the water ran down the gutters and we wanted to go out, but Cousin Jane said it wasn't fit weather for a dog to be out in, but when we wanted to bring Rex in she said certainly not. She said being big as one didn't make him a house dog.

Then it stopped raining and Cousin Jane said we could go out if we put our rubbers on and didn't get wet. Water still ran in the gutter and we sailed paper boats down and Rex grabbed them. He liked to play in the water, too. The creek at the bottom of the hill was all muddy, and almost big as a river. Rex remembered the wheel, but the water was over his head and he came out all wet and shook himself, and splattered water on us.

That made us pretty wet, so we thought it would be all right to play in the creek for a while. We went to the tunnel, where the water ran under the road. The iron bars that were loose had fallen down, and we went close as we could and tried to look in.

I don't know if Rex wanted to take the iron bars home, or if he thought it was a big gopher hole, or what, but he jumped into the creek, and the water ran so fast it rolled him over and into the tunnel. We yelled at him, but he didn't answer and we couldn't see him, so we ran across the road to the other side, and there he was. Rex was too big to get through the bars, and he was trying to swim, but his head kept going under.

Mitch hollered, "He's drowning!"

I thought so, too, the way Rex kind of choked instead of barking, and I felt scared and funny inside. We ran back over the road and I told Mitch to wait and I would get Rex out.

I tried to wade into the tunnel, but the water was too fast and I fell down. I thought I never would come up, and I scraped my face on the bottom, and then I hit the bars at the end with a bump and grabbed them and stood up. I was full of water, even in my eyes. Rex was glad to see me and tried to climb on me, and I held his head up so he

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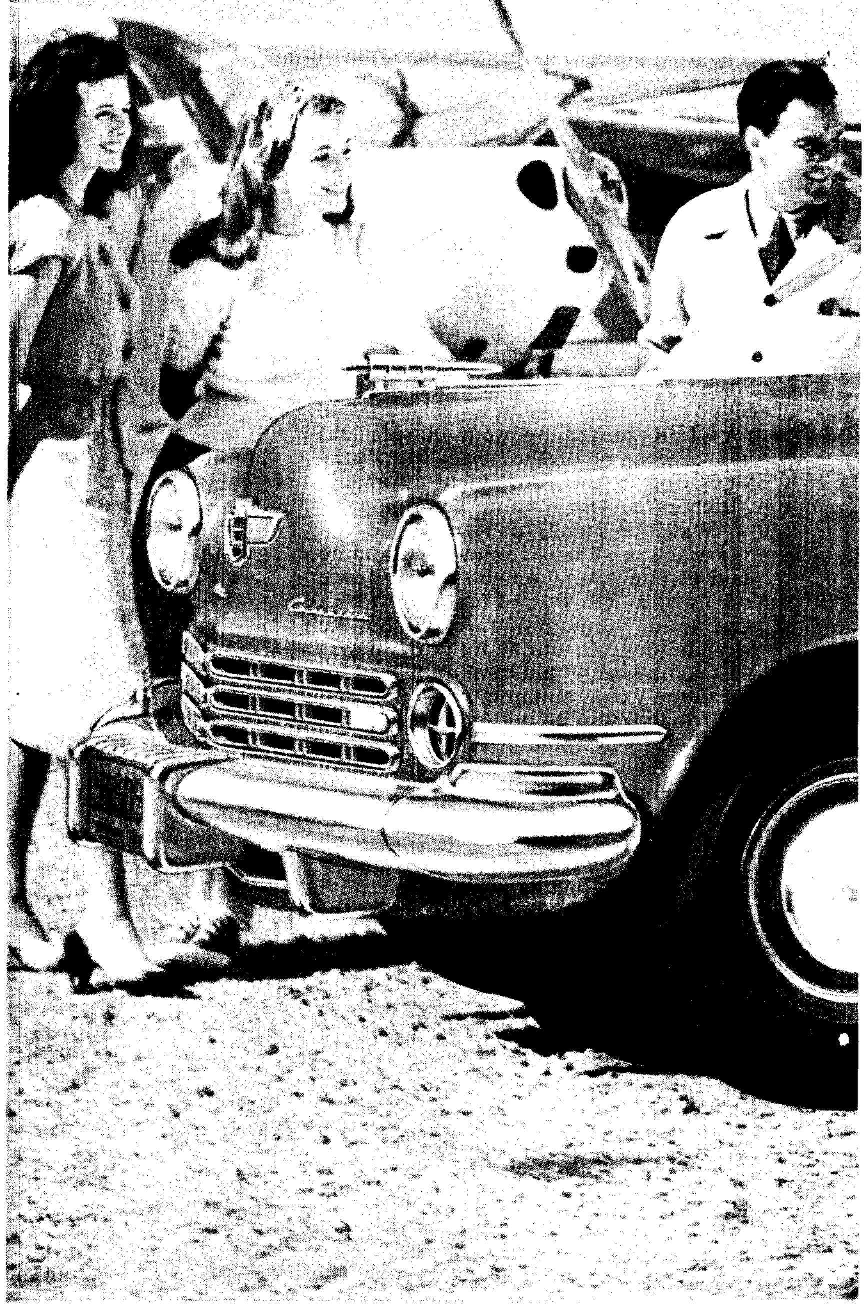

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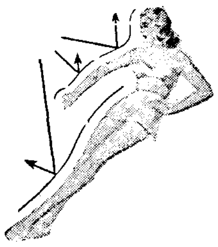

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could breathe. I could hear Mitch yelling, but Rex kept kissing me, so I couldn't answer.

Mitch ran over the road again and looked in the bars and told me, "You better get out of there. She told us not to play in the water and she'll be mad."

I knew she would be mad, but I couldn't get out. The water was too fast.

"What'll we do?" Mitch asked. "She'll be awful mad, like Father was the time Rex jumped in the manhole and the firemen had to get him out."

I didn't know what to do, and then I thought about Mr. Banks. I said maybe he'd get us out, if he wasn't busy, and Mitch ran to ask him if he was busy.

It seemed like a long time, and the water was cold. Instead of Mr. Banks, Cousin Jane came. She looked through the bars at me and said, "Edgar, what are you doing in there?"

"Holding up Rex's head," I said.

"Get out of there this instant," she told me. "That water is filthy!"

I told her I couldn't get out, because the water was too fast, and she crossed over the road and came in after me. She didn't fall down the way I did, but she was wet and awful mad.

"Wait till I get you home," she said. But she couldn't, the water was too fast. She wouldn't go without me, and I wouldn't go without Rex, and when we tried we fell down and she got wet all over, like us.

Cousin Jane hollered for help and I hollered and Rex barked, but for a long time nobody came. Then Mr. Banks came and looked in the bars and asked Cousin Jane, "What are you doing in there?"

"We can't get out," Cousin Jane said. "Oh, Bill, get us out before we drown."

Mr. Banks pulled on the bars, but he couldn't budge them. Then he ran across the road and came in the tunnel. He said, "Poor baby," and grabbed Cousin Jane, but she told him to take me first, and I said take Rex, so he did.

He carried me out and I sat down on the bank beside Rex. I guess Cousin Jane forgot Mr. Banks was a bad influence and about hating him, because when they came out she kissed him and said, "Oh, Bill. Oh, darling."

"Poor baby, she's shivering," Mr. Banks said. "My God, if anything happened to you! When I saw you in there, I *knew!* I'm a fool, Janey, and I'll go downtown tomorrow and I'll work twenty-four hours a day if you say so."

"No—I want you near me," Cousin Jane said. "I do—I'm just stubborn."

"You are not," Mr. Banks told her. "You're marvelous. I'll do anything you say, and I'll stop being shiftless."

"You aren't shiftless," Cousin Jane said. "I'm so cold!"

"Yes, I am," Mr. Banks said. "If a man wants a home and a family—I mean, there are responsibilities. I mean, you take when a man has someone like you to work for—"

"Oh, Bill," Cousin Jane said.

"Oh, baby," Mr. Banks said.

"Oh, darling," Cousin Jane said. "I'm freezing. Hold me closer."

I WENT up on the road. Mitch was there. He said, "She caught me and asked where you were. I didn't want to tell, but she made me. Is she awful mad?"

"I don't know," I said.

Mitch looked over the edge of the road and asked, "What's he kissing her for? Did she hurt herself?"

Mr. Banks carried Cousin Jane up to the road. He asked Mitch, "How does it feel to be married?"

"Okay, I guess," Mitch said. "I feel about the same."

"I'm going to try it," Mr. Banks said. "And we'll never quarrel again, will we, darling?"

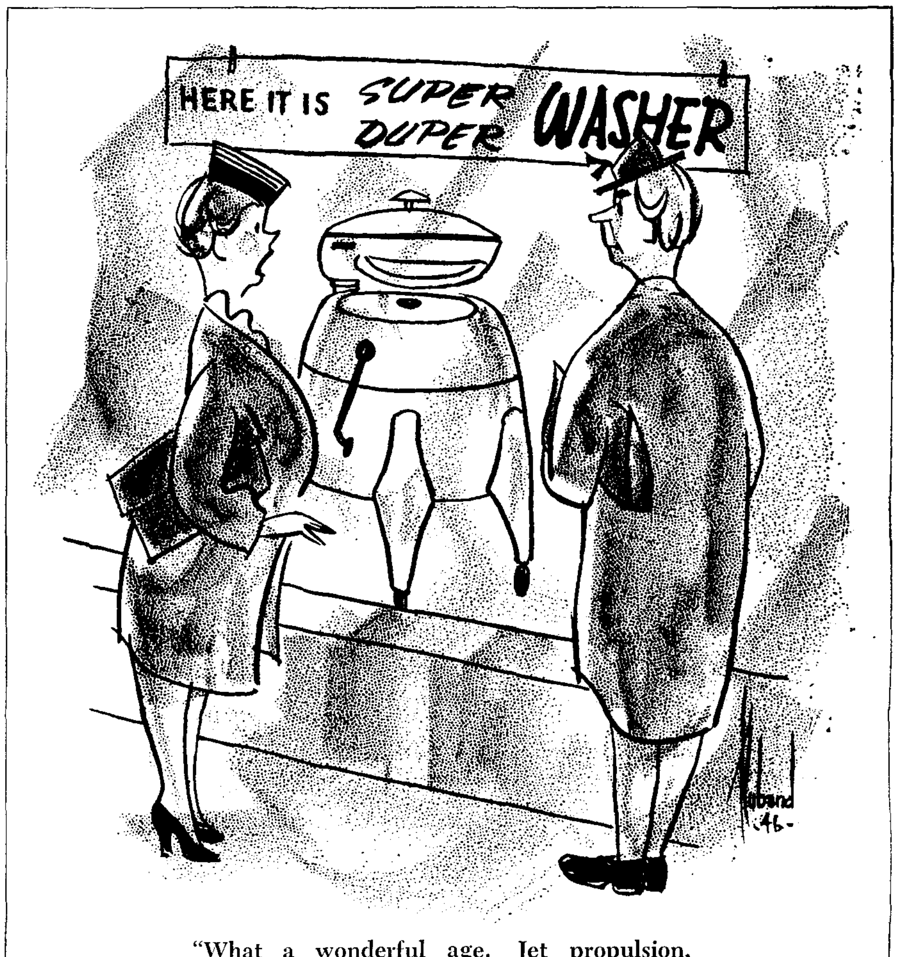
"No, darling," Cousin Jane said. "I honestly didn't mean you were shiftless."

Mr. Banks started up the hill, carrying Cousin Jane and talking to her. I followed them, but Mitch stayed there, looking over the bank at the creek. When we were almost home he called me and I went back.

"I guess Rex is stubborn too," Mitch said. "Is there something in the tunnel he wants? He went back in."

We slid down the bank and looked through the bars at Rex. He was trying to swim and kind of choking again, and I told Mitch, "You go and get Mr. Banks and I'll hold Rex's head up again."

THE END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COLLIER'S "What a wonderful age. Jet propulsion, atomic energy, and now—washing machines" GRANT C. HUBAND

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AMONG the cultural items that we have collected in wandering around the South is that Jerry Willis of Bogalusa, Louisiana, is directing a chorus of bullfrogs with a flashlight. Mr. Willis is sixteen years old. Near his home is a pond hugely populated by frogs. Young Mr. Willis has discovered that turning his flashlight full upon a frog will induce it to sing. There are frogs of all voices—bass and tenor and, Mr. Willis finds, coloratura soprano. He has not yet gotten his chorus to sing a complete composition but he has managed to draw from them the first sixteen bars of America. Or so we hear.

JUST as we were leaving New Orleans we met Mrs. Martha Brideling, who has decided to do something about the noise. We met her at an apropos moment, too. We got traffic-jammed in a wedding procession. The guests were beating drums, blowing trumpets and, between blasts, screaming. Cops were blowing whistles. Taxi horns were demanding to be let through. Crowds on the curbs were cheering. Mrs. Brideling told us at the top of her voice that this was nothing unusual. "There are a lot of people here who'd like to think," said she. "But how can they with this sort of thing going on night and day? It doesn't take a wedding, either. I'm going to start a movement," she screamed.

IT WAS in Baytown, Texas, that we saw a sign in a liquor store: "Whisky Good and Bad." We happened to be in Baytown with Mr. Carl Stimson, engineer and naturalist, of Houston. And Mr. Stimson had taken us there to hear crayfish chuckle. He says that while it is well known to him that crayfish chuckle, shout and after heavy rains croon, they do it better and louder in Baytown than anywhere else. All we can report is that we heard a number of strange voices in pools where crayfish were lurking but when we suggested frogs Mr. Stimson seemed offended.

CONTRARY to opinion prevailing in one or two small places, we are not a popular hero. We've just got a letter from Mr. C. C. Tornstile of Lincoln, Nebraska, in which he says: "Everything you write reveals that you are a cowardly moron. You probably never owned a piece of property in your life or knew the feel of a cool ten-dollar bill. You came to this country as a stowaway and changed your name to cheat the government. I wrote this up for the paper but you are all alike in your racket. They wouldn't take it.". . . W. D.

A Friend of Colin's

Continued from page 20

A circle of hearty young men in a far corner, one who stared at Stacie in the rudest possible way, and then Colin detaching himself and coming toward her.

With a gesture of her head Stacie made her way through the crowd to him. Her Colin. Tall, good-looking in a thin and wicked—a Mephistophelian—way, Colin was the mildest, the most humorous of men. And the rude man accompanying him was a little shorter, a little wider in the shoulders—Gunner Witlock.

"Hello, repulsive," said Colin.

Stacie would have answered in kind, but she was already steadying herself against the shock of clear angry gray eyes, a stubborn mouth which gave out with no pleasure at Colin's introduction.

Seldom had dislike boiled up so readily in Stacie. She kept her hand to herself, murmured a necessary word or two, and said they might as well sit here in the lounge for their cocktails.

Colin flagged a waiter.

"Well, Mr. Witlock," Stacie said, too politely, "how do you like our town?"

Mr. Witlock gave her an offended glance. "I've hardly seen it yet."

Their drinks arrived, and Stacie said, "We'll have to take you around."

"I don't have much time for that kind of stuff," said Gunner Witlock. "I usually stay at the factory pretty late."

Stacie stared dreamily out the window. She had not known that dislike could be a pleasant thing.

Waving to people she knew, accepting a cigarette and a light from Colin, she withdrew into a guarded silence. The talk was now about the optical company where Gunner had got the exact job he wanted, to work on a certain kind of lens. Very dull. Something about shadows being reduced to a minimum, and rocket experiments and split-second pictures.

"I wish you luck," said Colin. There was a table for them now, and he herded them into the dining room. "Personally, I've had enough of that business to last me the rest of my life. But if you want to get yourself blown up I don't see why you shouldn't be allowed to."

"The only time anyone gets blown up," said Gunner, "is when some damn' fool is careless."

Her chair, her coat. Then her back was to the window where there might be a draft, so Colin made her change. Sitting down himself at last, he put his hand over Stacie's and told Gunner about the small farmhouse they had bought on the edge of town and were remodeling. And wasn't his girl a nice little thing, plain but wholesome? Gunner's look implied that this was too good for her.

BETWEEN the fish filet and the dessert Colin caught sight of the Sibley boy, who had just got back from China. Excusing himself, he dashed out after the Marine uniform.

This made it necessary for Gunner to turn his undesired attention on Stacie. First he finished his coffee and then he said, "What makes you bleach your hair in front?"

Smiling, Stacie was aware of sprightly stimulation. "Well," she said, "I thought I'd try it in front first—and then if it's successful I can do it all. What do you think?"

He looked at her face, at her beige wool dress, at the diamond on her left hand, and said, "You've got a nerve."

"No," said Stacie coldly. "You asked for it."

Without offering her one, he lighted a cigarette and spoke. If you could believe it, the words were: "It had to be this way," but you couldn't.

About to demand that he repeat whatever he had said, she saw with relief that Colin was coming back. In his masculine obtuseness Colin beamed on them, convinced that they had used this interval to begin a warm friendship.

Fifteen minutes later, although it seemed longer to Stacie, the two men stood beside her car in the parking lot of the club. Colin kissed her through the rolled-down window, and Stacie's next move was to offer some kind of hospitality to Gunner Witlock, the stranger in town. Colin said, "It's no use trying to get old Gunner to go out on the town

I Hate Wimmin!
WISH I HATED 'EM! THEN THIS FREEZE-OUT YOUR SISTER'S HANDING ME WOULDN'T HIT ME SO HARD!
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with us during the week—we'll have to wait until Saturday night. There's a basketball game at the university. He likes basketball."

"All right," she said optimistically. "We'll show him the spots on Saturday. Goodby please."

The optimism was for the time element. This was Tuesday, and the Gunner person might reasonably break a leg by Saturday.

At home she told her mother about him. "He doesn't *care,*" she said. "Nothing would give him more pleasure than to ruin a formal wedding. He'll probably go barging around having private storms of his own, and he'll ask people where they got their awful hats—"

"Don't worry about it, darling," said her mother who was at the telephone in her own room. "Florists," she muttered, running her hand down a page of the phone book. "Jordan's have some white lilacs ready to open in their greenhouses, but they said I'd better see if I could round up more—hello, hello! The operators are having their naps, I guess. Darling, he must be all right if Colin likes him."

She gave the number to an unapologetic operator, got it immediately, persuaded a new florist that he could secure masses of white lilacs by the third of April, and hung up.

Her beaver coat still on, Stacie sat on the end of the chaise longue and looked without resignation at her mother.

"He scares me," she said. "He doesn't like me any better than I like him, and I have this feeling that he'd spoil things between Colin and me if he could."

Mrs. Hutton twisted around in her chair and smiled lovingly. "Dummy," she said. "How could he?"

Jumping up suddenly she came over and put her hand on Stacie's forehead. "I thought you looked feverish," she said. "But I guess not."

"I'm up to nine hundred probably, and no wonder. It's ages since I've hated anyone."

Her mother laughed. "You've never hated anyone. You've never had to . . . And look, darling," Mrs. Hutton went back to the desk, straightened things, put the telephone book away, "you and Colin have been engaged a long time, since before he went away, and you've been so darned patient. What I want to say—" she sat down—"is that if you two decide suddenly you don't want to wait till April—it'll be all right with me."

Stacie stood up, picked up her handbag and gloves. "You mean *you* don't want the big show?"

"Oh, I want it. As a matter of fact," her mother grinned, "I've planned it ever since the day you were born. But I just feel you and Colin are being too noble about the whole thing."

"Noble nothing," said Stacie and hugged her mother. "We want it this way too. No elopements for us."

THE March storm, that had to come before the back of winter could be broken, blew in the next day, piling up snow and freezing it in layers. But Colin got through, with snow in his eyebrows and caked on his galoshes, leaving his car stalled two blocks away.

Sitting beside him on the couch, the wood fire snapping gently, Stacie was aware that now, at this moment, she was happy. His arm around her, Colin talked about the difficulties the leather-goods factory was having with help and material, but it would come out all right . . . This weather might hold up the remodeling work on the farmhouse, and they talked about that. And about a snag which had developed over their passage to Bermuda, where they hoped to spend their honeymoon. All unimportant. Contentment and security wrapped Stacie. If the storm kept up perhaps nobody would have any dates Saturday night.

Joyce called her the next morning.

"Who was the attractive man you and Colin had lunch with day before yesterday?" she asked at once.

"Attractive?" screamed Stacie.

"Oh. You don't like him?"

Hastily Stacie said, "He's a friend of Colin's. He's very nice."

"Ha!" said Joyce. "What don't you like about him?"

"As usual, darling, you have the wrong idea. I don't dislike Gunner Witlock. He was in the Navy with Colin. He's now in the research department at Bemish's. He's going to be Colin's best man. Anything else?"

"Not just now. And thank you very much. I was afraid you were trying to put one over on me."

Sweetly, for her, Joyce said goodby and hung up. Stacie hung up with some force. If it were not for the fact that her mother and Mrs. Chalmers had been best friends since boarding-school days, Joyce would not be in her wedding party.

By Friday the sun was working over the snow like a silent vacuum cleaner, and only the highest banks remained. The sidewalks and streets were dark and wet, and all week-end dates in this small inland city could be kept.

Colin and Gunner arrived together to take Stacie to the basketball game. Stacie thought: Pooh, he's nothing in my life, and said brightly, "Hello, Gunner." Gunner looked intensely surprised.

"These home remedies are no good. Call the witch doctor"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

"We can all get in the front seat," said Colin. Stacie slid in, sitting as close to Colin as possible. No doubt she imagined that Gunner squeezed himself up against the door, but there were certainly a good six inches between them. With Colin's arm around her as he drove, she could be kind to his friend. She was, with questions and light remarks. Gunner smoked, and answered in monosyllables, if at all.

But once inside the gymnasium, Gunner was no trouble at all. From the moment the whistle blew he sat hunched forward, his eyes following the fast and skillful game in a strictly critical way.

At the half he tramped with them down into the stone corridor below the stands for cigarettes and Cokes. This was where Colin had gone to school. There were people here they knew, and they were soon the center of a small group.

Actually the only thing wrong that Gunner did was to stand with his back squarely to Stacie, so that she was cut off from the circle. She could easily have moved, but she did not. When she was sure that Colin was looking at her she smoothed her hair with an elegant gesture—where it was golden—and looked steadily at Gunner's shoulders.

Laughing, Colin moved around to her and asked in a low voice, "What are you playing?"

"A new game, and I'm afraid I don't know the rules."

"Huh?" said Colin, amazed. Her voice had been sharper than she meant it to be.

PEOPLE were going back, and they went up to their seats, climbing over galoshes and scarfs and overcoats. Morosely Stacie sat, her eyes following the ball with no idea of what the score was . . . She had been right when she told her mother she was afraid.

After the game, with planned doggedness, she agreed to Colin's suggestion that they go downtown to see if the town was still there. She'd stick this thing out if it killed her, which it probably would.

The best music was at one of the hotels, where in summer you danced on the roof and in winter in a cleared space in the dining room. They stood in the doorway of the dining room, looked over the filled tables, and at once Stacie saw a high leopardskin hat that she recognized. Oh, well, Joyce was bound to be here.

Joyce saw them and waved, with a clank of bracelets. No other table was available, and Stacie, followed by the two men, made her way sideways through the narrow spaces. The Morrow kid, back from the war, was Joyce's young and unimportant date.

Everyone said hello, and she smiled straight at Gunner until someone got around to introducing him. Then she shook his hand with unnecessary fervor, saying, "Hello, Gunner. Stacie has told me all about you."

Of course Joyce was attractive, with great black eyes and an almost sinful way of wearing clothes, but Stacie had not known that Joyce was that good: Gunner was actually smiling. Stacie stared at him. It was the first time she had seen him smile, a deceptive thing that would make anyone who didn't know better believe him to be warm-hearted, sincere, responsive.

The Morrow kid came back with a promise of chairs, so that they could all sit here. And as the music started up, Joyce and Gunner were on their way to the middle of the floor.

"Joyce is wonderful," said Colin, holding Stacie close and dancing his smooth special steps which she loved. "She can get along with anyone."

Stacie could not. That was what Colin meant. She was inept and snooty and got along only with her own friends. She took burns unjustly and could not give a stranger a break. *Colin, darling, don't let him do this to us.*

She danced with the Morrow kid, who was marvelous, like all the kids his age. But at twenty-three Stacie was no longer a kid.

Then, "Dance," said Gunner, standing beside her chair. It was a threat. Proudly Stacie rose, and would not shrink when his arm went around her. Like an iron bar his arm was, just above her waistline, and all her senses seemed focused on it, watchfully. He said something: She thought his arm tightened but could not be sure. In despair she looked up at him.

"I said relax," said Gunner. "I've danced before."

She wanted to hit him. Instead, she stood still in the middle of the floor, while the other dancers bumped into them. His arm released her slowly.

"You don't have to hold me so tight," she said in a low, fierce voice. "Nor push me. I can follow you without that. If I find I can't, we can always give the whole thing up."

"Let's give it up now," said Gunner.

THE next day, Sunday, Colin came over in the afternoon the way he always did. He kissed Stacie the way he always did. Either he had forgotten, or he knew it to be unimportant, that she and Gunner Witlock would never be friends.

"We could go out to the house," said Stacie. "They promised to have the floors laid in the old rooms this week—and probably the storm only held them up for one day."

"Swell," said Colin.

"Yes, get her out of here," said her mother. "She's as restless as a cat."

"I am not," said Stacie. "Let's walk out."

"Walk!" cried Colin in agony. "It's three miles!"

"Nobody gets enough exercise."

"I do," said Colin. "Did you say she's only *restless?*"

"Well, I hope that's all it is," said her mother.

"Oh, you two," said Stacie. "Everyone's always yipping about exercise and when I suggest a walk you act as though I'd gone out of my mind."

It was a cold day with a sharp, high wind and the sidewalks were dry. They walked fast, hand in hand. When Colin would have loosened his, Stacie clung.

"Hello," he said.

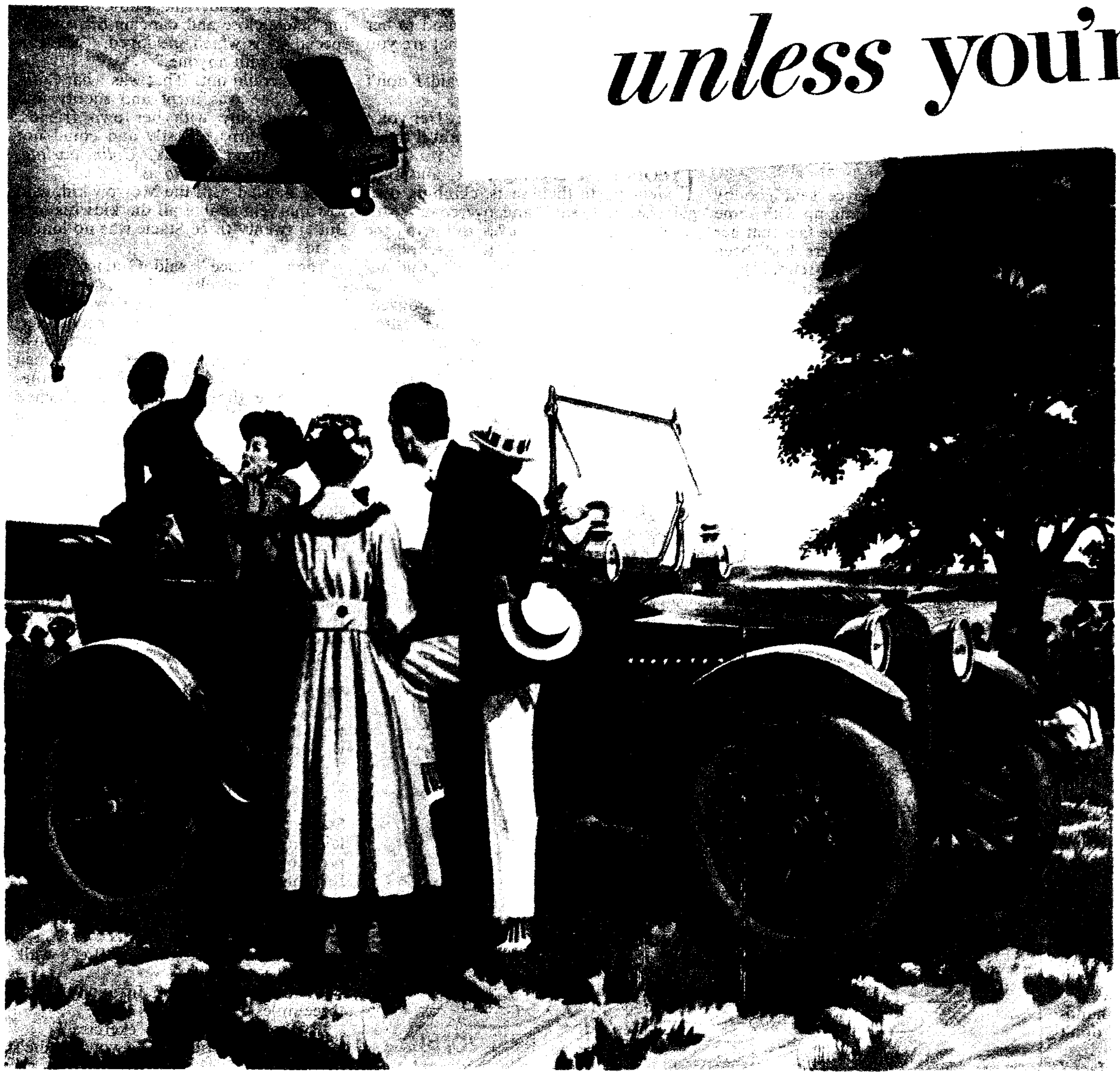
"Hi," said Stacie.

"This was a good idea—better than sitting in a stuffy movie."

"I hate movies," said Stacie to her surprise. They had sat through hundreds of movies, most of which she had enjoyed. Today she would definitely have gone crazy if she had had to sit for three hours.

Beyond the city line there were no more sidewalks, but the roads were dry and traffic was light. They passed the little stand of trees which hid their house, and there it was. They stood and looked at it long and sentimentally. The new ell, stark on the weathered old farmhouse, was not yet painted and the boards were golden in the sun. Little dots of white paper marked the center of each small pane of glass. These, Colin said, were to keep carpenters and masons from thrust-

You don't stay first *unless* you're best



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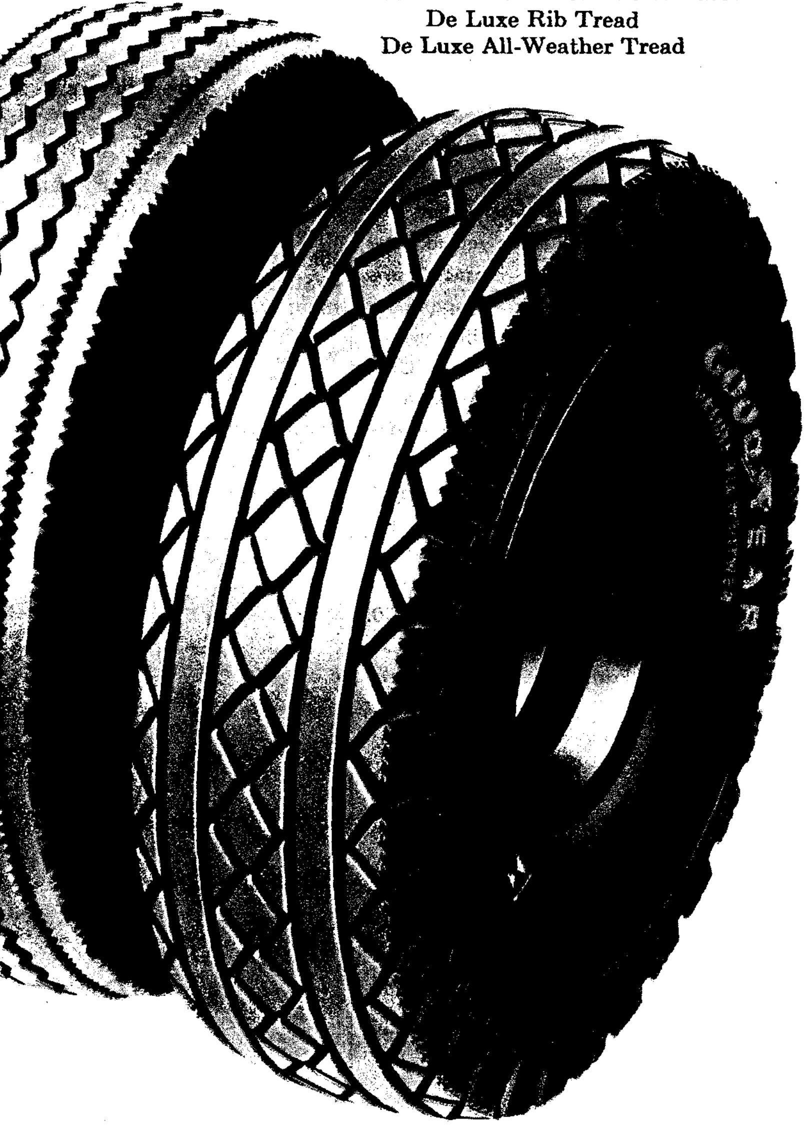

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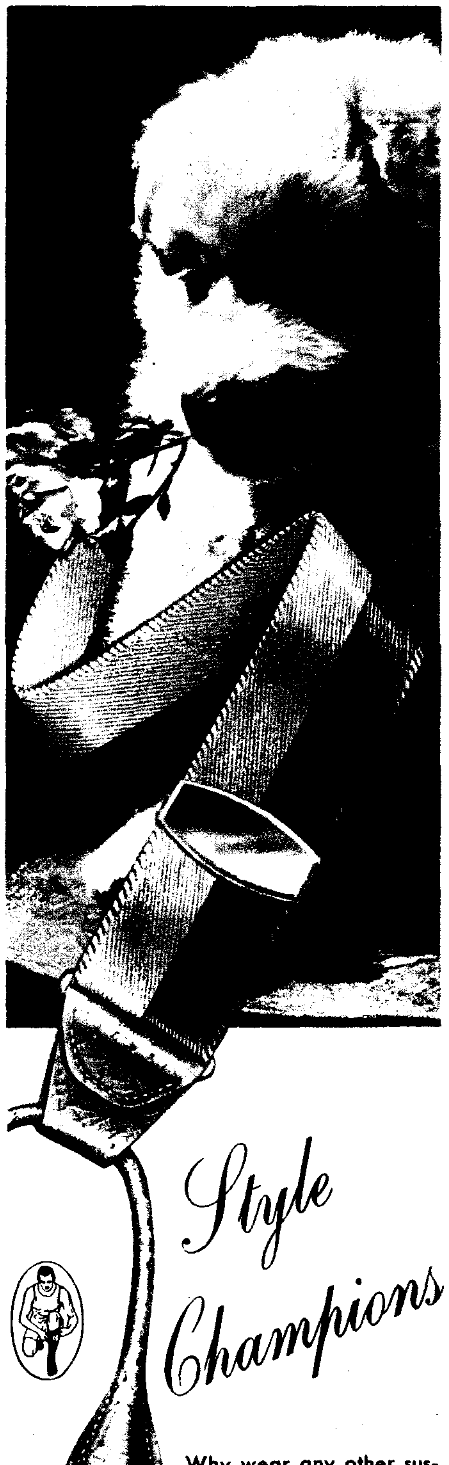
YEAR



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Can't skid off your shoulders

ing ladders or elbows through the glass. If they couldn't see the panes Stacie wondered how they could see the little dots.

He turned the key in the new lock. A ghost's embrace could not have been chillier than the dead cold air inside the house. As they had half expected, the rough old floors downstairs had not been touched, but back in the kitchen, handsome bathroom equipment was strewn about.

"Such a lovely color," said Stacie turning her back on the raspberry-tinted porcelain.

"And so becoming," said Colin.

"You," said Stacie.

Huddled in their coats they stood looking into the long new living room made by the ell. Over it was their bedroom which they had agreed might some day have to be turned into a dormitory for a very large family. Home, where they were to live in love and contentment for all their days. It was why Stacie had wanted to come out here today. She needed the feeling of security that the sound little house would give her.

BUT nothing happened. It was only a house, and the ell was too big for the rest of it, and the neat pile of debris swept into a corner had an abandoned look, as though the workmen would never come back to finish. Colin seemed to feel it too.

Whistling tunelessly between his teeth he walked about with a disapproving air. He shook the winding banister of the stairway, only half mollified to find that it was solid. He paced the new living room as though for a prospective purchaser, and peered critically through the triple window from which a view of low hills had filled them with delight.

Then he stood beside Stacie and put a sympathetic arm around her. All in silence. She turned and, with her face against his shoulder, said, "Let's skip it—the big wedding—and go off by ourselves and get married next week."

"Gee, baby—" After a moment he said, "We went over all that when I got out in January. Remember? You held out for the works, and we can't foul things up now."

Abruptly she withdrew from him, laughing a little. "I know—I just feel, oh, I don't know—funny, today. Depressed or something."

"It's all this walking," said Colin sensibly. "And don't forget we have to go over to Joyce's tonight. Gunner was there for dinner, you know."

Stacie knew. And now was the moment when she must tell Colin that she was sorry, she had done her best, but she would have to see as little of his friend Gunner Witlock as possible. Civilization itself was not enough to keep the peace between them. But, somehow, the leaden words sank in her throat. Scuffing her galoshes on the old pine floors she moved toward the door.

Later, in Joyce's huge, rich interior-decorated house, Stacie was conscious of a sudden and giddy reaction. She felt it as soon as they entered the warm hall.

"Hubba!" said Colin at the sight of Joyce's green slacks, lemon-yellow blouse and wide blinding fuchsia sash. "On you it looks good."

"Some pants," agreed Gunner who opened the door for them as though he and Joyce were host and hostess. Joyce's parents had gone out and there were just the four of them.

Stacie laughed, and cast about for more things to laugh at. That's what exercise did for you. She heard her flighty voice telling them about the wonderful walk she and Colin had had, about the house and the ell which simply *made* it, and how it would be finished any day now, and turned her back gaily on Colin's look of astonishment. Gunner's acid half-smile was a weapon pointed at her and, as such, amusing.

"She doesn't need a drink," said Joyce to the others when they were all sitting around the fire in the library, "and it's too bad because I planned on us having one."

"She's gone temperamental," said Colin. "This afternoon she was two feet lower than a snake and now she's up above the safety zone."

Stacie laughed at that too and felt more charming than usual.

"Gunner was being so interesting when you two arrived," said Joyce. "Do you realize that he used to drive through this town every week at some ungodly hour in the morning a few years ago. He had a truck-run from New York to Buffalo and he always remembered it because the town was sound asleep."

They bemoaned the fact that their city had almost no night life, and Stacie looked admiringly at Gunner.

"A truck driver, too," she said. "And then you entered the Navy," she smiled at him, "didn't you, Gunner, and became a gentleman?"

It was inexcusable. Stacie knew it and was glad.

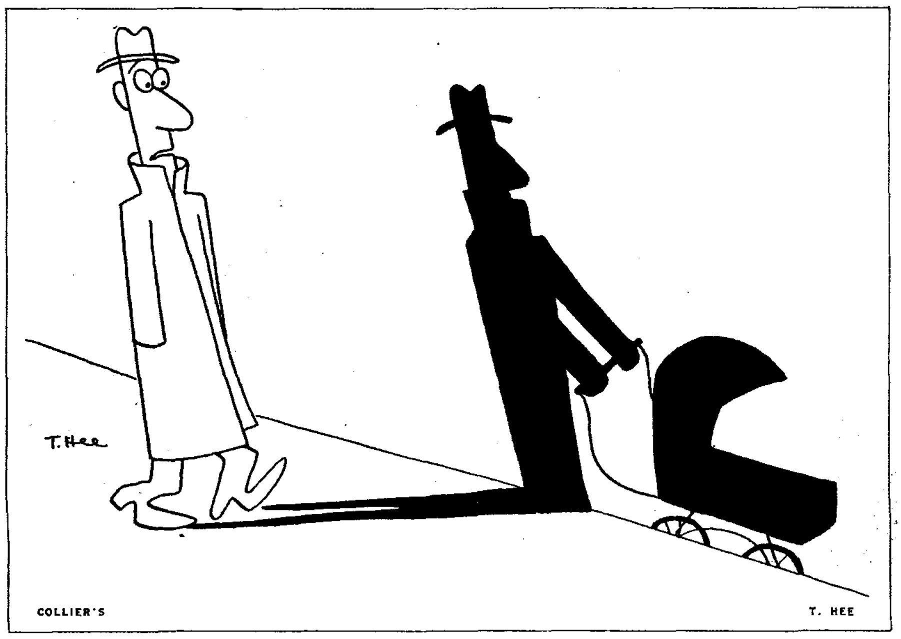
In the stunned silence Gunner regarded her with his acid half-smile. Then he said reasonably, "It would take more than the United States Navy to make a gentleman out of me."

Colin stood up. He took a cigarette from the table and went to stand by Stacie's chair. She loved him for it. Right or wrong she was his girl.

"As heaven is my witness," said Colin lighting his cigarette, "we have a changeling here. What in hell is the matter with you, Stacie?"

"Me?" She smiled up at him, her blue eyes wide. "Not a thing, darling."

Colin would come to stand beside her, but his thin dark face was furious. And



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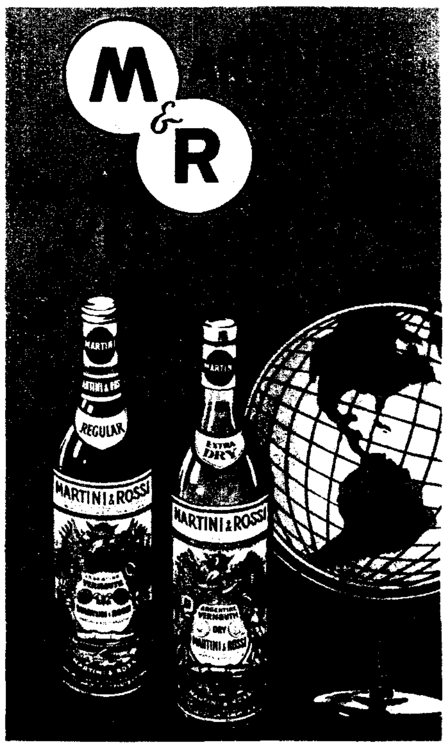

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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

Joyce, rising and throwing Stacie a dirty look, said she'd get the drinks.

An outcast, Stacie sat defiantly on her feet in the deep chair and told herself, as outcasts always do, that she did not care.

Alone, as far as they were concerned, Colin and Gunner talked with bursts of laughter. It was very peculiar, thought Stacie severely, that in the worst war that this world had ever seen, almost everything that happened seemed to have been funny. She hummed.

Then from the kitchen Joyce called to Colin to come and help her. He went. Gunner sat on his spine, a cigarette sticking up from his square, scrubbed-looking hand. The fire crackled, and Stacie hummed.

"Shut up," said Gunner. She jumped.

He threw his cigarette into the fire and stood up. In two strides he was beside her chair, and his hand closed on the thick mass of her hair in back. Relentlessly her face was forced back until her neck hurt. He's going to kill me, she thought, with absolute conviction as she saw his implacable eyes. They'll find me dead on the floor when they come back.

"I ought to snatch you bald-headed," said Gunner.

"If you wanted to"—she would not struggle—"nothing would stop you."

"Nothing," said Gunner. His hand tightening, he shook her head until every hair pulled. Then he let go and walked away. There was the tinkle of trays in the hall.

He kicked an andiron crooked, and stooped to straighten it. "I warned Colin," he said in a low voice.

You warned Colin, thought Stacie bitterly. It made no sense, but then so many things made no sense lately.

"Guess what," said Joyce in a kindly way to Stacie as she relinquished the tray to Gunner, "we're going to the civic concert—Mother and Dad aren't using their tickets tonight and they rounded up two others for us. Gunner wants to hear our orchestra."

"The civic concert," laughed Stacie, still a little high with rage. "You and I never got past The Pixies' Waltz, did we?"

No one answered. Colin put a tray of drinks down beside the tray of sandwiches.

"Have one of the chicken—you'll like them," said Joyce in her best social-service voice.

After Joyce had changed from slacks to something sleek and notable, they went to the concert, and they took Stacie along because they did not know what else to do with her. She was helped into the car, and out of it, but she was scarcely one of the party.

It would be all right when Colin was sitting beside her, she thought, just the two of them, in the darkness of the auditorium. She would explain it all, and he would see that it was not her fault. Thank goodness, the seats were in pairs and not the four of them together.

The lights had just been lowered when they arrived. Stacie filed past a row of knees, whispering her excuses. Sitting thankfully down she looked up to smile at Colin. But the outline of those wide shoulders, that rock-hewn head coming toward her in the darkness, were not Colin's. She shivered as Gunner slipped out of his overcoat and sat silently beside her. Whatever unidentified disaster was hovering over her was inevitable. She was not to be allowed to escape, not until her life lay around her in little pieces. Or else she was crazy.

SHE made a stealthy attempt to remove one arm from the sleeve of her coat and found she was not stealthy enough. Gunner's hand was on the back of her neck, helping her, his arm around her. With an impatient gesture she let him take the coat.

"All right?" he whispered. Stacie turned on him a glance of undying hatred. Gunner smiled at her. Not the acid half-smile he had always given her, but a warm, amused, forgiving, understanding, friendly smile.

Yes, she must be crazy. . . . Sadly Stacie gazed at the musicians, who were beginning, with the spasmodic, controlled movements peculiar to their kind. It was a relief to surrender her bruised spirit to the wave of sound. And not until the music, with a final mighty crescendo, ceased did they speak again.

"Bach Brandenburg 5," said Gunner. "I heard it last in Denver, but I think I like this arrangement better."

Hypnotized and resigned Stacie said dully, "Do you always go to concerts, whatever cities you're in?"

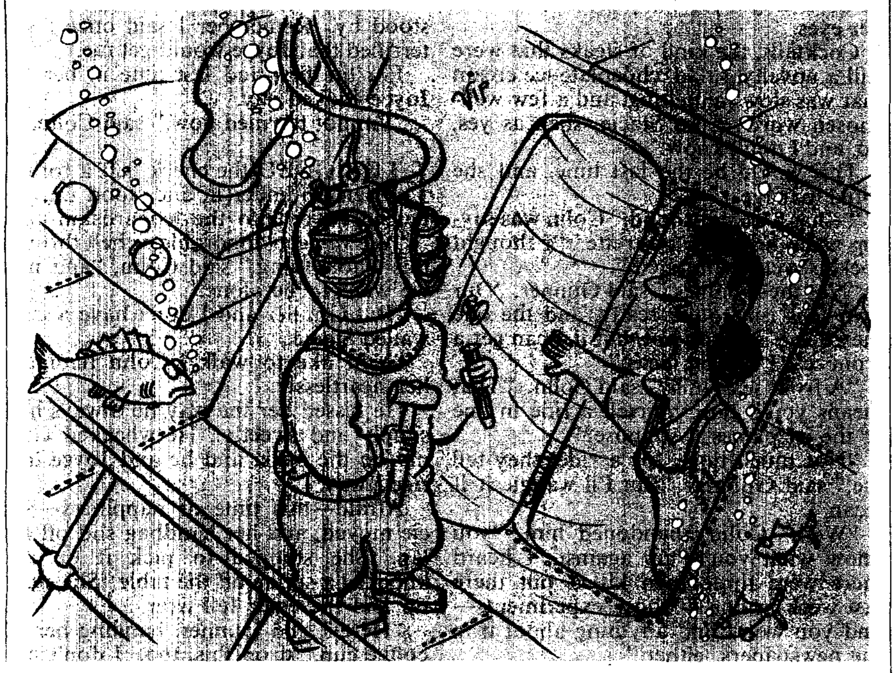
"Always. I've found them the cheapest and best form of entertainment. There's a lot of good music in this country."

"What cities have you liked?" she asked. She smiled timidly at him. "This one?"

"Yes, but it's smug. I like the big cities better, the ones with a rugged American flavor, Seattle, Chicago, San Antonio—"

As though he had forgotten something, the conductor rushed back onto the stage, turned his back to the audience and spread his arms. Little staccato notes began.

And when the lights went up after somebody's symphony in B-flat major, they inched past the row of knees again



COLLIER'S "Well, what do *you* want?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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to join Colin and Joyce in the marble corridor. Apparently not eager to be joined, Colin and Joyce gave over their absorbed conversation and said, "Hi!" Stacie would not look at them with suspicion. But that's the way it was. Colin and Joyce. Joyce who never gave up.

Smiling at her, Gunner was offering her a cigarette. He was going to light it for her, too. Perhaps it was not too late. Colin would see for himself. It had been tough, but she had made it, and she and Gunner were now friends.

All sweetness and light for the moment the four of them leaned against the pink marble wall and smoked, talking a little, until the people began to stream back into the auditorium.

Gunner threw his cigarette into a sand-filled urn and said, "Let's switch. I've had enough of Stacie and she's had enough of me."

That did it. Not caring what happened to her now, Stacie walked ahead of Colin down the aisle, too far, so that he had to come after her and pull her back. Meekly she slid into the row indicated and sat down. Colin sat down, folded his arms, and let her arrange her own coat. The conductor was already waving the musicians into action.

THE next morning Stacie was still in a house coat when Joyce chose to stop in. Joyce announced at once that the four of them were going to have dinner together Wednesday night at the club.

"What four?" asked Stacie, folding the morning paper.

"Don't be dumb, darling. Not any dumber than you've elected to be, anyway. Gunner has to go out of town the end of the week."

"A long and hazardous trip, I trust," said Stacie.

Wandering about the room in her leopardskin coat and hat, Joyce picked up little objects she had seen a hundred times, examined them, and put them down again.

She said idly, "You don't like Gunner Witlock, do you?"

"Oh, think nothing of that." Stacie laughed. "I'm just narrow-minded and prejudiced. Of course, I've always hated sandy eyebrows—and diamonds-in-the-rough, which no one ever stops to think have no value while they're in the rough. And the kind of rudeness that leaves you stumped. Why," she burst out passionately, "I can't even stand the way he holds a cigarette."

"Uh-huh," said Joyce. "The little things." She swung her handbag by its long strap. "The little things that are supposed to be so important." She fastened the big hook of her coat. "As a matter of fact," she said from the doorway, "when the dam bursts, nothing matters. You can grab at the little things, but in the end they get washed away."

"Are you sure you feel well, dear?" Stacie called after her.

"I feel wonderful." Grinning, Joyce came back for a moment. "You will too, darling, as soon as you stop running." The front door closed on her.

When she had time, Stacie told herself, she would figure out the double-talk. Right now she had a million other things to do. Rushing upstairs she dashed into the shower, plunged into her street clothes, scribbled additional things on an already lengthy list, and sped to her mother's room.

"Give me your list," she demanded. "I'm going to be downtown all day and I can do a few of them, anyway."

"Yes, darling." Her mother pawed through the papers on her desk. "The hats are what are bothering me—you know how Jessica is. She'll promise and promise, and then at the last minute—"

"Everything," said Stacie recklessly. "I'll tend to everything."

Halfway down the stairs she turned as her mother called to her.

"Stacie," said her mother wistfully over the banister, "I just want you to be happy. You know that."

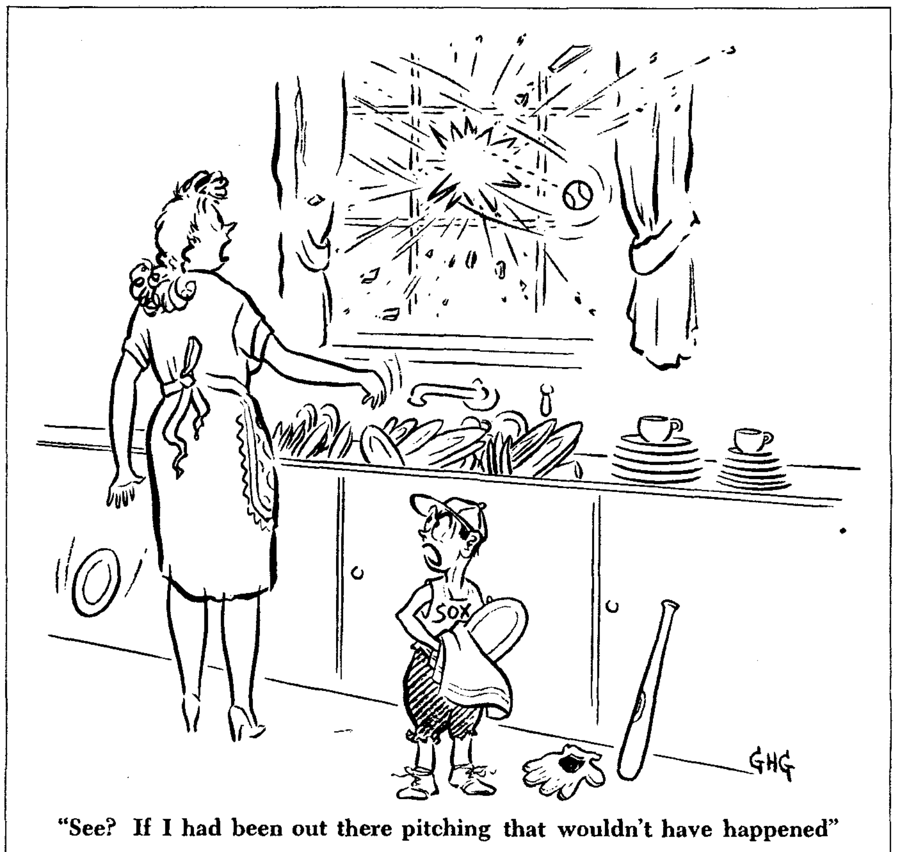
Stacie sped up the stairs, kissed her mother twice more, and sped down.

It was not until Wednesday morning that Colin called her. She said, "Hello, darling," in a dignified way. He was a little apologetic, but not much, and said he had been busy.

Yes, Stacie said, she knew the four of them were going to the club for dinner. Joyce had told her, she added. Fine, said Colin, he'd call for her at seven.

BOTH of them were nervous when Colin stepped into the front hall at two minutes of seven. Colin forgot to kiss her, and Stacie forgot to say goodby to her mother. And the silence in the car was suffocating. But only until they stopped in the Chalmers' driveway to pick up Joyce and Gunner. Then the talk bubbled.

Her eyes on the street as they drove toward the club, Stacie let the talk flow past her. Nothing mattered now. Not the bridesmaids' hats, nor the masses of white lilacs, nor the little white boxes for the wedding cake. She clenched her teeth together, a little sickened that one of them might see the tears that burned her eyes.



"See? If I had been out there pitching that wouldn't have happened"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Cocktails, the kind of steaks that were still a novelty, salad, chocolate ice cream that was slow in melting, and a few well-chosen words from Stacie, such as yes, no, and I don't know.

This would be the last time, and she could manage.

"—has a quaint sound," Colin was saying as he lighted a cigarette. "I thought rockets were outmoded."

"Not these babies," said Gunner. "Our own lens isn't quite ready, and the one they'll use isn't too hot, but if I can get a front seat I can get ideas."

"A front seat, huh?" said Colin. "That means you'll hop yourself a ride in one of the jet planes, I suppose?"

"Not much hope for a ride, they tell me," said Gunner. "But I'll wangle it if I can."

"Well," Colin abandoned him, "you know what you're up against. I heard there were three men killed out there last week in one of those experiments—and you won't find anything about it in the newspapers, either."

"Sure," said Gunner. "It doesn't happen often, but it does happen."

"You're a damn' fool," said Colin, "and I suppose I envy you."

"No!"

They turned to Stacie. She knew her face was white, that it was all written there for them to see, and that she had only a moment in which to save herself. But she had stopped running.

"You can't go," she said in a low, distinct voice.

Gunner was smiling at her, a warm and tender, a *welcoming* smile.

"Sweetheart," he leaned toward her, "I have to go. It's my job."

"Then I'll go with you."

"Will you? There's time—if you'll come with me."

"No one will ever understand," said Stacie. "I didn't myself for so long—"

"I've been understanding all over the place," said Colin cheerfully. "Baby, as soon as I came home I began to understand. You just weren't *anxious* enough. I began to suspect that we'd missed the boat. You rating, you," he grinned at Gunner, "I thought at first you were kidding—but one had but to observe. The two of you sparring and wrangling—you couldn't leave each other alone!"

"But—"

"Such a business, while Joyce and I stood by. Remember I said once I was terrified that Joyce would get me."

For the first and last time in her life Joyce looked shy.

"I'm not terrified now," said Colin.

HE SIGNED the check, left a forbidden tip under it, and stood up. He helped Joyce into the leopardskin coat.

"We've been honorable as hell through this whole thing," said Colin, "and now we want to be alone."

"But Gunner and I don't have a car," wailed Stacie.

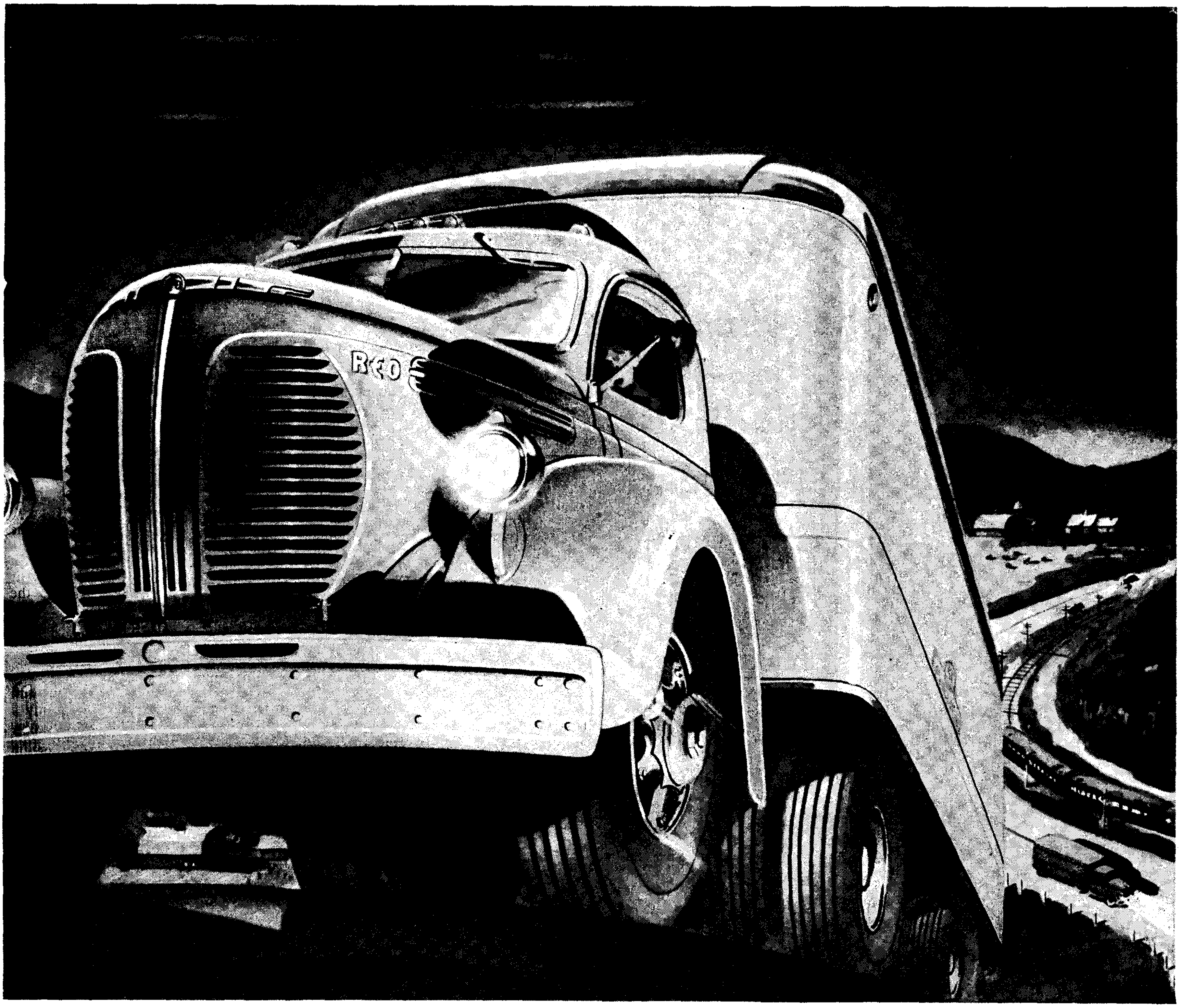
"You like to walk," Colin reminded her heartlessly.

He kissed her the way he always had, simply and sweetly. He whacked Gunner on the back, and he and Joyce hurried away.

Afraid—this time of happiness—Stacie moved, and her handbag slid off her lap. She stooped to pick it up and knocked a spoon off the table. She stood up and the chair fell over.

"Here," said Gunner, handing her his coffee cup, "drop this, too. I don't care what you do. I love you."

THE END



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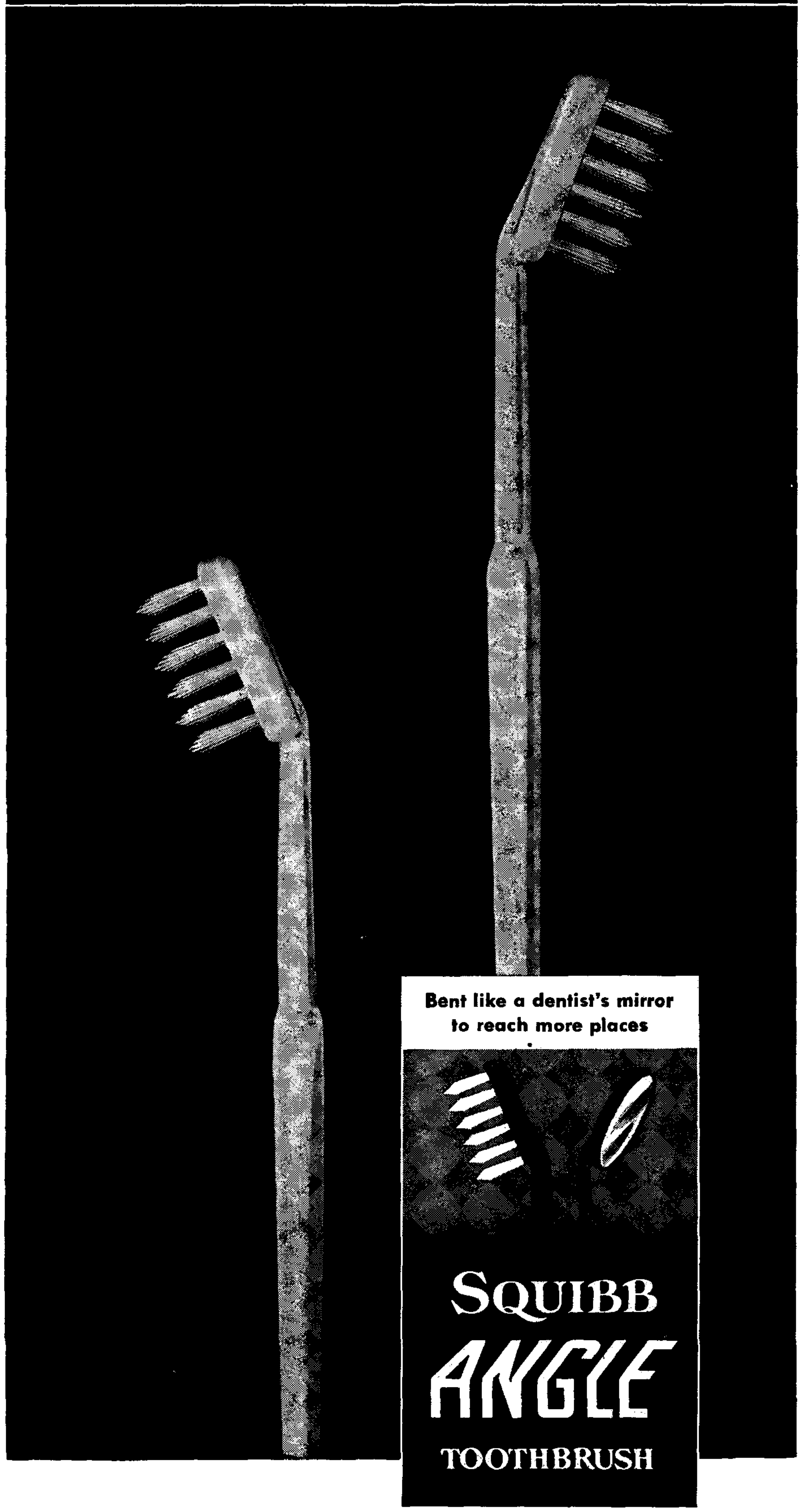

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Slug It Slay!

Continued from page 13

shrugged his shoulders. "Financial troubles, Arty. As usual. I had a garnishee on my salary," he explained softly, "and the Old Man hit the ceiling. Had me up on the carpet. He won't stand for garnishees. You know how he is."

"Yeah," Arthur said.

Sue returned, adjusting her hat. "The Old Man's a terror tonight, isn't he?" she said softly, and her glance shifted to Jack Morton, who stood just outside the door of his office. Arthur saw Morton shrug his shoulders slightly and turn back into the office.

"Let's get out of here," Arthur said. "I need that drink, and Joe Beckett's down there, waiting. I'm going to hire him back, Willshire or no Willshire."

But Joe Beckett was not in the bar across the street. Otto came forward, smiling, and said, "Hello, Miss Wharton. What will it be, Arty?"

"Rye gag for me," Arthur said.

"Two," said Sue.

Arthur sipped his rye, and Sue said warmly, "You handled the Old Man very well, Arthur. And everybody's behind you. Don't forget it."

Arthur grinned, and the anger he had felt began to go away. He called to Otto, "Have you seen Joe Beckett?"

"He was here for just a minute," Otto said. "Tossed off a quick one and beat it."

"Say where he was going?"

"Nope."

Arthur frowned and said to Sue, "It's important to find Joe tonight. I want to straighten things out before he *really* ties one on."

"He probably went down to Vincent's, in the Village," Sue said. "Isn't that where he hangs out?"

Arthur nodded and ordered another round.

AS OTTO was pouring the drinks Jack Morton came in. He waved a hand lightly to Arthur and smiled at Sue. It was a charming, boyish smile. Jack was always well dressed, his small black mustache carefully groomed, his black hair neatly brushed. He could be anywhere from thirty to fifty years old, but he always looked boyish when he grinned, and the mustache seemed out of place. He said, "Hello, Sue," and moved on down the bar. As soon as he had given Otto his order he stepped into the telephone booth.

"I think Jack had a little run-in with the Old Man, too," Arthur said.

"Yes?" Sue's voice was toneless.

"Jack is the one man who knows how to handle him, at least," Arthur said. "Not that I envy him the job, or the talent."

"He's no Percy Chambron," Sue said. "He's no flunky."

Arthur considered a moment. "No," he said. "He's nobody's flunky."

Jack Morton came out of the telephone booth, looked toward Sue and Arthur, then went to the bar. He stood staring at his glass, and Arthur thought that whatever the Old Man had been talking to Morton about, it had left Morton disturbed. He supposed that Jack was feeling as he himself was, ready to call the whole thing off.

"Sue, let's go," Arthur said. "I want to pick up Joe down at Vincent's and straighten this out."

"All right." She turned, as Arthur was paying Otto for the drinks and looked along the bar at Jack Morton. Jack smiled, and Arthur saw his shoulders move in the slightest shrug.

On the sidewalk outside, as Arthur was looking for a taxi, Sue said hesitantly, "Oh, Arthur, I forgot—I've got to run up to the office for a minute."

"Okay, I'll wait," Arthur said.

"It may take a little time." Her voice was apologetic. "I forgot to look up the clips for—"

"Oh, Lord!" Arthur said. "That conscience again."

She smiled faintly. "You go on and find Joe, Arthur. And thanks for the drinks."

"All right," he said. "Good night, Sue."

Arthur found a taxicab at the corner and gave the address of Vincent's Bar, on a back street in an out-of-the-way corner of Greenwich Village.

VINCENT'S had been a speak-easy, and the old speak-easy entrance was still in use and generally favored by sentimentalists among the customers. The main entrance was around the corner. The speak-easy entrance was reached through a courtyard to an unlighted door, in which the peephole remained. The door was locked, and Arthur knocked. Vincent, the proprietor, came quickly to the door and opened it.

"Arthur, can't you get it through your head we lock this door at ten o'clock?" he said. "The neighbors complain of the noise. Well, come on in."

Vincent's was a dimly lighted bar with mustard-colored walls that looked as if they had not been refinished since the doors were first opened in prohibition days. Arthur went to the end of the bar and spoke to Ray, the barman: "Joe Beckett been in yet?"

"Not tonight, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur slid onto a bar stool and ordered a bourbon. There were only a few drinkers at the bar, and Arthur knew most of them. Vincent's was a meeting place in the Village for those who liked a quiet drink and a game of chess, cribbage or gin rummy.

"Feel like a game, Arty?" Dr. Ruiz, a physician who was always called at Vincent's before the hospital tried his home, moved up the bar beside Arty. He was pink as a cherub, cheerfully vague, and never so erratic as his chess game.

Arthur nodded to Ray, and the barman brought up a chessboard from under the bar. They went to a table to play. Nearly every night Arthur played chess in Vincent's, usually with Dr. Ruiz, before going home to his apartment on near-by Christopher Street.

Dr. Ruiz used the Ruy Lopez opening and later forced an exchange of queens. He won control of the center with his rooks, and from then on it was only a matter of time. Arthur's end game was generally good, but he thought that Dr. Ruiz's position was very strong, and he was still concerned about Joe Beckett. He glanced at the clock. Half past twelve now.

"Think I'll resign," he said. "Good work."

Dr. Ruiz began dumping the chessmen back into the box, and Arthur walked over to a table where Vincent was playing cribbage for a nickel a hole.

"If Joe Beckett comes in, will you tell him to wait," Arthur said. "Tell him it's important."

Arthur found a cab. Back in the bar uptown, Otto shook his head. "No, I haven't seen Joe, Arty. He ain't been back."

Arthur frowned. Definitely Joe Beckett was launched on a classic bender. Arthur was sorry he had not talked to him first. A bender in Joe's frame of mind could be a nasty thing. There was just a chance, he thought, that Joe had returned to the office, or at least had called in.

He went across the street to the Courier building and took the elevator to the fourth floor. He arrived in time to see the nightly ritual that showed it was 1 A.M. Ralph Smith, the head of the copy desk, rapped his pencil sharply on the desk, and the copyreaders got up in unison to go home, as if a factory whistle had blown, leaving only two men on duty.

There was a hearts game in progress near the city desk, and it irritated Arthur to see the quick, rather guilty glances that were turned his way.

Harry Whiteside grinned and called out, "Want to sit in, Arty?"

Arthur approached the table. Besides Harry Whiteside, the other players were Bob Farley, the night city editor; and Carl Rome, his assistant; Roger Jay, the other rewrite man on duty; and Mark Titus, the church editor, whose long face in sixty-odd years had become as solemn as a cathedral.

"Anybody seen Joe Beckett?" Arthur asked.

There was a moment's silence, then Harry Whiteside said, "Not again."

"If you do hear from him," Arthur said, "tell him I want to talk to him."

"Okay," Bob Farley said.

"Present for you, Mr. Titus," Roger Jay said, and tossed the queen of spades on a trick the church editor had taken. Roger was a thin man who had an air of vulnerable jauntiness, vulnerable because he seemed to be unaware of the bald spot beginning to show in his black hair. His brown eyes were slightly protuberant in a face the color of unbleached paper. He was an excellent rewrite man, noted for a sarcastic turn of phrase; and he was a vindictive hearts player.

Arthur grinned, watching the angry color come into Mark Titus' otherwise impassive face, watching the frosty shine come in his blue eyes as he picked up the queen of spades. He was as fine and friendly an old gentleman as ever paraphrased a sermon for the church page, but he had a temper; in a hearts game he had a terrible temper.

Most of the lights had been extinguished in the city room, and the shadows hung close around the city desk. It was so quiet that the ringing of the telephone was startlingly loud. Bob Farley stretched out a languid hand for the receiver, and Harry Whiteside and Roger Jay stared at their cards.

"City desk?" Bob Farley said, and the grin faded. "Yes. What? *What?*"

There was a breathless compulsion in his tone. Bob Farley dropped the receiver on the hook, and said in a whisper, "The Old Man is dead." His face was pale. He jumped to his feet and suddenly found his voice in a tremendous shout, "Forrest C. Willshire is dead!"

The shout penetrated to the office of the managing editor, and Jack Morton came bounding through the door. "What's that you said?"

Arthur was already on the job, saying to Harry Whiteside, "Hop into the library and get the prepared obituary."

"The butler just called," Bob Farley told Jack Morton. "Found him dead in his study just a minute ago."

"There's a prepared obit in the files," Jack Morton said crisply. His eyes darted about the office. "Get pictures. Who's going to write it?"

"Harry Whiteside," Arthur said.

"Does Mrs. Willshire know he's dead?"

"I suppose she's in the country," Arthur said. He turned to Roger Jay: "Run up to the penthouse and get all you can from the butler. Step on it."

"Where the hell is Percy Chambron?" the managing editor asked. He went to the make-up desk and snatched up an interoffice telephone. He ordered the presses stopped.

Harry Whiteside appeared in the door of the library and waved frantically to Arthur.

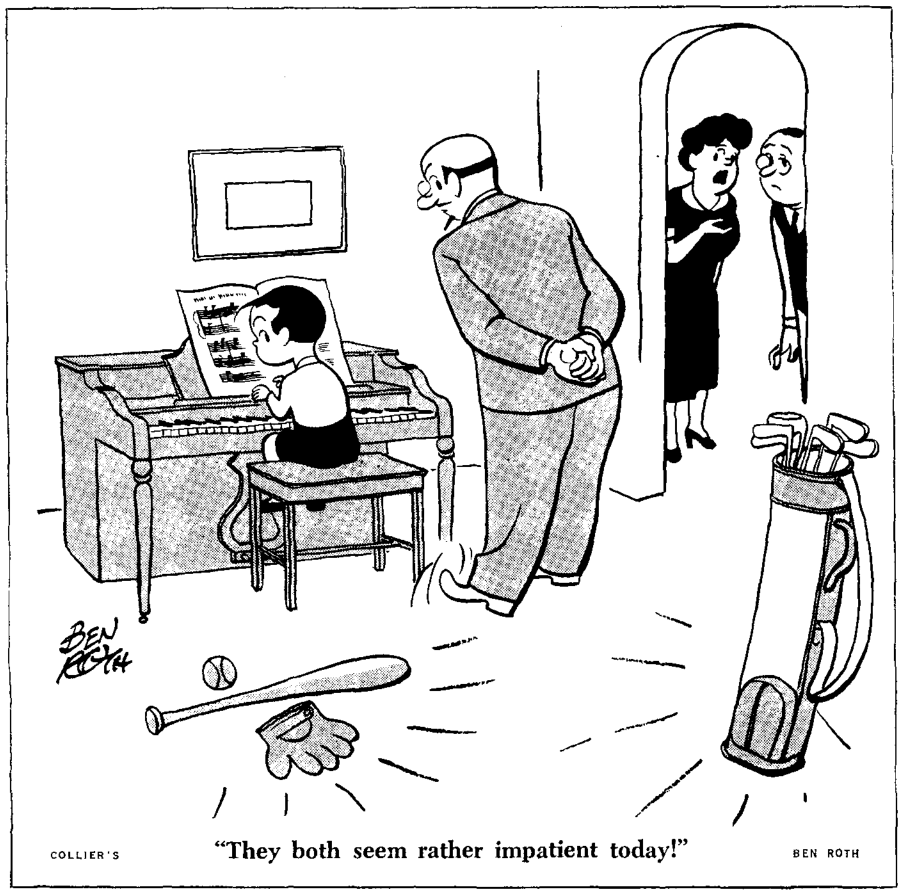
"The dope of a librarian is out for a drink," Harry said. "As usual."

ARTHUR went to the prepared obituary filing case, pulled out the W drawer, and slid his thumb along the folders. *Willshire, Forrest Chandler.* He pulled it out and opened it as he hurried back to the city desk. Inside the folder he found a manila envelope. Written on it in longhand was: *To be opened only on the occasion of the death of Forrest C. Willshire.*

"Look at this," Arthur said. "Isn't that the Old Man's handwriting?" He ripped open the envelope and took out a sheaf of foolscap pages, neatly folded, and closely covered with the strong, looping handwriting of Forrest C. Willshire.

"Jack," Arthur said. "He wrote his own obit. Here it is, in longhand. Pages of it."

"I knew we had something," the managing editor said. "I remember when he filed it, but I never knew he wrote it himself." He took the pages from Arthur, glanced at them. "We'll run it in full. Whiteside, you write a lead about



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his death. Survivors and all that, then a 3-em dash and pick up this stuff." He sat down, spread the pages on the city desk and began reading, passing each page to Arthur as he finished it.

Forrest C. Willshire was born in Nashville, Tenn., on October 20, 1873, the son of Allison Fordyce Willshire, major in the Army of the Confederate States of America, and Mrs. Virginia Chandler Willshire.

"He was a newspaperman, first and last," Jack Morton said. "We'll run it in full, of course, with a black border around it, and a black border on page one, too."

"I don't believe the Old Man would have liked that," Bob Farley said.

Jack Morton grinned. "But the widow will." He passed the obit to Arthur and said, "Read copy on it, Arty. I'd better call Mrs. Willshire right away." He walked off toward his office.

ARTHUR picked up a pencil and sat at the city desk. As he read each page he passed it on to Harry Whiteside to look over for his story. It was interesting reading, aside from the flowery style of the writing, and it was the first Arthur had known that the Old Man had made the Run into the Cherokee Outlet in 1893.

On reading of the proposed Run into the Cherokee Outlet, he was struck with a fancy to see this unique experiment in civilization. Being young, and of a romantic disposition that persisted throughout his life—Arthur's eyebrows went up—*the thought appealed to him that he was given the opportunity to see the germination of a new plant of Western culture and to watch it grow. He determined to be a citizen of some new and historyless community, and to journey westward with the one resolution in his mind to remain at all times objective, not to let his own interests and desires turn him into that selfish rut which is the common lot of humanity.*

If he was able at all times to preserve an entirely objective viewpoint, young Willshire decided he would live the lives of all these people in this new town. He would watch them, study them, observe the growth of a community from seed to fruit.

Harry Whiteside was shaking his head. "What corn, Arty!"

There was a paragraph about the Run, and then the obituary related how Mr. Willshire had founded a weekly newspaper in a little town in the Indian Territory.

Jack Morton returned from his office. "Got a start on the story yet?"

"I'm waiting for Roger Jay," Harry explained. "Don't know what the Old Man died of yet."

"Leave it blank," Jack Morton said. "They can write it in on the copy desk. Got the survivors?"

"Not yet."

"Well, there's the widow," Jack Morton said. "And his daughter-in-law, Mrs. F. C. Willshire, Jr. She's down in Florida somewhere. And then there's the new owner of the paper."

Every head was turned toward the managing editor. "His granddaughter Emily," Jack said. "I happen to know he left the paper to her."

"Never heard of her," Arthur said.

"She's just a kid, Arty. Twenty-four or -five."

"Good Lord!" said Harry Whiteside. "For a minute it looked like we were getting a break. Polish up your adjectives, boys, we got a woman owner."

"It could be worse," Jack Morton said. "It could be the widow, you know."

Mark Titus, the church editor, gave his head a solemn shake. "You iconoclastic boys," he said with a shocked air.

Jack Morton grinned and said to Arthur, "How does the obit read, Arty?"

"Complete, at least," Arthur said. "I'm reading now how he made his money."

"Oil business," Jack Morton said.

"That's right. He had a weekly paper in Euclid, Oklahoma, and while he was wandering around being objective he came across a creek so oily his horse wouldn't drink the water. He drilled a well and struck it big back in 1909."

"Does it say how much he got for the Willshire Petroleum Company when he sold out?" Jack Morton asked.

Arthur shook his head. "I don't see it."

"It was eighteen million dollars," Jack Morton said. "Put that in."

"It was nearer nineteen," Harry Whiteside said. "I come from the oil country, and that's history."

Roger Jay appeared from the direction of the elevators, walking very fast. Harry Whiteside called out, "Hurry up, Roger, we've got to get this cleaned up. What did he die of? Heart?"

"No," Roger said. "Head."

"Head?" Jack Morton stared at him.

"Head is right," Roger said, and added the remark he had obviously treasured all the way down from the penthouse. "There was a bullet in it."

There was complete silence. Roger shrugged his shoulders and said, "I think we'd better call the cops."

Jack Morton cleared his throat. "You mean he was shot, Roger?"

"Suicide, I guess," Roger said. "The gun was on the floor beside him."

Jack Morton looked at Bob Farley. "Better call Police Headquarters. No, wait a minute. Call Homicide, and let me talk to Bill Madigan. We've got to keep this out of the papers, if we can." He pointed at Harry Whiteside. "Soon as you finish your story, call up the Record-Star and read it to them. If they ask what he died of, just say you don't know. Say he dropped dead."

"Well, what do you know about that?" Mark Titus said. He still had a shocked look. "The Old Man is the last one in the world . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Yes," Arthur said. "Still, he's the last one I'd ever take for a sentimentalist. Read his obit when the paper comes up."

The managing editor carried on a low-voiced conversation with Lieutenant Madigan and said to Arthur after he had hung up, "He'll be right up. Send somebody up to the penthouse, Arty."

Arthur nodded to the assistant city editor, and Carl Rome started for the elevator. "Jack," Arthur said, "how do you think you can keep this out of the papers?"

"Well, maybe we can get it reported accidental," Jack Morton said. "At least we can hold it off tonight, I hope. Hurry that copy along, Arty." He strode abruptly away toward the stairs leading down to the composing room.

"Arty," Harry Whiteside said, "let me have a look at the rest of that obit."

Arthur passed over the other pages and said, "Look them over and shoot them down, Harry. You read copy, Bob, will you?"

THE copy moved fast. By 1:45 the page forms had been locked, and Jack Morton returned with Percy Chambron, the night managing editor. Wherever Percy had been, the mysterious instinct which guided him and usually showed him which way to jump a split second ahead of his fellows apparently had served him again, for he had gone straight to the composing room instead of returning to the city room, and had not reappeared until the new front page, black-bordered, had been made up.

"I think it will look all right," Jack Morton said. "Heard anything from the cops, Arty?"

"They're upstairs," Bob Farley said. "Carl Rome just called."

"I'm going up," Jack said. "You want to give that obit a careful check when the paper comes up, Arty?"

"Things are going to be different

around here," Percy Chambron said. "He was a great man, a great man."

"He was," Mark Titus said gravely.

He had been, at least, an interesting man. It was hard to reconcile the young idealist of the earlier part of the prepared obituary with the owner of the Courier, a man who had used power ruthlessly, and yet Arthur believed the obit had been honestly written. Somewhere along the line Forrest C. Willshire had changed his basic attitude, and perhaps the reason for it was money—more than eighteen million paid for the company he had built up from one wildcat lease in unproved oil territory.

Copy boys brought up bundles of papers and distributed them quickly about the office. Arthur read the story over; it looked all right. For the next day or so, until after the funeral, news not concerned with the death of Forrest C. Willshire would be closely budgeted for space. Arthur thought that probably the Old Man would have wanted full coverage on the trial of Sam Clymer, the bookie, and he left a memo for Joe Beckett to be assigned to it. That reminded him that there had been no word from Joe.

JACK MORTON returned to the city room with a big, round-faced, pug-nosed man, who carried himself awkwardly and smiled always a little sheepishly. He looked dumb, but Arthur knew he was not. He was Lieutenant William Madigan of Homicide, a friendly drinker who was often at the bar at Gilligan's, across the street.

"Hi, Arty," the detective said. "What did the old guy conk himself off for?"

"It was suicide, was it?" Arthur asked.

"Could be."

"An old Smith & Wesson he carried back in the oil-field days," Jack Morton said. "I've seen that gun before. I think he was oiling it and it went off."

"Yeah?" Lieutenant Madigan said.

"You going to report it that way, Bill?" Jack Morton looked steadily at the detective. "Can't you hold it open for a day or so, until after the funeral? I'll talk to the widow. The funeral can be held tomorrow afternoon."

"Got to have an autopsy first," Lieutenant Madigan said. "And you know, reporters are waiting downstairs now, to see why there was a police call to the Courier building. What do you expect me to tell 'em?"

"Tell 'em you're holding it open," Jack said. "Tell 'em it may have been accidental."

"I'll see about it," Lieutenant Madigan said. He grinned at Arthur. "Mind if I take one of the papers?"

"Help yourself, Bill."

"I'll just take it along," Lieutenant Madigan said. "So long, guys."

Jack Morton watched Arthur put on his coat and hat. "Going home?" he asked.

"I think so."

"Been quite a night." Jack's eyes had a watchful expression, Arthur thought. "Hold down the local stuff tomorrow, Arty, much as you can."

"Yeah," Arthur said. "Except for the Sam Clymer story. I'll have Joe Beckett keep after that."

"Joe Beckett?" Jack Morton said. "Thought you fired him."

"I rehired him," Arthur said. "Jack, just what was the layout upstairs?"

Jack frowned, lighted a cigarette. "You've never been up to the penthouse?"

"No."

"Well, it's pretty small: two bedrooms, dining room and living room, and the Old Man's study. The butler had been out to the movies or something, and he came back and found all the lights on. The Old Man was on the floor in his study, in front of his desk. Typical case, the medical examiner said. Powder burns and all that. Gun beside him. Dead about an hour. That is, he shot himself about half past twelve."

"It was suicide then?" Arthur asked.

"I guess so. There was some sort of note, Arty."

"Oh?"

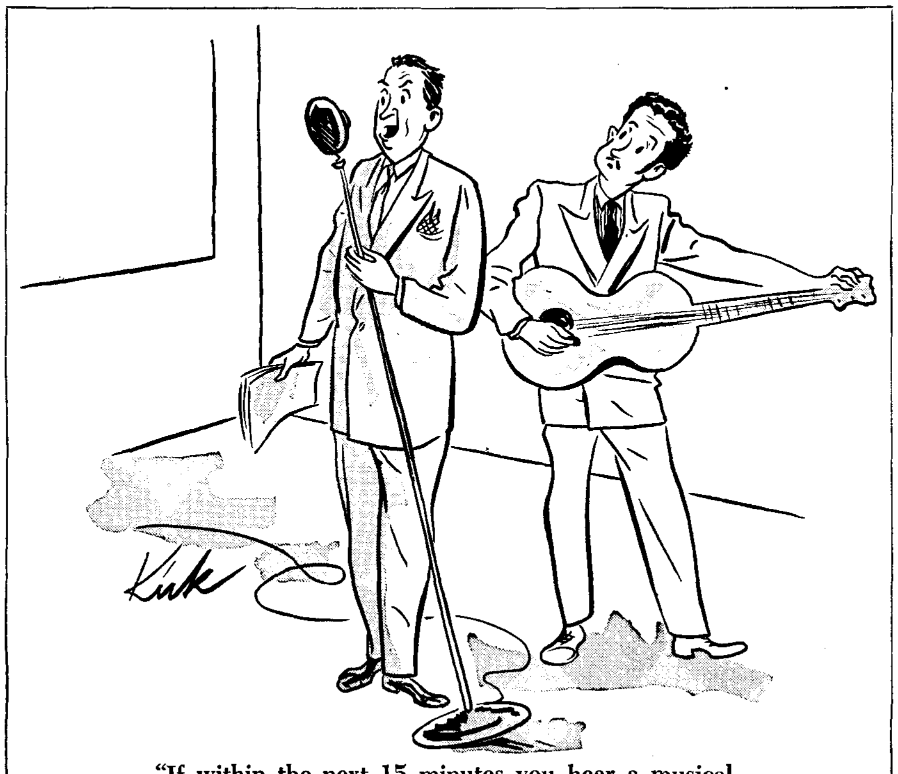
"If I'd gone up right away, before the cops came, I'd have swiped that note," Jack said.

"What did it say?"

"Not much, Arty. It was kind of confused. Ambiguous. A little philosophizing about life and death and failure. In the Old Man's handwriting, but I didn't admit that to the cops." The managing editor's sentences were short and nervous. "Madigan's got his boys at work. Grilling the elevator operators, taking fingerprints, all that stuff. He's a thorough dick."

"Yes," Arthur said. "Did you get in touch with Mrs. Willshire, Jack?"

"Sure. She was out at her home on Long Island. Took it all right, considering. She's in her seventies, herself." He slapped Arthur's shoulder lightly. "Well,



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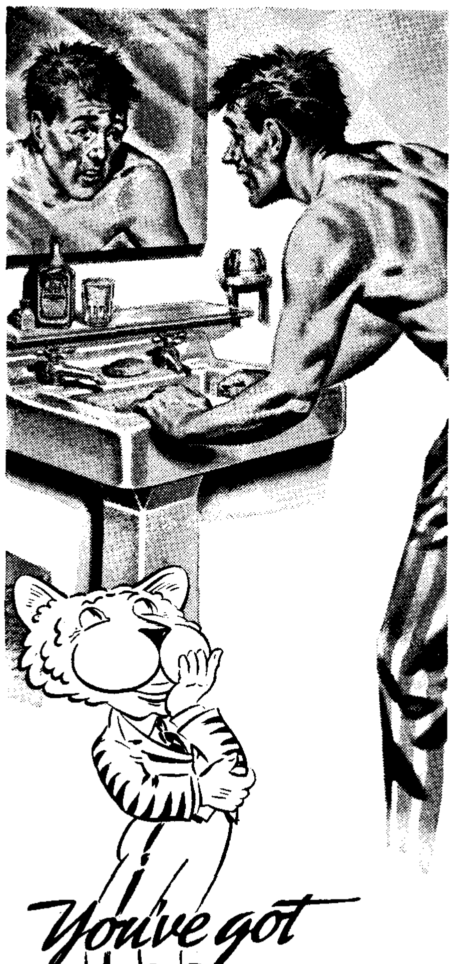

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get some sleep. And, Arty, we might as well let Sam Clymer go for the time being. Without the Old Man in there writing editorials, the sting has gone out of that. What's more, what's so terrible about bookies? What would we do without them?"

Arthur did not answer. The managing editor was not going to dictate what local stories he would cover. Morton could throw them out of the paper if he liked, but Arthur would decide what to cover. He folded two of the papers and tucked them under his arm. "Good night, Jack."

ARTHUR realized, as he went out to the street, that he was weary. He was too tired to go on searching for Joe Beckett. Joe would see the paper, and that would be explanation enough.

He took a cab to his place on Christopher Street. As he got out of the elevator he heard the telephone ringing. Since he had become city editor, he missed the luxury of allowing a telephone to ring unanswered. He must answer every call now. He hurriedly unlocked the door and raced to the phone. He snatched up the receiver and said, "Hello."

Joe Beckett's voice said, "I heard you were looking for me."

"Listen, I was trying to find you to tell you I never intended to fire you. Permanently, I mean. I was just going to put you back on the pay roll day after tomorrow, and he'd never know you from Adam."

"He will now," Joe said somberly. "I was up to see him tonight."

"You were what?"

"I was drunk, Arty."

"You said you were up to see him. You mean Forrest C. Willshire?"

"Yeah. I was a damn' fool, Arty, I guess. I was pretty tight and I was pretty sore so I decided I'd take him a present."

"What time was that?" Arthur asked quickly.

"Oh, I don't know. I bought him an ash tray for a present, Arty, a nice chromium job, and I stopped in a late jeweler's and had a little inscription engraved on it, and then I took it up and gave it to the Old Man."

"Oh, well, forget it," Arthur said.

Joe chuckled. "*He* won't forget it, Arty. I made a little speech about brass checks and so forth, and—"

"Joe," Arthur said steadily. "The Old Man is dead."

"*Dead,* Arty? You kidding? Why, I saw him just a . . ." Joe's voice stopped uncertainly.

"He was found tonight with a bullet in his head," Arthur said.

"A bullet? Shot? You mean shot, Arty?"

"I mean shot," Arthur said.

"Good God!" Joe Beckett said. "Good God, Arty! *I* didn't shoot him!"

"He shot himself," Arthur said.

"Oh."

"So you've got your job back," Arthur said. "I want you to cover Sam Clymer's trial tomorrow."

"Okay, Arty."

"Meanwhile, you'd better get some sleep."

As he hung up the receiver, Arthur felt depressed; he did not at once know why. He took a bottle of beer from the refrigerator and carried it to a table in the living room, where he opened out the newspaper and looked once again at the obituary of Forrest C. Willshire. The thing that interested him was that the old man should have written his obituary in the first place; he was the sort of executive who might be expected to delegate death itself to a subordinate. And it was surprising that, in writing it, he had remembered the ideals of his youth at all.

He finished the bottle of beer and undressed, and as he lay in bed with the light out, his thoughts returned to Forrest C. Willshire and to the visit Joe Beckett had made to the penthouse just before the Old Man shot himself.

When Arthur reached the city room of the Courier at noon the next day it was plain that the suicide of the owner of the newspaper would not be a secret for long. Printers were talking about it in the elevator, and members of the staff formed busy groups in the city room.

Arthur went at once into conference with Steve Bell, the day city editor, who quickly summarized the day's assignments for him. The funeral had been arranged for that afternoon, to get Mr. Willshire buried before his name became police news.

Arthur sent a copy boy to call Sue Wharton.

"You're going to cover the funeral," he told her.

"Arthur, funerals depress me," Sue said. "I mean I've got a terrible headache already, and . . ."

He looked up at her; she had never tried to beg off an assignment before. He saw that her hands were clasped nervously together.

"That's your assignment, Sue."

He passed out the other assignments. Three other reporters were covering the funeral, and the rest of the assignment schedule had been cut to a minimum. Arthur reached for the afternoon papers, piled on a corner of his desk. They had the news in their first editions that Forrest C. Willshire had been found dead at midnight in his penthouse on top of the Courier building, a bullet through his head. They quoted police as saying that the death was "apparently accidental."

Mark Titus, the religious editor, brought a copy of the Evening Globe to the city desk and said to Arthur, "I hate to see it all brought out. He was a fine man, Arty. I know he was a little crotchety, but he was a fine man. If he shot himself there was a good reason for it."

"Maybe it *was* an accident."

Mark Titus shook his head. "Forrest C. Willshire was never a careless man, Arthur."

JACK MORTON returned from the funeral at four o'clock and called Arthur into his office. He had talked with the widow, he said, and the story was to be treated like any other story. That is, he said with a grin, somewhere in the story, say about the next to last paragraph, it could be inserted that Mr. Willshire had met his death accidentally.

"Jack," Arthur said. "I wonder if there's more here than meets the eye."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, as Mark Titus said, he never was a careless man."

Jack Morton shrugged his shoulders. "It was suicide, all right."

"That's pretty careless," Arthur said. "Shooting himself."

"He left a note, didn't he?" Jack looked steadily at Arthur for a moment, then he grinned his casual, boyish grin. "You'd better save your speculation for the future," he said. "All of our futures. We've got a new owner now. What I'm speculating about is Miss Emily Willshire."

"What do you know about her, Jack?" Arthur asked.

"I never saw the girl, Arty. She's been living down in Florida with her mother. Her father died years ago."

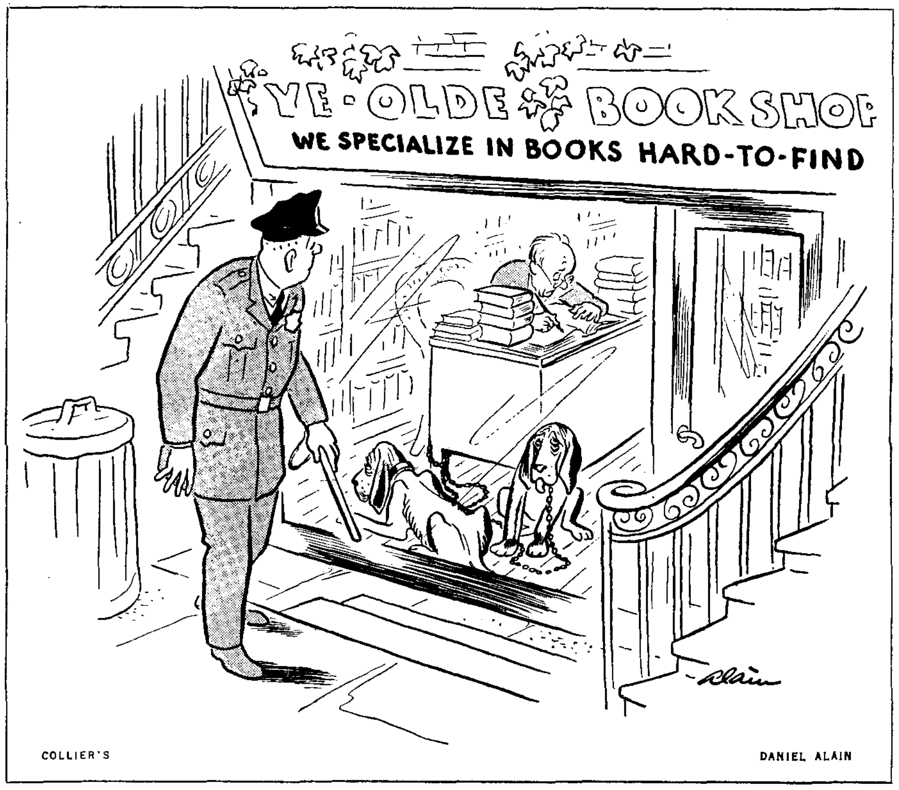
"And she's twenty-five years old?"

"Thereabouts." Jack Morton lighted a cigarette. "The chances are she won't have the slightest interest in the Courier. The chances are that things will go on as they always have, but you never can tell, Arty. She's a Willshire."

It was something to speculate about, and the whole staff of the Courier was speculating. Sue Wharton reported when she returned from the funeral that Emily Willshire had not been among the mourners, nor had her mother. Their plane from Florida had been delayed by bad weather, she said. . . .

Most of the funeral copy had been sent along when Joe Beckett came up to report on the Sam Clymer case. Joe was pale and had the subdued look of a man obviously badly hung over. Sam Clymer was in trouble because of the unrelenting campaign Forrest C. Willshire had carried on against bookmakers in the news and editorial columns of the Courier—a campaign so uncompromising that he had even called in police to put a stop to the printers' pool at the Courier. The immediate result had been that Jack Morton had gone to bat to keep Ned Meyer, who operated the printers' pool, out of magistrates court; and the end result had been that Sam Clymer was now engaged in proving that he had no connection with a Forty-fifth Street office, where police had found seventeen telephones, two tickers, and various other paraphernalia of the betting rooms. Sam Clymer had been on the stand that day, and Arthur told Joe to write the best story he could inside a column. . . .

At half past seven Sue Wharton had finished her work, and Arthur went to dinner with her in the cafeteria on the twelfth floor. She was pale and seemed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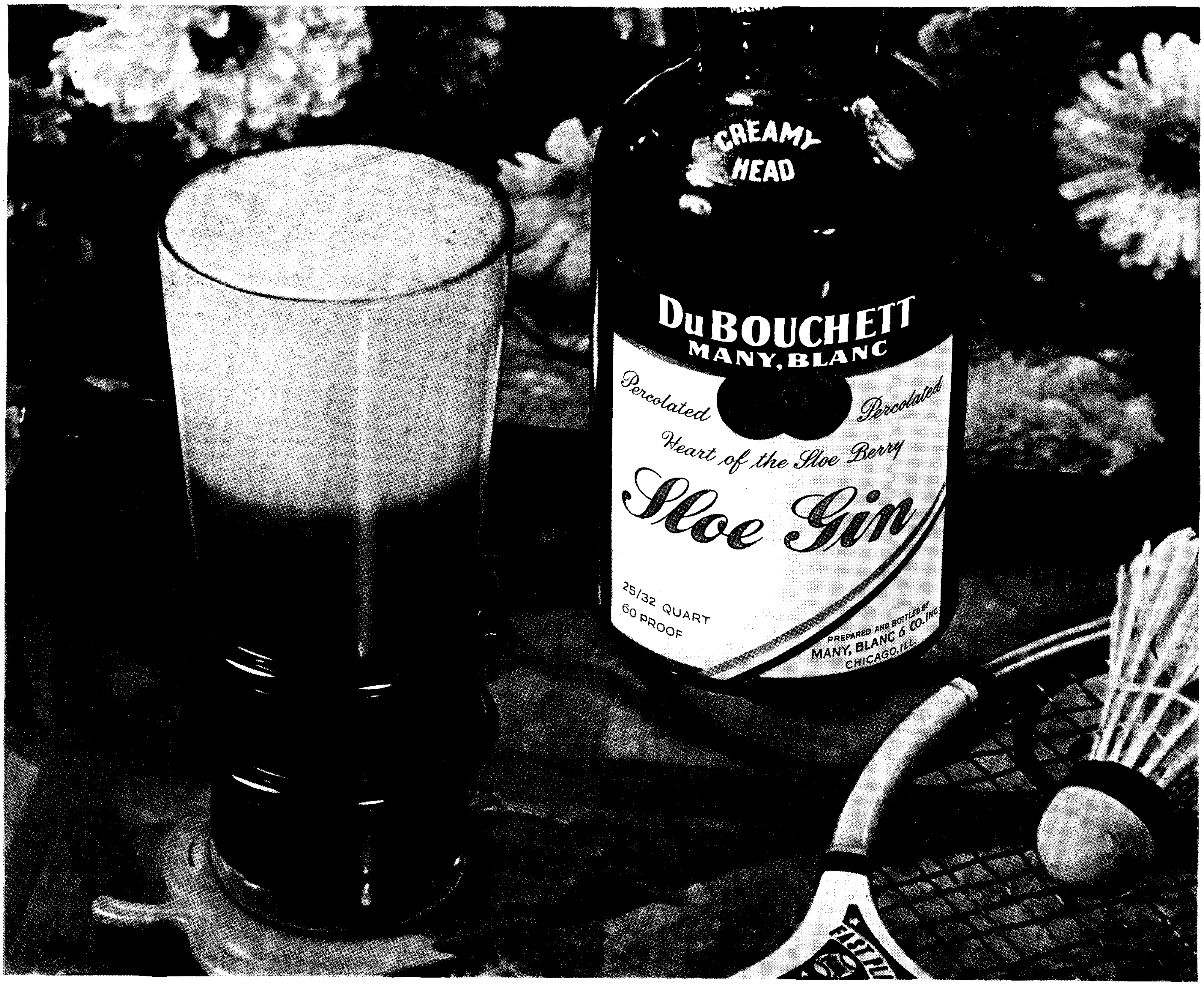
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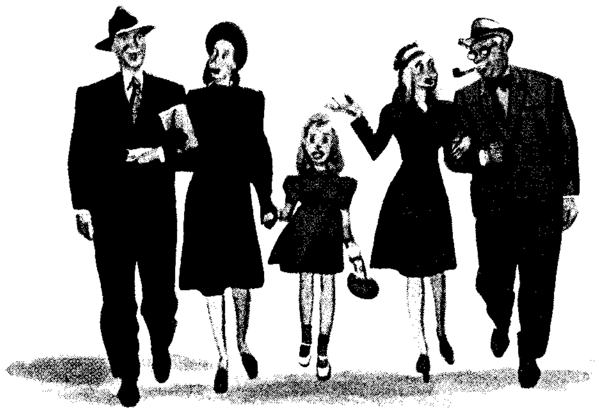

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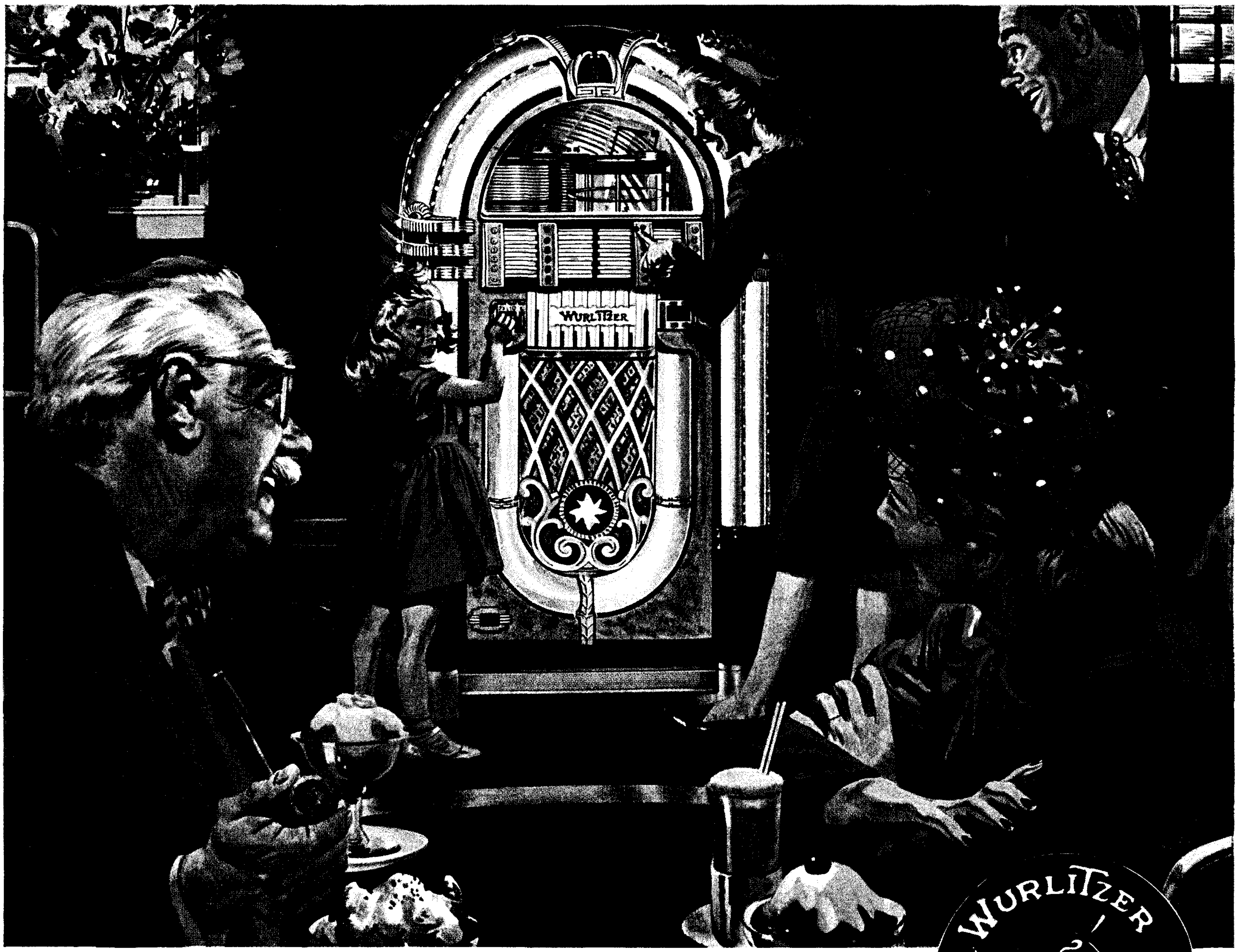

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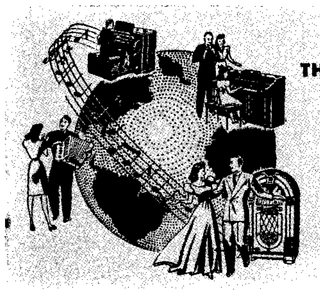

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tired. Arthur got them each a bottle of beer.

"Was my copy pretty bad, Arthur?"

"No, it was fine. You always do a competent job, Sue. You shouldn't bedevil yourself so much."

"I have to have plenty of sleep to be any good," she said.

"You did all right. Drink your beer." He raised his glass. "Well, here's to Forrest C. Willshire."

"Better make it Emily Willshire," Sue said. "In other words, here's to trouble."

"You talk as if you know her."

Sue seemed to hesitate an instant before she shook her head. "I know my sex," she said, and finished her beer.

Later, as they were having coffee, she asked, "Did you find Joe Beckett last night, Arthur?"

"I didn't need to," Arthur said. "In view of what happened."

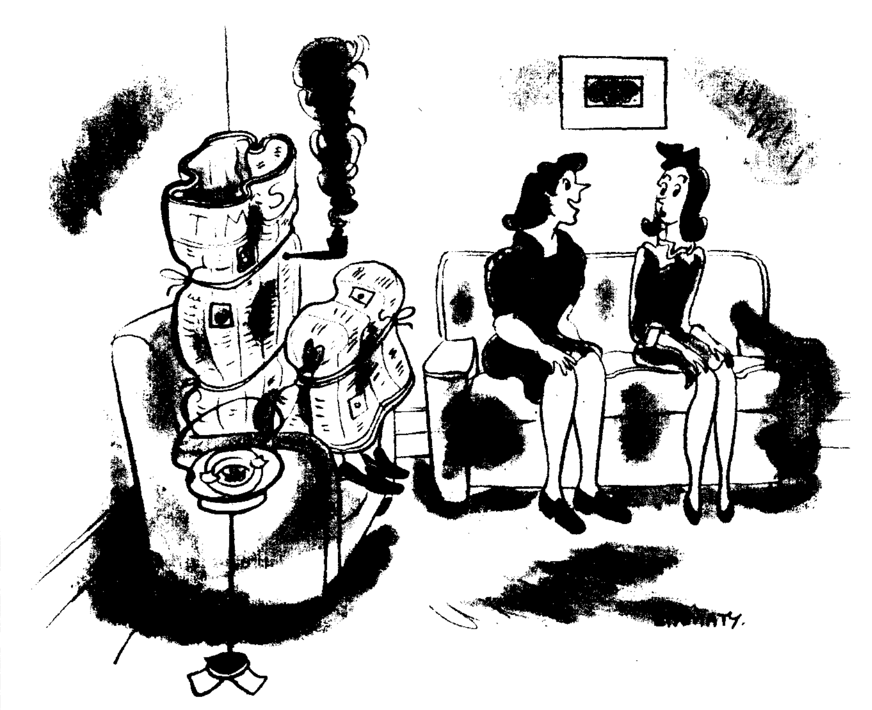
"I suppose not." Her blue eyes met his. "Did you find him, though?"

"Sure, I found him," Arthur said. "You notice he was on the job today."

Arthur glanced at his watch; he had no wish to discuss Joe Beckett's activities of the night before. "Got to get back downstairs, Sue," he said. "Coming?"

"You go ahead, Arthur. When I finish my coffee I think I'll go on home."

Arthur picked up her check and paid it with his at the cashier's desk. He took the elevator down to the fourth floor. On his desk he found the layout which showed the make-up of the front page. The Willshire funeral was the only local story on page one. He glanced over at Bob Farley, who had attended the seven-thirty conference with Jack Morton and Percy Chambron at which the day's news was discussed and the news play decided.



"Every evening John gets all wrapped up in his newspaper"

COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

"Didn't you speak up for the Clymer story, Bob?"

"Sure," Bob said. "I spoke up. Mr. Morton said to hell with it, and of course Percy played along."

Arthur turned and walked quickly to the managing editor's office.

"Say, Jack, what's the matter with the Clymer story?"

"No room," Jack said.

"The Old Man had an interest in that story," Arthur said. "He'd have liked to see it on page one."

"It was the Old Man's personal campaign. Who's going to carry it on now?"

"It's still a good news story," Arthur said. "Sam Clymer was on the stand today."

"We'll use a couple of sticks inside somewhere," Jack Morton said casually.

"A couple of sticks! The story runs a column, Jack."

"Better have it cut down then, if you want to get it in the paper."

Arthur met Jack's eyes, nodded, and turned away. Jack Morton was managing editor, and it was his province to decide what news play a story should have. Arthur walked glumly back to the city desk.

Herby, the head copy boy, was waiting for him. "Somebody outside to see you, Mr. Leslie. A Miss Carter."

"I don't know any Miss Carter. What does she want?"

"Wants a job, I guess."

Arthur groaned and glanced around. His eye fell on Harry Whiteside. "Somebody outside wants a job," Arthur said. "Go out and interview her, will you, Harry? Just tell her to leave her name. Brush her off."

Harry put on his coat and started out to the reception desk, and Arthur picked up the story slugged bookie. He carried it over to Joe Beckett's desk and dropped it in front of Joe. "Cut it to three paragraphs, Joe," he said.

"Huh?"

"That's orders," Arthur said, and walked gloomily away. He sat down again and lighted a cigarette, but he had not yet smoked it through when he felt a light tap on his shoulder. Harry Whiteside was there, with a young woman in a hat as tall as Abraham Lincoln's.

"Arty, this is Miss Carter," Harry said. "Marilyn Carter."

"Harry . . ." Arthur began, fixing a venomous look on the rewrite man.

"She's got a letter for you, Arty," Harry said.

"I can't help that," Arthur said. "I'm busy."

"A letter from Miss Emily Willshire," Harry said. "The new owner of the paper. Remember?"

The girl came a step forward, smiling faintly, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Leslie?"

Arthur got slowly to his feet. She was holding out an envelope, and he took it from her hand and broke the seal. He gave her a quick, unfriendly glance as he opened out the letter. The brief note said: *Dear Mr. Leslie: The bearer is my friend and classmate, Marilyn Carter. Will you please find a place for her as a reporter on the staff? Sincerely, Emily Willshire.*

Arthur stared at the note and felt the color rising in his face. He remembered what Joe Beckett had said about the devil and the deep blue sea, the devil being the front office. He crumpled the note and dropped it in the wastebasket.

"Sorry," he said. "I have no opening on the staff now, Miss Carter. If you'll leave your name . . ."

Harry Whiteside raised his eyebrows, gave his head an admiring shake, and walked away. Arthur became aware that the girl was standing very still, and he turned and met her eyes. "But Miss Willshire said I was to have a job."

They faced each other and for a moment neither spoke, then she spread her hands slightly. "At least," she said, "I think you ought to listen to my qualifications, don't you?"

"Of course I'll listen," Arthur said. "But I simply can't take anyone on now. I operate on a budget, you understand, and it allows for just so many reporters, and no more."

The lifting of her head brought her chin up in a firm, defiant line. She had a good deal of chin, Arthur noticed. Not that she wasn't good-looking, but she definitely had a good deal of chin, even if there was a dimple in it.

"I'm a graduate of journalism school," she said. "It's true that I haven't had experience on a metropolitan paper, but I'm willing to work for very little while I'm learning. I think I have ideas, and—"

"Have you had *any* experience on *any* paper?" Arthur demanded.

"I was editor of my college paper, Mr. Leslie, and—"

"No experience at all, is that it? Now listen, Miss Carter, don't you know that some men work for years to get the experience that will take them to a New York paper? This is tops in journalism, and there isn't any short cut. My advice to you is to get a job out of town, get a couple of years' experience, and then come in and see me."

She met his hostile eyes, and suddenly turned away.

ARTHUR sat down at his desk. It had begun already. Forrest C. Willshire had hardly been decently buried before his granddaughter began moving in to take control. Almost the moment she got off the plane from Florida she must have sat herself down and dashed off her imperial command to the city editor. He'd better start looking for another job, he decided; he couldn't stick it out here very long.

"Hey, look!" Bob Farley said, his red lips grinning.

Arthur glanced up and Bob whistled softly. "Straight into the managing editor's office," he said. "She asked me where it was and made a beeline for it."

Arthur swung his chair around slightly, so that he could see the door of the managing editor's office. In about five minutes the girl came out and walked quickly across the city room, without glancing at Arthur. Jack Morton came to the doorway and watched her go, then he approached the city desk, shaking his head.

"Come in my office, will you, Arty?"

"You want me to take her on, I suppose?"

"You got a note from Miss Willshire, didn't you, Arty?"

Arthur pointed to the wastebasket.

Jack Morton smoothed his mustache. "Well, I just had a call from her, while I was talking to the girl. She means it, Arty, and we'll have to put her on."

"Want me to fire somebody to make room?" Arthur asked. "Is that it? Well, like hell I will."

"Miss Willshire increased your budget to take care of it, Arty," Jack Morton said. "I told the girl to report tomorrow morning."

"I see."

"Sorry to go over your head," Jack said. "It's over my head, too."

"I see," Arthur said.

"Now take it easy, Arty," Jack said. "Give her a chance. After all, it's Miss

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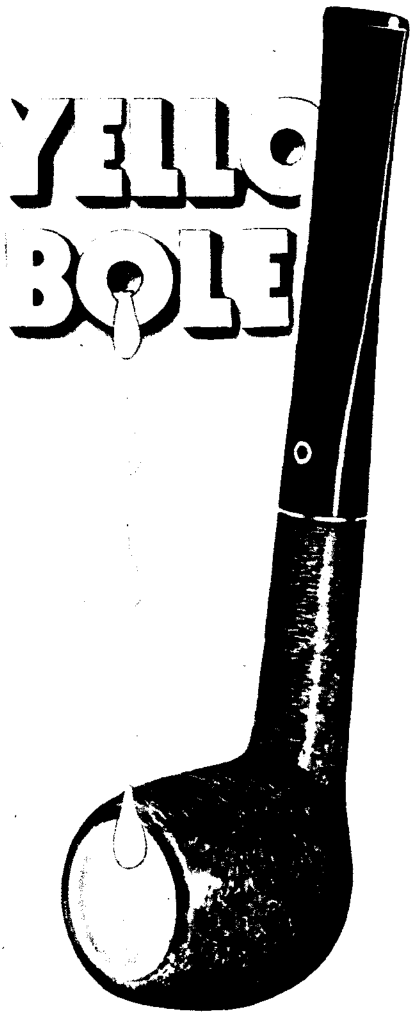

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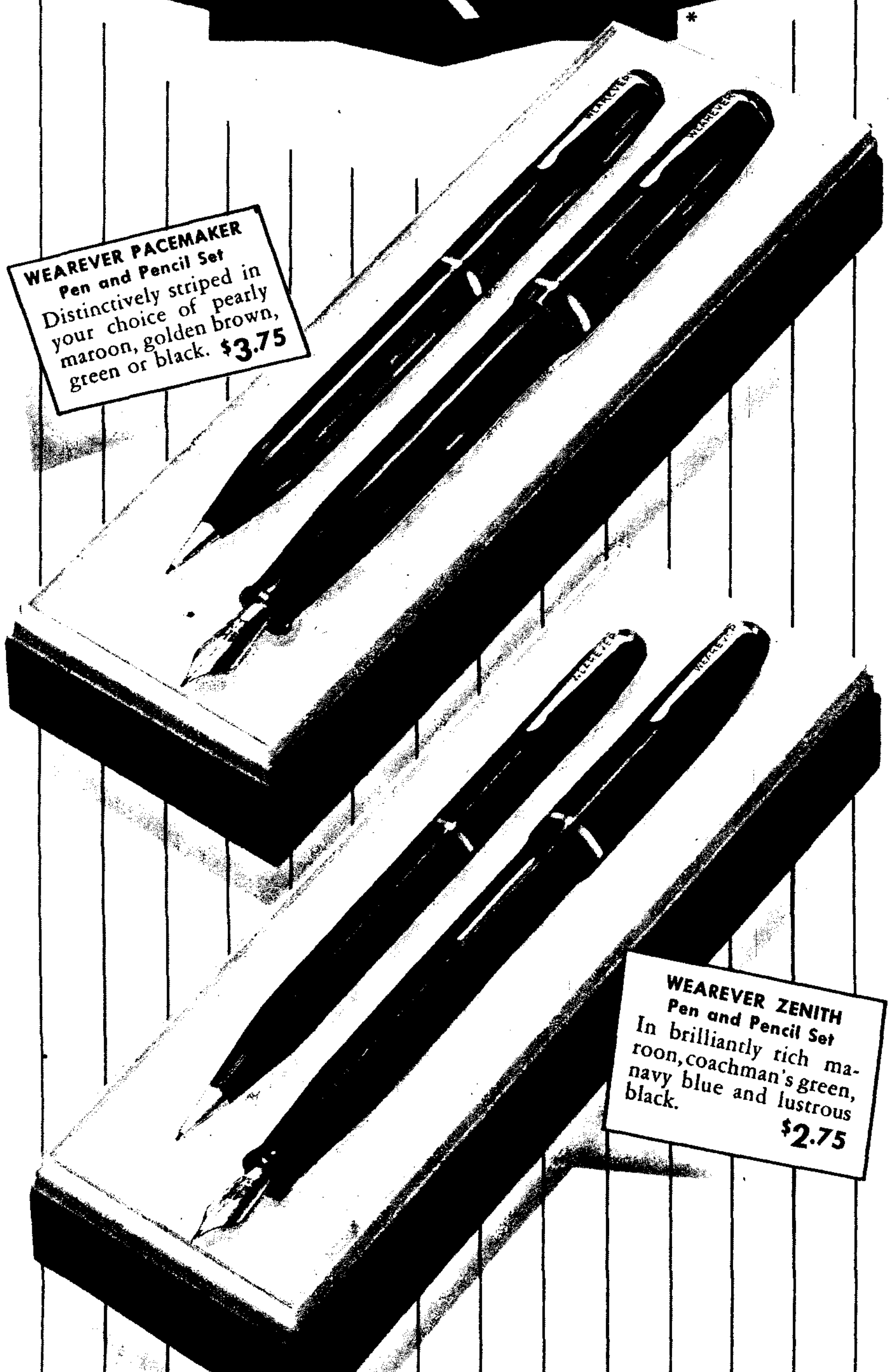

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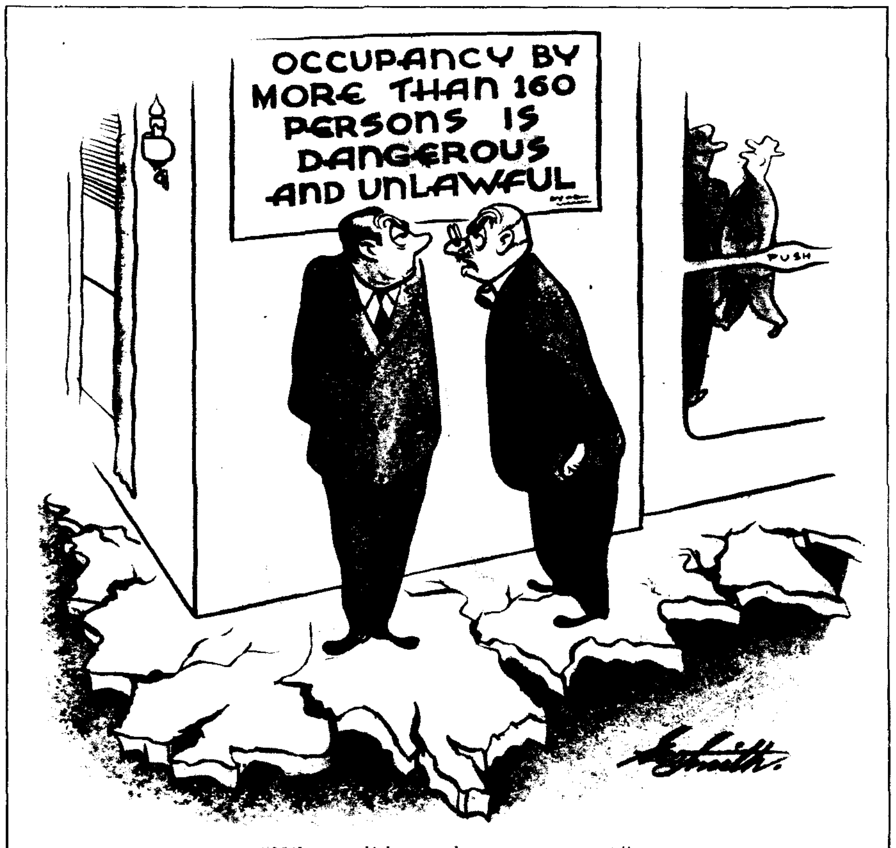

OCCUPANCY BY MORE THAN 160 PERSONS IS DANGEROUS AND UNLAWFUL
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COLLIER'S "Where did you learn to count?" GEORGE SMITH

Willshire's newspaper. I suppose she can hire anybody she likes."

"Okay," Arthur said, and shrugged his shoulders. "I'll give her a chance. But if she's no good, she's fired."

He walked slowly to Joe Beckett's desk, where Joe was cutting the Clymer story down. He shook his head thoughtfully and said, "You were right, Joe. The devil's on my tail. Let's go have us a drink."

They went to the bar across the street. Arthur was depressed, and after the second highball he said glumly, "There'll be a new city editor pretty soon. I can see what's coming, Joe."

"It's a living, don't forget."

Arthur signaled to Otto for another round. Joe poured his jigger of bourbon into the soda, stirred it, and scowled at his glass. "Arty," he said slowly. "I was a damned fool."

"Yes," Arthur said.

"Last night, I mean."

"I know what you mean."

Joe's speculative eyes turned toward Arthur's. "You mention it to anybody?"

"No."

"I'd just as soon forget it," Joe said. "I'm a little ashamed of that, Arty."

"All right," Arthur said. "It's forgotten."

"I was drunk," Joe said.

"I know."

"And it burned me up," Joe said. "When a twenty-dollar office desk outrates a trained reporter, I—"

"Forget it, Joe."

The first edition usually started coming off the presses at about twenty-five minutes past ten. At half past, Arthur went upstairs to get a paper. He checked over the funeral story, found a misspelled name—Sue Wharton's weakness—and sent a correction. Then he went home. He had not had enough sleep the night before, and he was tired, but he stopped at Vincent's for a nightcap and played two games of chess with Dr. Ruiz.

Later he walked to Sheridan Square and bought a copy of the Record-Star. He did not open it until he was in the elevator, on the way up to his apartment, and the two-column head that led the paper jumped out at him. WILLSHIRE A SUICIDE. The bank of the headline said *Publisher Left Note.*

Arthur went into his apartment and spread the paper out on the table, and his eyes skimmed along the column of type until he found the text of the note.

Death has a thousand doors for men to take their exit, and life as many corridors. It is when death is at hand and the door is opening that a man sums up the achievements of his life, and strikes a balance, and asks himself, "Have I or have I not failed?" Each man must make the answer for himself.

The note was unsigned, but it was in Forrest Willshire's hand, the Record-Star reported. It was written on a slip of legal foolscap, about four inches by nine, and was found tucked in the leather corner of the blotter on his desk. Police withheld the note, the Record-Star said, pending authentication of the handwriting, but the case was now listed as suicide.

Arthur had no doubt that Forrest C. Willshire was the author of the note. It had the pretentious, rather literary style of the obituary he had written. But still the note gave no clear reason for the Old Man's act, and the motive of it fascinated Arthur. Here was a man who had embarked somewhat quixotically upon his career, and had the perception to remember and appraise more than fifty years later. Here was a man who could remember the ideals of youth long after they had been abandoned. Here was a man who had turned somewhere along the line and sought power, acquired power, used it ruthlessly. Arthur would have liked a better explanation of why Mr. Willshire had taken his own life.

WHEN Marilyn Carter came into the office the next day, she was not wearing the Abraham Lincoln number, but a hat that looked equally as smart. Arthur examined her more carefully than he had the night before. She was quite small, just tiptoes over five feet, and her figure was the compact, well-rounded figure that small women often have. What Arthur did not like about her was the confident way she moved, her air of assurance as she approached the city desk. Her hazel eyes were bright, and her smile was quite guileless as she said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Leslie."

Arthur nodded. He did not get up from his chair. He pointed across the room. "Over there is a row of mailboxes. Your number is 124. Look often in your box for assignments, wire copy, "telephone messages, and so forth." He turned his head. "Boy!"

A copy boy hurried over and Arthur said, "This is Miss Carter, a new reporter. Show her where desk number 63 is." He met the hazel eyes. "When you're settled, come over and see me."

"Thank you," Marilyn Carter said, and followed the copy boy to her desk.

Steve Bell, the day city editor, said, "Not bad, Arty. Where did you find her?"

"Let me see the assignment sheet," Arthur said. He glanced down the row of entries. "How about the dedication of this statue in Central Park?" He looked out the window. "Looks like rain, doesn't it?"

"Or snow," Steve Bell said.

"Okay, send her out to Central Park."

Steve grinned. "What have you got against her, Arty?"

"Why nothing at all," Arthur said blandly, and raised his eyebrows. "She wants to learn the newspaper business, that's why she's here. By the way, Steve, Emily Willshire hired her."

"Oh-oh," Steve said. "It begins."

Marilyn Carter was on her way toward his desk, and Arthur took from the assignment basket a press release on the Central Park exercises and gave it to her. "This is your assignment, Miss Carter."

"Thank you. What do I do, Mr. Leslie? Do I telephone in when it's over?"

"No hurry," Arthur said. "Just come back in and write it."

She sat down in the chair beside his. "May I speak to you for a moment?"

"Sure."

"I hope you're not going to hold this against me, Mr. Leslie."

"Hold what against you?"

"Well, I wanted this job, and I was determined to get it any way I could. Do you blame me, Mr. Leslie?"

"You're on the staff now," Arthur said. "Just do your work."

Arthur lighted a cigarette after she had gone, and leaned back in his chair. His thoughts kept returning to the note Forrest C. Willshire had written, and the more he thought about it, the stranger the note seemed. No explanation, no apology; only a rather literary paragraph about death and failure. He got suddenly to his feet and walked out to the library. He signaled to Bob Kindel, the head librarian, and walked back among the rows of filing cases. Bob followed him.

"Bob, I'm curious about the Old Man's obit," Arthur said. "When was it filed?"

"Just a minute, Arty. I'll look it up. No, wait. I remember." Bob fixed his eyes on the ceiling. "It was just about a year ago. Remember when the Old Man was sick? That's when he wrote it, I guess. Anyhow, he brought it in himself on his first day back at work and asked me to file it."

Arthur went back to his desk and sat staring blankly at a calendar on the wall. Suddenly he turned and signaled to Herby, the head copy boy.

"Go downstairs and get me the copy—the original—on Forrest C. Willshire's obituary," he said.

ARTHUR leaned over and pulled a copy of yesterday's paper toward him. He glanced at the Willshire obituary. He knew it almost by heart now. It ended with his appointment, a few months ago, as library trustee, followed by a list of his directorships, clubs, and honorary degrees. He frowned, trying to remember the original obituary as he had read it, page by page. There had been frequent interruptions, and the latter part of it had been tacked on by Harry Whiteside, to bring it up to date. He could not remember where Willshire's obit had ended and Harry's material begun.

Herby returned. "Say, Mr. Leslie, I can't find the copy."

Arthur frowned. "Why not?"

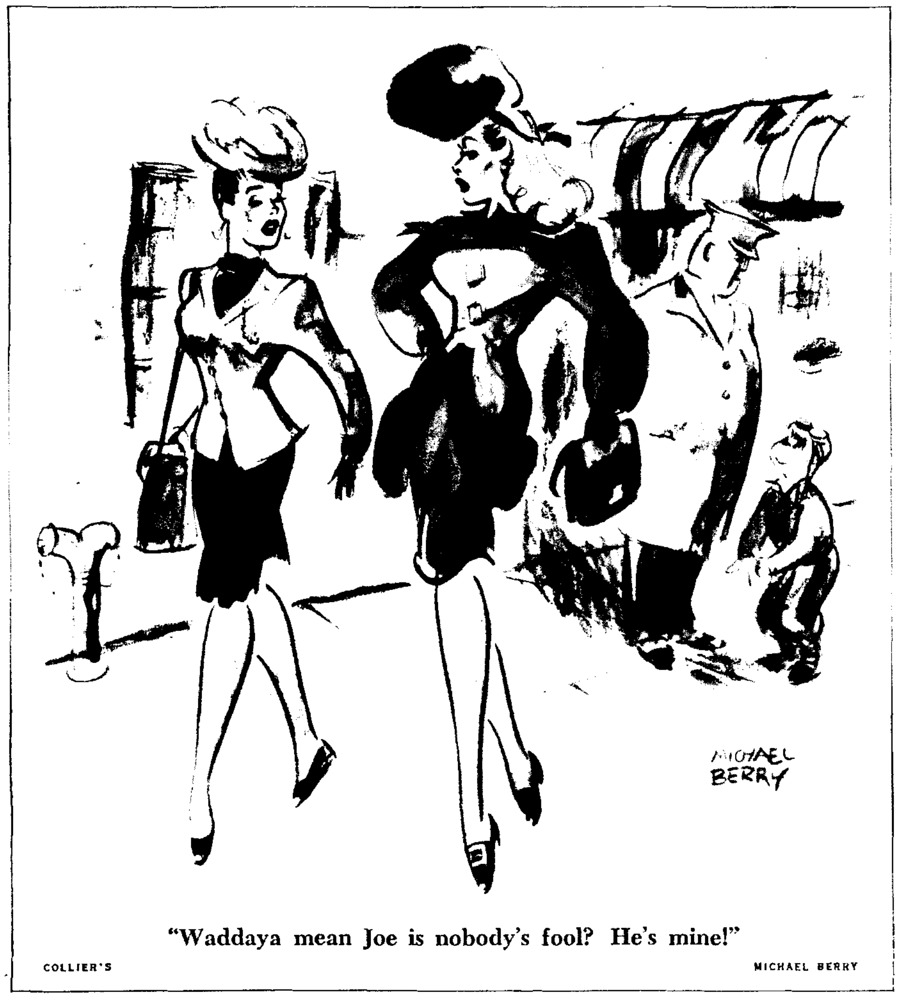
"Well, I asked down in the composing room. The fella didn't know where it was. He said he didn't know what happened to copy once it was set."

"It goes to the proofreaders, along with the proofs," Arthur said. "Wait a minute, I'll go with you."

They went down one flight to the proofroom, and Arthur said to an old man in an eyeshade, "I'm looking for some day-old copy."

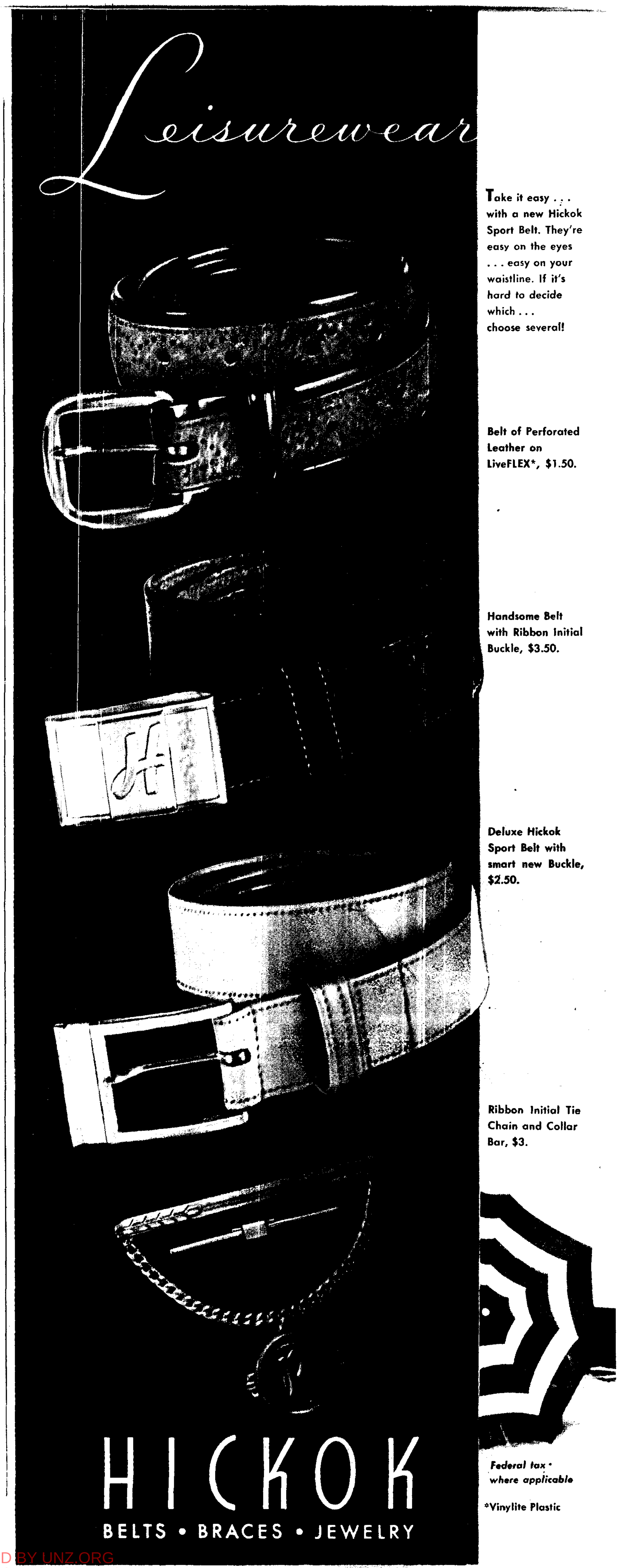
The old man shook his head. "Not here."

"Where will I find it, then?" Arthur was somewhat embarrassed to admit



"Waddaya mean Joe is nobody's fool? He's mine!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY



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that, although he was city editor of the Courier, he didn't know.

"In the bin," the old man said.

"The bin?"

"Down at the end of the corridor," the old man said impatiently, "you'll find a room with thirty-one bins in it, numbered from one to thirty-one, one for each day of the month. Let's see now, what did you want?"

"The copy on the Willshire obit," Arthur said.

"Well, that was yesterday's paper, the sixteenth of the month. Look in bin sixteen."

The thirty-one bins were huge steel affairs. Number sixteen was filled to the brim with galley proof and pages of copy cut up in short takes for the linotype operators.

"Take all day to find it in that mess," Herby said. "Want me to look?"

"It will keep," Arthur said. "It will be there for a month. Let it go for now."

He climbed the stairs thoughtfully to the city room. It was only a vague idea, a hunch, that had set him looking for the original copy. It was the phraseology of the suicide note and it was the fact that the note had been written on legal foolscap. The obituary had also been written on foolscap. What in hell *was* he looking for? Arthur thought. Was he trying to convince himself that Forrest C. Willshire had been murdered, and that the suicide note had been cut from the text of the Willshire obituary?

He spun around and called the copy boy back. "I've changed my mind," he said. "Go on down there and find that copy."

He saw Harry Whiteside and walked over to speak to him.

"What did that Willshire obit end up with, Harry? Was it his appointment as a library trustee?"

"Oh, no, I tacked that stuff on. He didn't have any of that. The last item in it was about five years back, Arty, when he was mixed up in civilian defense."

"But he wrote it only last year," Arthur said. "Harry, did it seem to end kind of suddenly?"

"Suddenly?" Harry Whiteside said. His eyes looked huge behind the spectacles.

"Not entirely packaged up, I mean," Arthur said. "I mean, did it seem that it didn't quite end?"

"Yeah," Harry said. "Now that you mention it, I believe it did."

"As if a page were missing, maybe?"

"Maybe."

"Okay," Arthur said. "Thanks."

If the suicide note had been cut from a page of Forrest C. Willshire's obituary, naturally the whole page would be missing. The cut page would not have been left with the rest of the copy in the manila envelope. Arthur was excited: he felt as he had often felt when a big story was breaking.

HE SAW Marilyn Carter coming in from the elevators. She went to her desk, took off her hat, and sat down, then began looking in a drawer for paper. Arthur got up and walked over to her desk.

"We write out copy on what we call books," he said patiently. "Paper and carbon and flimsies already made up. Just call a copy boy and ask him to bring you some books."

"Thank you, Mr. Leslie."

"How did your assignment turn out?"

"There were a lot of speeches."

"Anybody say anything?"

"Well, the borough president was there. He made a speech about controlling atomic power, and—"

"The borough president's job is to keep Manhattan streets in repair," Arthur said. "How much do you think it's all worth?"

She looked at him expectantly, and her eager smile made Arthur realize that she was a very pretty girl, and very young. "Say a column?"

"Say fifteen lines," Arthur said.

Arthur walked on to the stairs and down again to the big bins where the old copy was stored. The floor was littered with old galley proofs and red-marked copy. Herby looked up and shook his head. "Haven't found it yet, Mr. Leslie."

"Well, keep looking."

Arthur returned to his desk. Reporters were coming in from their assignments, and copy was beginning to move. The night desk was taking over and Steve Bell was explaining the day's work, assignment by assignment, to Bob Farley.

"We've got a new reporter, Bob," Arthur said. "Miss Marilyn Carter. When her copy comes in, pass it over to me."

Arthur settled down to read the final editions of the evening newspapers. Jack Morton walked by, and Arthur called, "See who won the fourth? Paid fifty-nine sixty."

"I had that horse," Jack Morton said. "Just a small bet, though."

"One of your small bets would cover my year's budget for the bangtails," Arthur said.

Steve Bell laughed. "Fine example you guys are setting, with the paper out to get Sam Clymer's scalp."

Jack Morton stopped and glanced back over his shoulder. "We got a Clymer story today?"

"Joe Beckett's covering it. Hasn't come in yet."

"Hold it to twenty-five lines," Jack said, and walked on.

"Twenty-five lines!" Bob Farley said. "Can't even get his aliases into twenty-five lines."

Arthur did not speak; but he was wondering why the Courier had laid off the Clymer story from the moment the Old Man died.

Bob Farley said, "Here's what you wanted, Arty," and tossed over a folded take of copy. Arthur opened it out and read Marilyn Carter's story, aware that she was sitting at her desk, anxiously watching him. He called her over.

"You didn't mention where all this happened, Miss Carter."

"Oh, my goodness. Who, what, when, where. I forgot the where."

Her copy was not too bad, although facts were crowded into the lead like potatoes into a sack, the usual fault of beginners. Arthur went to work with his pencil. He cut the story to a single paragraph, and tossed it into the basket. She looked depressed. "Was it that bad?"

Arthur remembered when he had been a cub. "It was all right," he said. "It isn't your fault if there wasn't any news in it."

"Then it's going in the *paper?*"

"Unless Mr. Chambron throws it out."

As she glanced toward the night managing editor, her head was turned almost in profile to Arthur, but he could still see her eyes. He saw a frozen look that came into them, and he saw how her chin had stiffened. He looked up, and saw Sue Wharton standing fifteen feet away. The two girls stared at each other for a long moment before Marilyn Carter jumped to her feet and cried, "Why, *Sue,* do you work here, too?"

She moved away quickly, her heels clicking on the floor. Sue gave Arthur a puzzled glance, then Marilyn was upon her and there was an embrace that appeared to startle Sue.

THE two girls moved away together, and Arthur saw them talking a few moments later, Marilyn perched on the edge of a desk. Sue met his glance and approached the city desk.

"Is it all right if I sign out now, Arthur?"

"I think so."

"And how about Miss Carter?" Sue said. "I want to buy her a drink."

"Old pals or something?"

"Yes, I used to know her." Sue smiled. "Be nice to her, Arthur."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Sure, I'll be nice."

"I mean it," Sue said. "Really, I mean it."

He gave her a long look. "So do I."

"Arthur," Sue began, then stopped. "Well, never mind. Good night."

"Good night," Arthur said, and frowned as he watched the girls walk together toward the elevators. He did not like this Marilyn Carter's assurance, he thought, nor the way she had obtained her job, nor the way she was becoming so quickly chummy about the office. In fact, he did not like this girl at all.

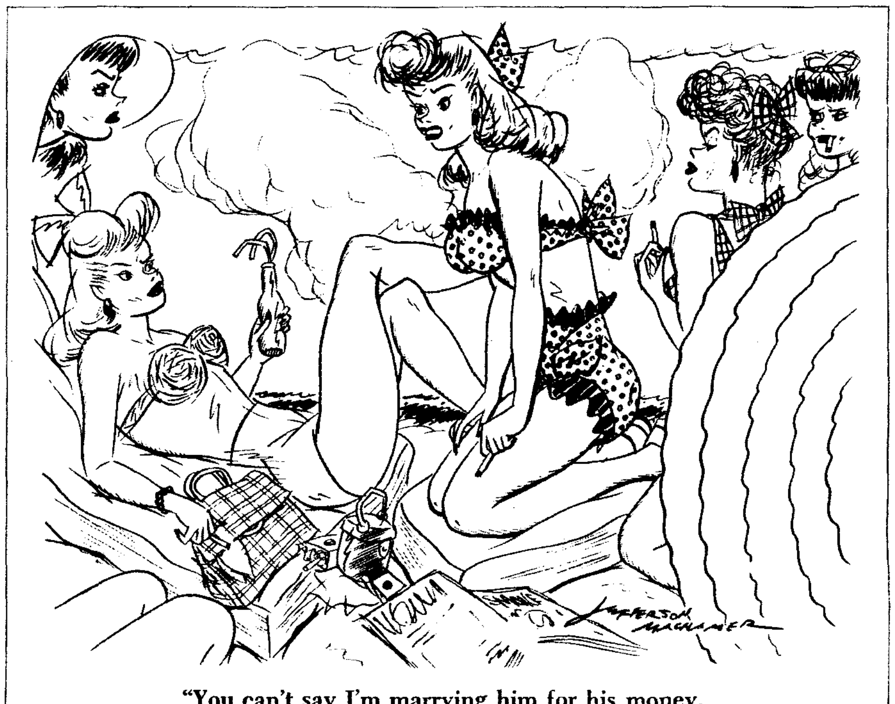
"Oh, Mr. Leslie."

He turned and saw Herby standing apologetically behind him.

"I went all through that bin, Mr. Leslie," Herby said. "I looked at every scrap of paper, and it wasn't there. Not a single take of it, Mr. Leslie."

The bin was the one place the original copy of the obituary of Forrest C. Willshire should be, unless it had been lifted somewhere along the line. And if it had been lifted along the line, Arthur thought, it meant that Forrest C. Willshire had been murdered, and that the proof of the murder had been destroyed.

(To be continued next week)



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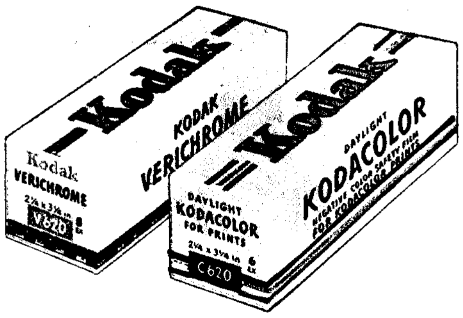
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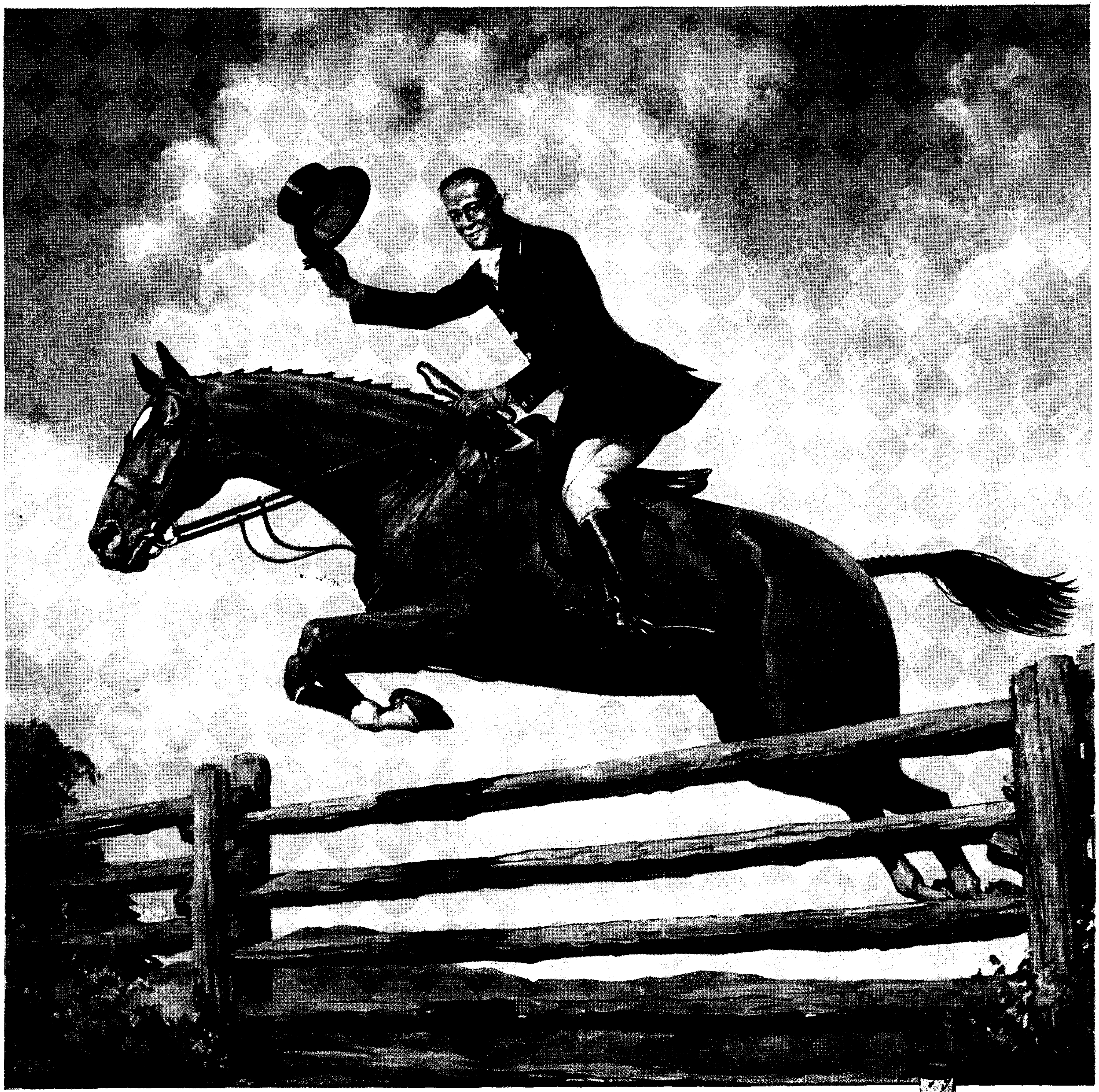

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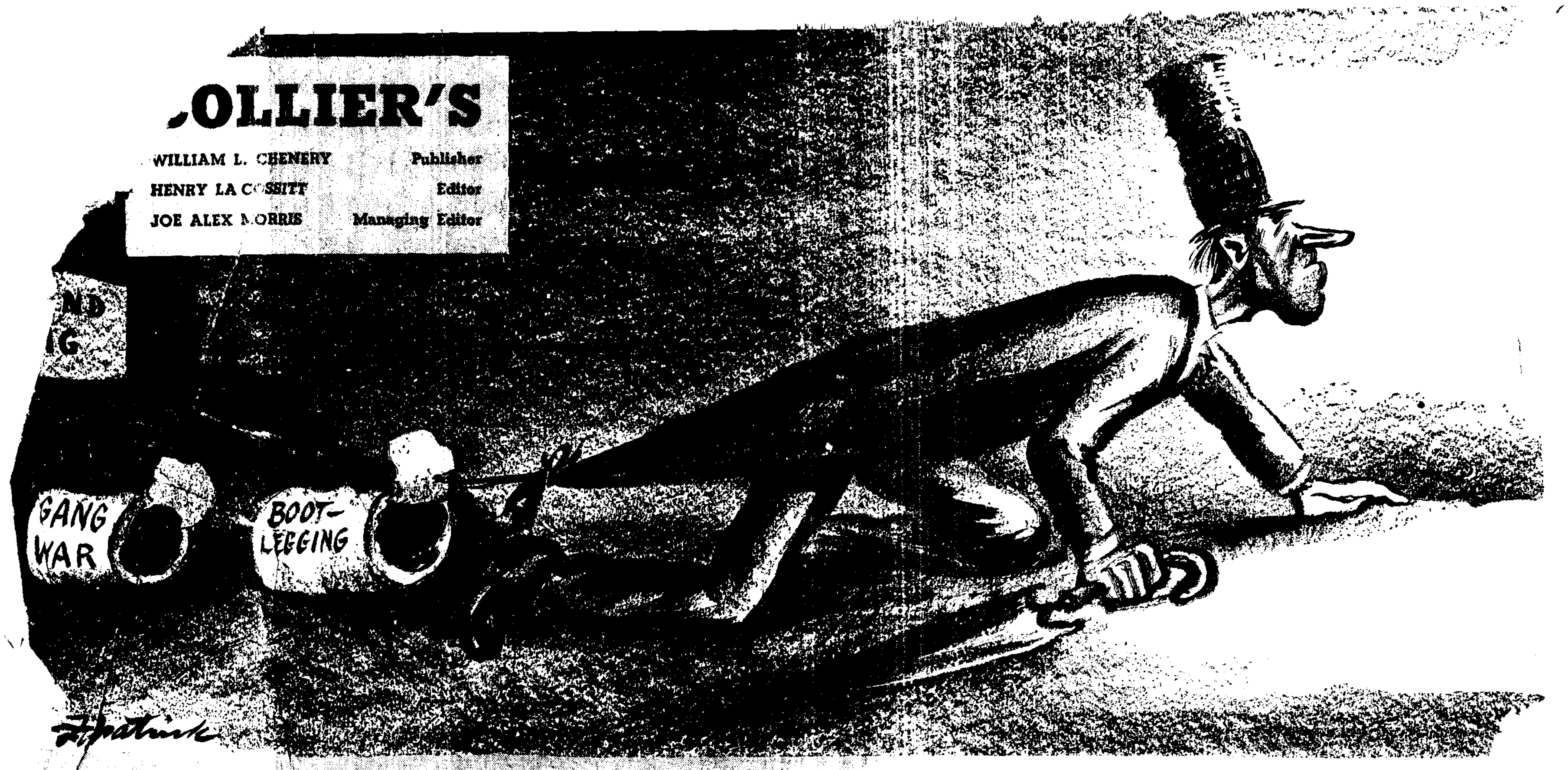

THE DRYS HAVE HOPES

AS HAPPENED during and after World War I, American Drys are having a field day in this early postwar period following World War II. The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals has revived its old-time prohibition propaganda sheet. Fanatics are showering magazines and newspapers with "Liquor advertising must go" post cards. Liquor ads aren't going. The government, unwittingly doubtless, has given the Drys a helping hand by cutting brewers' grain and distillers' working days per month far out of proportion to the amount of n used by these industries.

Public opinion polls indicate that the great majority of Americans do not want to go back to the crime, corruption and bad liquor which cursed the nation throughout the 13 years of the federal prohibition experiment.

There is only one way for this majority to defeat the Drys. That way is to stand up and fight. Being a tightly organized minority of fanatics, the Drys have an initial advantage over the unorganized, easygoing majority. But they can be defeated, as was demonstrated when the 18th Amendment was repealed in 1933. Just let your congressman and senators, and the White House, know how you feel on this subject, and keep on letting them know.

We would especially urge the brewers and distillers to join this fight even more heartily than they have thus far done. They have nothing to apologize for in the conduct of their affairs since repeal, and they are in all ways entitled to stand up and fight for their right to stay in business. It is that right which the Drys are out to destroy once again if they can.

Let's prove, for once, that we are capable of learning from sad experience, by steadfastly refusing to have a second helping of federal prohibition.

AMONG US ELIZABETHANS

LIER'S a few issues ago had the pleasure of lishing an au revoir message to the American from Lord Halifax, on the occasion of his nt as British Ambassador to the United

Halifax's best paragraph, we thought, was:

> igland we are proud of what we call the Eliza- Age and of the Elizabethans themselves, with nigh spirit of adventure, their confidence in themes, their country and their purpose. I have often ught of Americans as having entered on their Elizathan Age, with all that the term implies. Over and over again in these last years we have seen the signs of it; in the landings on Pacific islands, and in General Patton s dinary drive from the coast of Normandy to the Rhine, and in the astonishing exploits of your young airmen over Germany and Japan. The forefathers of the men who did these things came from every country in Europe, but the men themselves were Americans of the Elizabethan breed; and they will make the future of their country.

To that gratifying assessment of present-day Americans, we'd like to add only the suggestion that more of us take to acting like Elizabethans than are doing so at this time.

Among those Americans who are distinctly not being Elizabethan in attitude or action, we would list people who fear inflation and are determined to get theirs in time, regardless of the general welfare . . . people who strive to increase and perpetuate government controls over free-born Americans . . . people who apologize for the United States . . . people who waste time and energy in hating minority groups.

The list could be extended, but you get the idea Being a 20-carat Elizabethan American yourself, you'll know non-Elizabethans on sight. They are simply Americans who lack what Lord Halifax calls the original Elizabethans' "high spirit enture, their confidence in themselves, their their purpose."

The better we live up lifax conception of us, the more many ways.

The whole world, incid ng in innumerable ways from t con, Shakespeare, Morgan, M hei fellow Elizabethans once

JUST GIVE US FOOD FACTS

dent Herbert Hoover completed his -mile of 22 hunger-stricken Truman the most t sen on the

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But vigorous voluntary food conservation till the end of September is a necessity, according to this analysis of the situation, if the United States is to hold up its end in the famine-fighting endeavor.

Holding up our end consists in exporting to hungry areas abroad, in Europe and Asia, about 800,000 tons of grain a month during this five-month crisis period, plus what fats we can round up for export.

If we can meet this quota, and if other grain-surplus nations do their share, mass starvation in various parts of the world should be averted for this year, at least. The other nations that can spare some grain are Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Burma, Canada, Russia, Siam, and the United Kingdom.

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Major General
Norman T. Kirk

The Week's Work

THE Norman T. Kirk–J. D. Ratcliff article on vivisection (p. 16) comes at a moment when the anti- ctionists are beating their drums renewed energy. Right now the st press is giving support to a na- ı-wide campaign against the use of imals in medical research. The anti- ivisectionists have come close to winning on several occasions. Last year they jammed an antivivisection bill through the New York Senate by an overwhelming vote—39 to 9. Organized medicine came back from this near-knockout blow and managed to get the bill bottled up in the House. A similar bill missed passage in the Massachusetts legislature by a single vote. The issue still is a live one in both of these states, and in Illinois and California as well.

Recently, as a part of the campaign, antivivisectionist Irene Castle McLaughlin, the former dancer, challenged Dr. Maurice Visscher, head of the University of Mir esota's physiology de rtment, to a debate.

Mrs. cLaughlin swept onto he stage, followed by several beautifully roomed, affectionate wolfhounds. The implication was obvious. It was a move to put any debater in an awkward spot. Dr. Visscher was ready for it. Planted in the front row was a handsome 3-year-old child, on of a friend. At a the child hopr on the stag isscher's lap. A dog

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a record as we had in the last war. Deaths from disease were reduced to less than one per cent, as compared to 16 per cent in the last war. General Kirk speaks from his heart against the antivivisectionists.

KYLE CRICHTON, back from his tour of the Hot Tamale Circuit (p. 27), reports that a loud noise describes Mexico: "Boom!!"

Houses and apartment buildings and prices are going up with amazing rapidity. The late-lamented Florida boom was nothing compared to this. The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, and the end is not in sight.

Crichton reports further, and at the risk of getting in bad with our local New York cabmen, that the taxi drivers in Mexico City are the best in the world. "A cabby there will go into a space so minute it would bring sweat to the brow of a New Yorker. And when they cannot go around the car in front they leap over it."

Crichton, unlike most of our traveling journalists, prefers leisurely train travel to flying, especially at mealtime. "On a plane," he says, "you eat at your own risk. They have not yet found a way to prevent peas from flying up into your face when you hit an air pocket."

MAURINE

Czenzi Ormonde

AUTHOR CZENZI ORMONDE, the pretty girl who wrote the short story Cipriano (p. 62), writes us about herself as follows: "A widow with a family to support really has no business turning her back on a moderately successful job as a fashion designer. But one day I cast a very tired eye on the sketch I was drawing—an ermine coat destined to cover the ample proportions of a very rich lady with three moist pink chins—and I never finished it. I drew a mustache on the sketch, and turned to the uncertain future of writing for a living. It didn't turn out too well—not at first. I had to take a job and pay the rent and the gas bill, but I continued to write stories at night. A solid year or two of this routine resulted in a short story every two weeks and a hitch in the hospital from overwork.

"But the stories began to sell. Hollywood waved a beautiful writing con- t. I picked up my writing board and a very profitable year—waiting to ack to fiction writing.

e most inconvenient thing about g for a studio is that you have to oes."... A. P.

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Mice—Or Men?

Continued from page 16

prohibiting medical schools from using animals sentenced to death in city pounds. As a result, 33,000 animals are killed in Boston each year and rendered into soap and fertilizer, while medical schools waste money sending out of the state for animals necessary in teaching and research.

In one case, antivivisectionists all but stopped the work of one of the nation's top research men. Out of courtesy to him—and to keep the antivivisectionists from making his life miserable—his name won't be mentioned. Suffice to say that he was doing research on diseases of the heart and arteries—which rank as the top killer of human beings.

The city where he worked had permitted antivivisectionists to jam through an ordinance denying research men the right to use homeless animals collected on city streets. As a result, this researcher had to send out of the state for animals—paying for crating and shipping. It strained his meager budget to the breaking point. In order to get funds to keep working, he had to perform autopsies at night for the county coroner's office.

In the end, he succeeded in finding one of the basic causes of high blood pressure—a piece of work that merits the highest recognition. This is the type of man the antivivisectionists have declared war on.

In any discussion on this subject one point stands out. These people aren't at war with cruelty to animals. They are at war with science. They don't lift voices against gelding of cattle to make tender beef, against trapping, hunting or the branding of steers. The antivivisectionist lady sees no incongruity in wearing a mink coat—although dozens of animals were bitten by steel traps and froze to death in the Canadian wastelands to make that coat. They don't object to wearing feathers on their hats although those feathers were plucked from the tails of live birds. And they don't object to eating roast capon—although the chicken underwent painful surgery in order to provide a tender mouthful of food.

Patient Recovers. Story Killed

The next point made by the antivivisectionists is that nothing of benefit has come from animal experimentation. They blindly ignore facts—until they get sick. Not long ago one of the most vocal opponents of animal experimentation was gravely ill in a Chicago hospital. Plasma, sulfa and other drugs—all proved through animal experimentation—pulled the patient through. An alert newspaper wanted to print the story, giving the historical background of every drug that had been used. On ethical grounds the physician refused. He would not violate the privacy of his patient.

To a great degree, it is because of such ethical considerations that the medical profession is handicapped in fighting these people. The physician can state only facts. The other side can use any near truths or distortions it chooses.

Let's look at a few research accomplishments that trace to animal experimentation.

Twenty-five years ago diabetes was a sentence of death. When a baby got this disease, its life could be measured in days. Then that pair of medical immortals, the late Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best, found how to extract insulin from the pancreas of slaughterhouse animals. Millions of diabetics are alive today only because of this work, which cost the lives of 30 dogs.

The diabetic who knows what happens to him when he misses a shot of insulin is in a better position to judge the value of this work than the glossy secretary of an antivivisection league.

Without the aid of dogs, Dr. George H. Whipple would never have been able to work out the liver extract treatment for pernicious anemia. He painlessly bled a number of dogs until they were anemic—then sought and found the magic fraction in liver which would keep them alive. Until this piece of work was done, this disease was universally fatal. Ask the man who is alive only because of this work what he thinks of medical research. His words will be more convincing than the lurid language used in antivivisectionist literature.

But for animal experimentation—conducted mostly on mice—we could never have had the sulfa drugs. The same is true of penicillin, and that brilliant newcomer, streptomycin. At the turn of the century 60,000 babies were strangled to death each year in the United States by diphtheria. Then animal experimentation led to diphtheria antitoxin, and the ghastly slaughter stopped.

A Challenge to the Doubters

To people who doubt the value of serums and vaccines derived from animal experimentation, the late Sir William Osler issued a ringing challenge:

"I will go into the next severe epidemic of smallpox with ten selected vaccinated persons and ten unvaccinated persons. I will make the promise not to jeer or gibe when the unvaccinated people catch the disease, but to look after them as brothers, and for the four or five who are certain to die I will try to arrange the funerals without the pomp and ceremony of an antivaccination demonstration."

Without animal experimentation, surgery would be a bloody butchery. Antivivisectionists delight in showing pictures of dogs on operating tables in medical schools. These pictures aren't pretty—but neither is a man undergoing abdominal surgery. The animals get the same anesthetics, the same consideration that the human patient does. We don't regard the surgeon who removes our appendix or our gall bladder as a cruel monster—but the antivivisectionists regard him as such if he happens to be working on a dog.

Denied the use of animals, medical students would of necessity have to learn the techniques of surgery on human patients. The idea isn't pleasant. But that would be the only way of learning.

Antivivisectionists contend that experimental surgery isn't necessary. Here again, they have difficulty in supporting their case. Harvey Cushing developed his delicate brain surgery by work on dogs. Until then, a penetrating wound of the brain was universally fatal. The technique became so perfected that a scant 15 per cent of the men thus wounded died in the war just finished. Similarly with abdominal wounds: In the Civil War, 100 per cent of the soldiers with bullet wounds in the abdomen died. Then a research man shot thirty anesthetized dogs through the bowels.

From this experiment he showed that it is possible to suture severed intestines under the circumstances of war just as in civilian practice. The fact that only one in five men thus injured in the second World War died of their wounds can be traced at least in part to this experiment.

To enumerate all medical progress that traces directly to animal experimentation is impossible—for the reason that virtually every medical advance roots from such work. Vitamins could never have been discovered without animal work. A few puppies starved of vitamin D led to the discovery that this vitamin prevents rickets in children. Millions of children have straight legs, strong backs because of this work.

The method of removing a diseased kidney was worked out on dogs before it was tried on man; and so was the procedure for removing portions of the stomach—as is done in the case of gastric ulcers. It cost the lives of 24 cats to develop the iron lung. If the price seems high, look in some day at the infantile paralysis ward of a children's hospital. See the faces of children who are alive only because of the iron lung, and remember the look on those faces the next time an antivivisectionist goes into his routine.

Surgical asepsis would never have been discovered but for animal experimentation, nor would most of the anesthetics which make surgery painless both for man and animals.

The antivivisectionists never mention that animals themselves derive enormous benefit from research work. Without this work, there would be no protection against rabies, distemper, hog cholera, Bang's disease and a host of other illnesses which beset the animal world.

A basic point made by all antivivisectionists is that unnecessary cruelty attends animal experimentation. This is utterly without foundation. Anyone who has ever tried even to remove a burr from a dog's paw will realize the difficulty. To operate on a dog or other animal without anesthesia would be impossible.

As a physician, I have visited scores of medical research laboratories. I have yet to see a single example of cruelty. On the contrary, animals are better fed, better housed, treated with more consideration than they are in most households.

The fact is that of all animals used, 95 per cent undergo no greater pain than the diabetic does when he takes a shot of insulin; than the school child getting a shot of diphtheria vaccine. In other words, most animals are used for purposes of injection to test new drugs and vitamins, and to standardize serums and vaccines.

Would you like a shot of typhoid vaccine of unknown strength? Or smallpox vaccine that might be contaminated? Unless animals were available for tests, a large part of the biological products used to protect our health would disappear.

The Offer That Had No Takers

Dr. Victor Heiser dramatized this point before a Senate Committee hearing on an antivivisection bill.

"The bottle I hold in my hand," he said, "contains a new remedy for hookworm. Hundreds of thousands of human beings throughout the world die each year of this scourge. Hundreds of thousands of dogs also die. This drug may be the basis of saving them. Nobody knows how much it will take to kill hookworms without killing the patient also. The ordinary procedure would be to find out all about it by testing it on dogs before releasing it for general use on man. But if we are forbidden to test it on dogs, what recourse is there but to test it on human beings?

"Now I have a suggestion to make." Heiser glanced at the most vocal antivivisectionists seated in the front row. "Here is your chance to perhaps save the lives of innumerable human beings—and dogs as well. We'll try the experiment on you. I'll give you one teaspoonful. I'll give you two and you three." He pointed to the people sitting next to the first man. "Then we'll see what happens. Of course, you may be terribly sick, but I don't think you'll die, and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you've served the cause of your 'best friend.'"

Heiser started pouring and the seats cleared.

As we have indicated, of all animals used, 95 per cent are used for such tests. The other 5 per cent are used by students for teaching purposes. These animals get the same anesthetics as are used on human patients. If undue damage is done them, or if there is likelihood of any severe postoperative pain, they are put to death.

In other words, there is no more cruelty practiced here than there is in the average appendectomy. There is considerably less pain than there is when a child has his tonsils removed.

Dr. Anton J. Carlson, outstanding physiologist at the University of Chicago, sums up: "If a man is not worth more than a dog, then our efforts to improve man are in error. We had better start raising more dogs and destroying more men, women and children for the good of the dog, so that the canine species may inherit the earth."

If we knew that ten more years of animal work would solve the cancer problem, should such work take place? From the antivivisectionists, the answer will be no—let 160,000 Americans continue to perish of this disease each year in order that a fraction of that many mice may live. One of this misguided group states frankly: "I would not have one mouse painfully vivisected to save the greatest of human beings." The mentality that would not trade a mouse for an Einstein, a Toscanini, a Thomas Benton!

Tears of the antivivisectionists might better be spent on that valiant band of medical martyrs that grows longer each year: Hideyo Noguchi and Adrian Stokes, who died on Africa's torrid west coast in an attempt to solve the yellow fever riddle; Howard Taylor Ricketts, who perished in Mexico of the typhus he was trying to conquer; Alexander Yersin, the Swiss hero who discovered the bacillus of bubonic plague, then died at the hands of that monstrous microbe; T. B. McClintic, one of the six who perished of Rocky Mountain spotted fever before a preventive vaccine was found.

Antis Specialize in Timing

Justly fearful, the antivivisectionists never turn up in the terror of an infantile paralysis epidemic. They know, as all thoughtful people know, that the only hope of eventual prevention and cure of this fearful sickness rests in continued animal experimentation. But in off seasons they become braver. Thus, California antivivisectionists opposed the March of Dimes campaign. This campaign is carried on in the winter—when polio is asleep.

This whole fight is just another case of the righteous and intelligent being victimized by the misguided. Let's set up rules for facing the situation.

Everyone is for kindness to animals, that being a basic tenet of human decency. But before donating a dime to any kindness-to-animals association, first determine that association's stand on the vivisection question. Better still, if you have money to donate, send it to one of the new organizations formed to combat the antivivisectionists: the National Society for Medical Research, or its related society, the Friends of Medical Research. These organizations, medicine's first attempt to defend its good name, both have offices in Chicago.

Enlightened people should fight for positive legislation—such as Chicago has. This ordinance says that recognized medical schools shall have free access to animals sentenced to death at the city pound. Women's clubs, civic organizations and veterans—the most recent beneficiaries of medical progress—can join this fight. If such ordinances were generally adopted it would stop the needless expenditure of thousands of dollars a year the laboratories pay out for animals. This money would then be available for increased work, increased human progress.

THE END

Cipriano

BY CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Carrie Benson thought she could insulate herself from life. Perhaps it was the aftermath of war that made her realize that merely to be comfortable is not enough

ON THE way home from the garden club meeting, Carrie Benson stopped at Shane's to buy the rice she'd forgotten to order. Cipriano loved rice. She told Mr. Shane it did seem odd shopping to please someone's appetite other than your husband's and particularly odd when that someone had once been your Filipino houseboy. "He's been in the Army for such a long time. And now he's being—let's see, what did Frank say he was . . .?"

"Separated? Discharged?" Mr. Shane smiled. "Well. If you don't mind, Mrs. Benson, my wife and I will mosey over to your house later and say hello to the boy. Sure did like that little fellow. It'll be nice for your husband, too, seeing Cipriano again, safe and sound. . . ."

She left the store a little hurriedly. Nice for Frank indeed! How about her? No one, unless it was discerning Jane Eberle, president of the garden club, would possibly know that inviting Cipriano to dinner could have perilous results. Frank shouldn't have done it, that's all. Carrie Benson hadn't told her unsmiling cook that the dinner guest tonight was her slant-eyed predecessor. Carrie rebuked herself as she walked down the street for being grateful for fine cooking but neglecting to probe into Katie's capacity for understanding. She might very well slap on that awful hat of hers, pick up her cookbook and march straight over to Jane Eberle.

I'm too afraid of hurting people's feelings, she thought. I should have told Frank right out what a risk it was inviting Cipriano, considering Katie's temperament and all. That's what Jane would have done. But Jane was a strong-willed widow; ought to have been a general in the Army, Frank always said. She didn't have a husband to put his hand over yours as Frank did and smile at you when you felt like scolding, smile so wonderfully even after all these years that you just had to smile back.

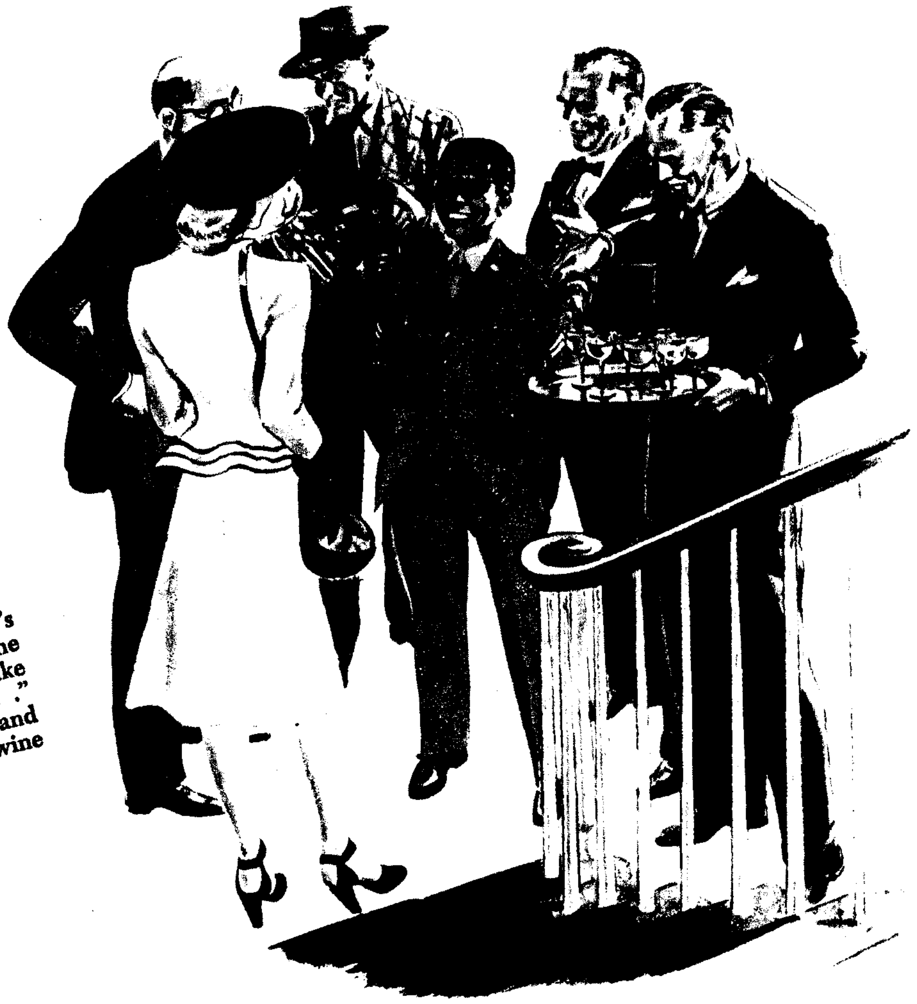
She looked wistfully at a dress in McDonald's window, and walked on. It was too small and much too young for her. . . . Funny thing about Cipriano. He was ageless, sort of. She wondered vaguely if the war had made a great change in him. He could be twenty-five, forty, or anywhere in between—and why couldn't Frank have taken him to some Chinese place downtown for dinner? She could have spoken to him over the telephone and said: "Well, Cipriano, it's wonderful to know you're back. I'm so sorry you haven't time to come out before you take the train to Detroit . . ."

And Cipriano would have laughed like a girl over the phone and said proudly, "Yes, *ma'am.* I go 'way house-*boy.* I come back vet'ran Number Two World *War.*" And that would be all. A nice genial goodby.

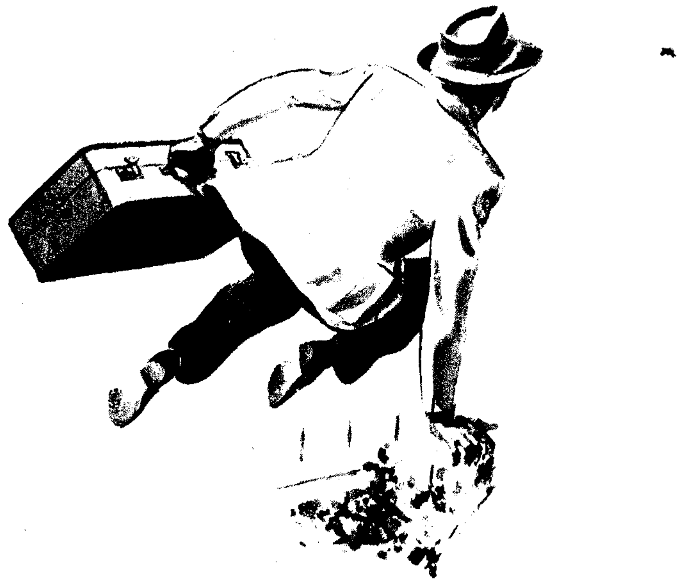
She'd always made an effort to be genial, although she hadn't allowed herself ever—not since that tearless interlude years ago—to become more than remotely interested in anyone's personal life. It had been a period when both she and Frank had forced themselves to read and chat, eventually to laugh, in a room that had for a very short while been a nursery. That was the last hurt. If you didn't become too attached to people you lost the capacity to suffer over their misfortunes or be envious of their successes. It was a comfortable way to live.

She hadn't approved when Frank brought a Filipino home from the agency but it had become her habit to wait—just wait until Frank discovered his own error. But he hadn't. He never did. He was enchanted by Cipriano's laughter, his bland face and his incomparable cooking. He overlooked Cipriano's habit of standing on one foot and holding the other ankle in his hand every time he talked about his girl friends. Cipriano soon got over his embarrassment. Frank put him at his ease—and Cipriano stayed for four years.

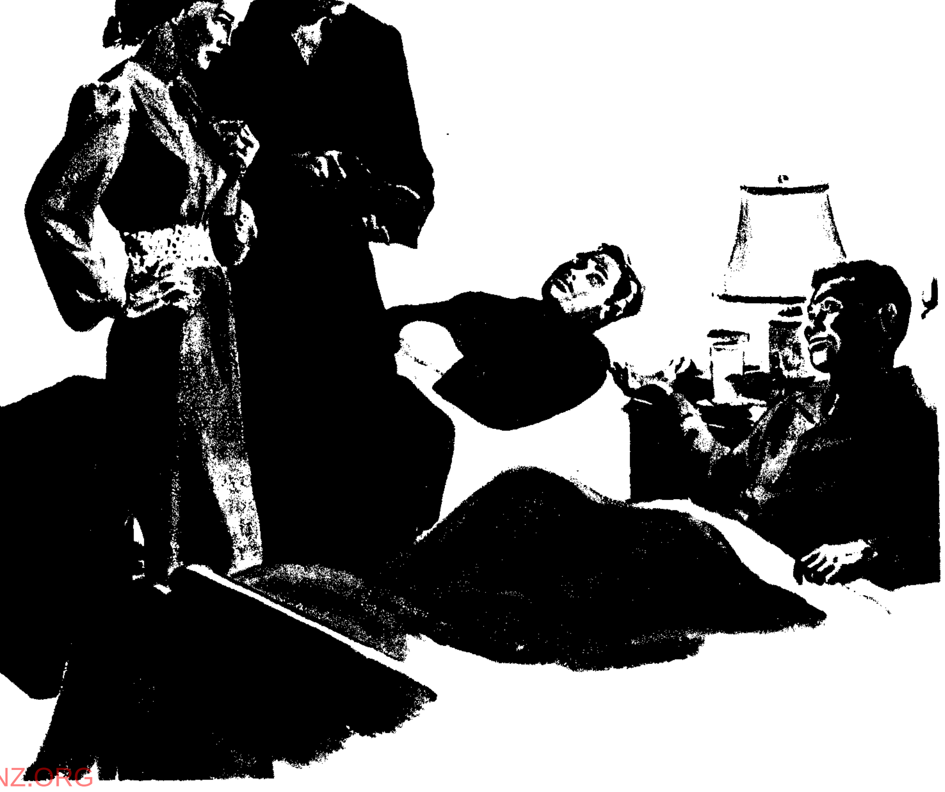
Carrie's annoyance with Frank was cumulative. It went back those four years *(Continued on page 67)*



They were taking Cipriano's picture for the paper and he was saying: "Uncle Sam take good care his soldiers . . ." Everybody was talking, and Frank was bringing in wine

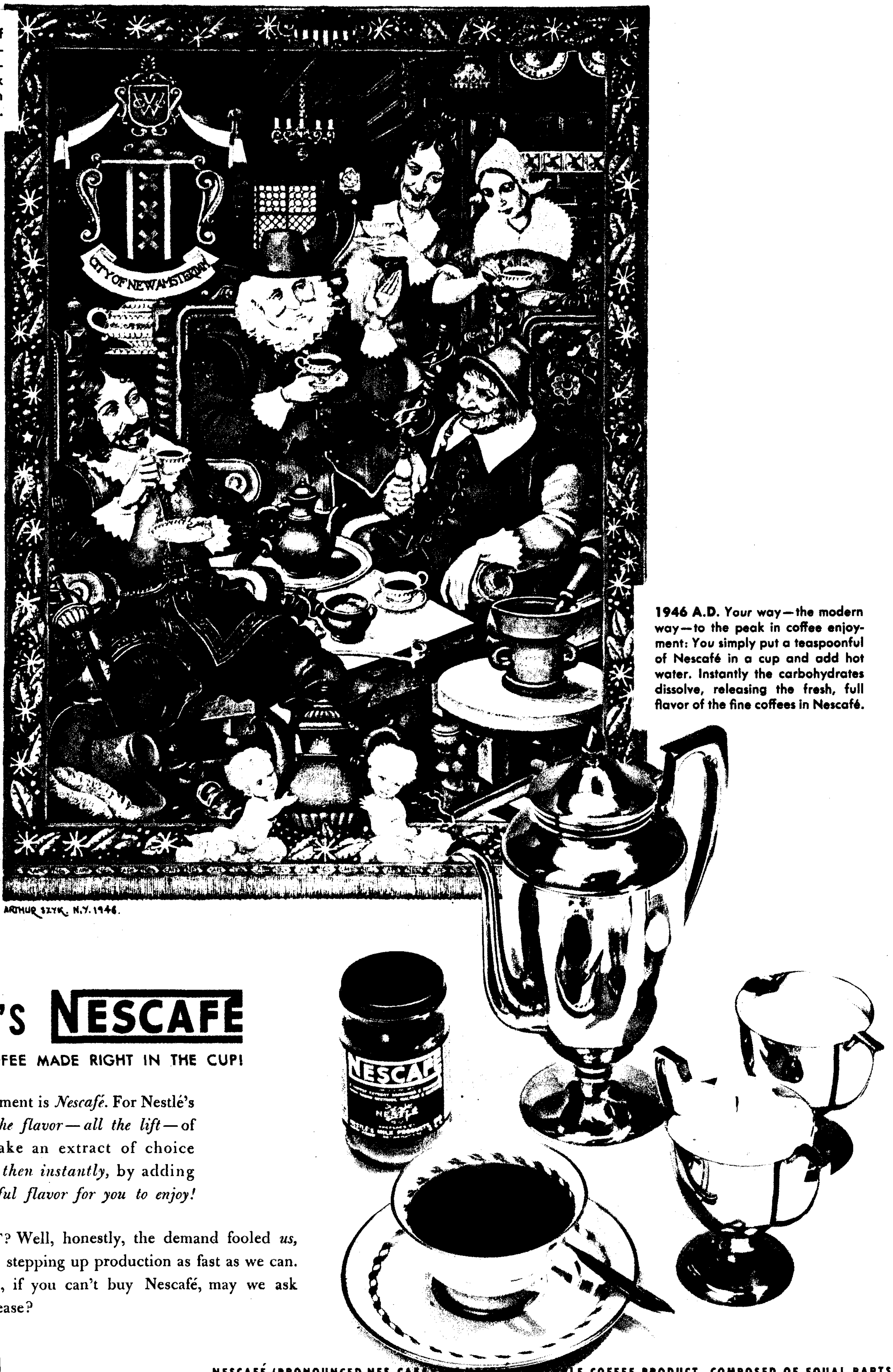


Carrie had caught a glimpse of Ordonio and his expensive monogrammed suitcase vaulting nimbly over the fence. She never saw him again but he sent a card from Hawaii



"He tells me," Cipriano interpreted to Carrie and Frank, "on this fatal night for the first time he win. This so intelligent gentleman, my friend, Ordonio, is innocent baby"

1668 A.D. To wealthy Dutch burghers of old Manhattan, the peak in coffee enjoyment was a cup brewed from hearth-roasted coffee beans, boiled with milk and water . . . and richly spiced with costly ambergris, cloves or cinnamon.



1946 A.D. Your way—the modern way—to the peak in coffee enjoyment: You simply put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup and add hot water. Instantly the carbohydrates dissolve, releasing the fresh, full flavor of the fine coffees in Nescafé.

In every age there's a peak in coffee enjoyment

TODAY...IT'S NESCAFE

THE ROASTER-FRESH COFFEE MADE RIGHT IN THE CUP!

TODAY, THE PEAK in coffee enjoyment is *Nescafé*. For Nestlé's knows *the* way to give you *all the flavor—all the lift*—of really fine coffee! First, we make an extract of choice coffees fresh from the roaster—*then instantly,* by adding carbohydrates, *seal in the wonderful flavor for you to enjoy!*

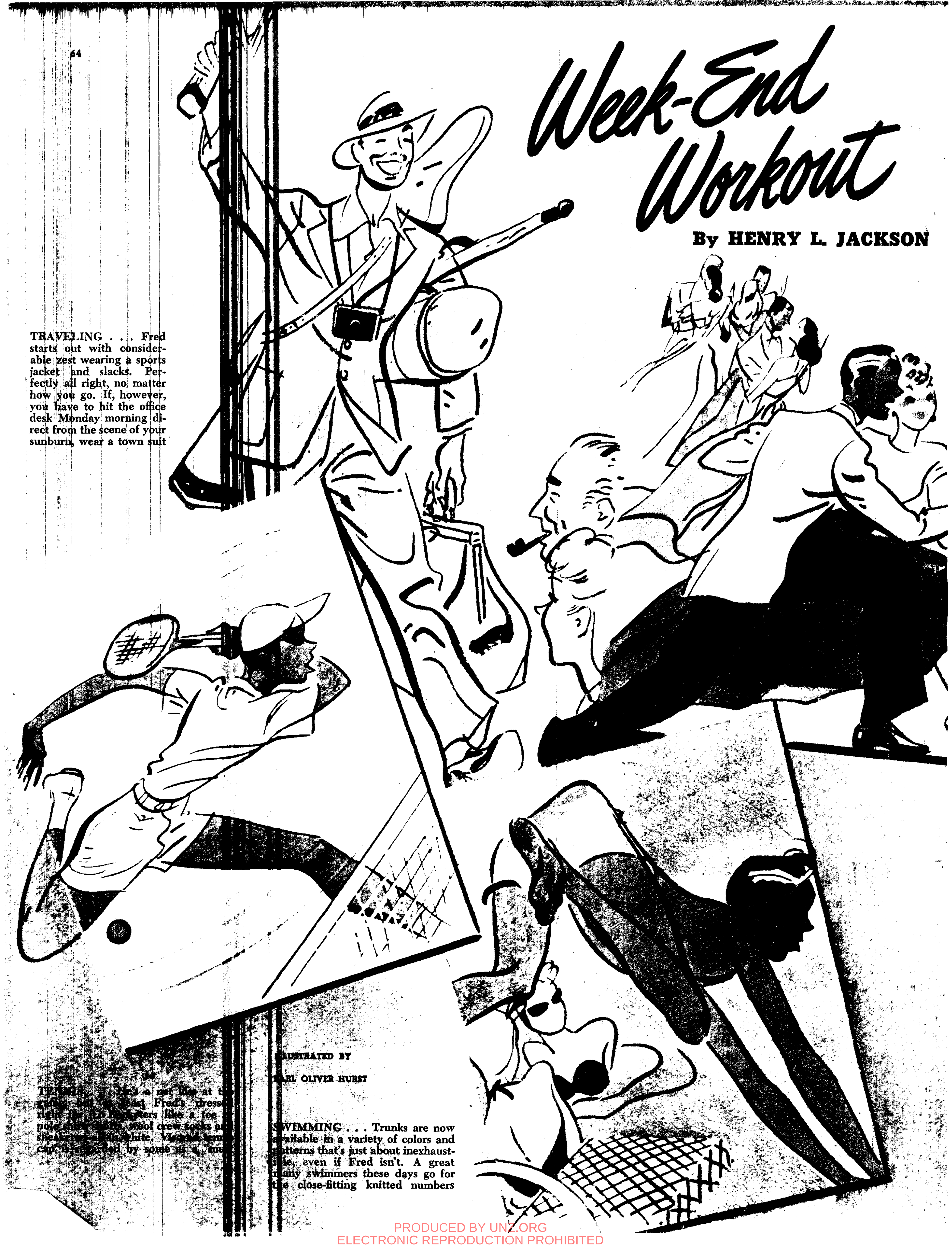
★ CAN'T GET IT? Well, honestly, the demand fooled *us*, too . . . but we're stepping up production as fast as we can. In the meantime, if you can't buy Nescafé, may we ask your patience, please?

NESTLÉ'S EVAPORATED MILK
another famous Nestlé's product

NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAF LE COFFEE PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Week-End Workout

By HENRY L. JACKSON



TRAVELING . . . Fred starts out with considerable zest wearing a sports jacket and slacks. Perfectly all right, no matter how you go. If, however, you have to hit the office desk Monday morning direct from the scene of your sunburn, wear a town suit

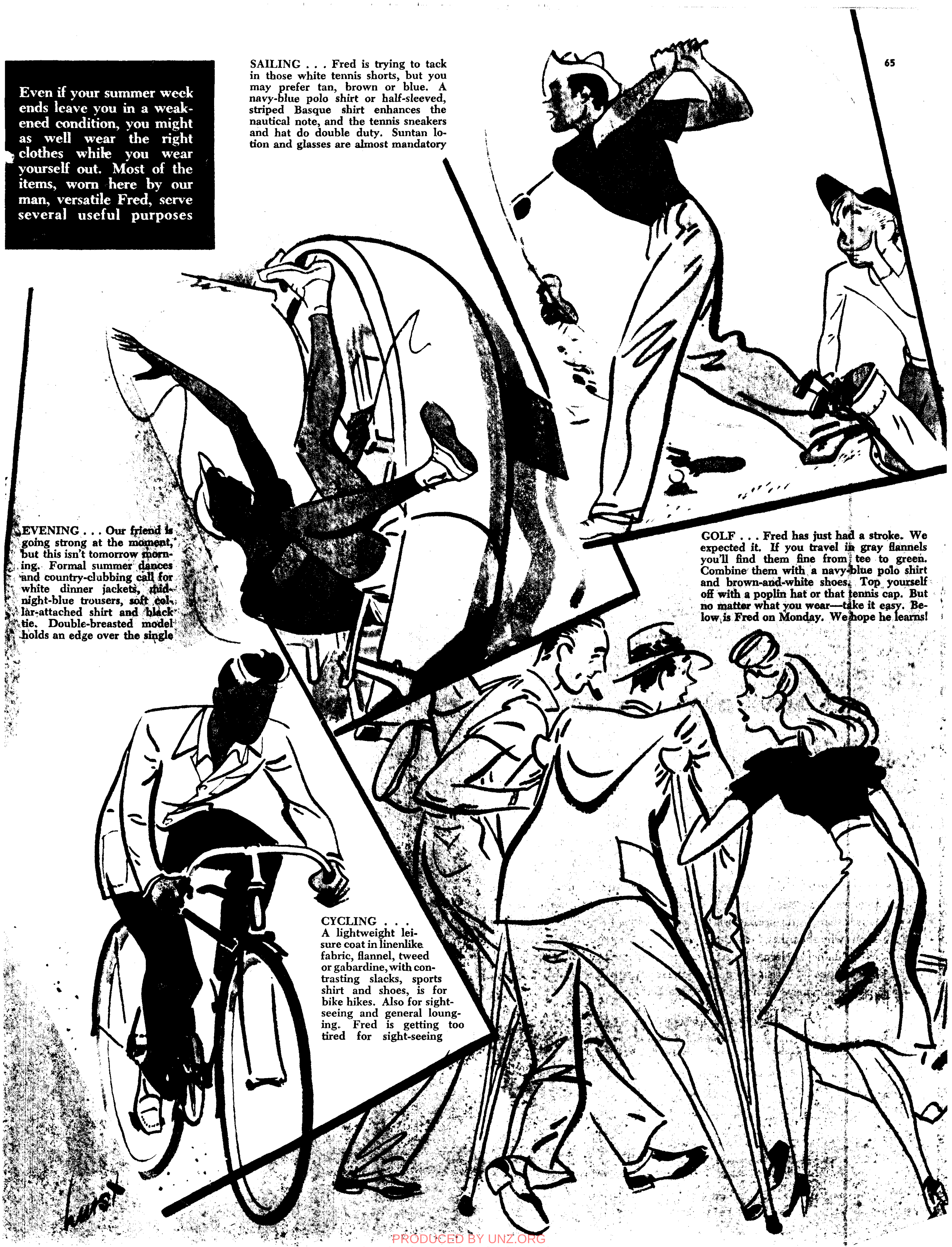
ILLUSTRATED BY

EARL OLIVER HURST

TENNIS . . . He's a net loss at t
game, but at least Fred's dress
right for the kibitzers like a tee
polo shirt, shorts, wool crew socks a
sneakers, all in white. Visored tenn
cap is regarded by some as a mu

SWIMMING . . . Trunks are now available in a variety of colors and patterns that's just about inexhaustible, even if Fred isn't. A great many swimmers these days go for the close-fitting knitted numbers

Even if your summer week ends leave you in a weakened condition, you might as well wear the right clothes while you wear yourself out. Most of the items, worn here by our man, versatile Fred, serve several useful purposes

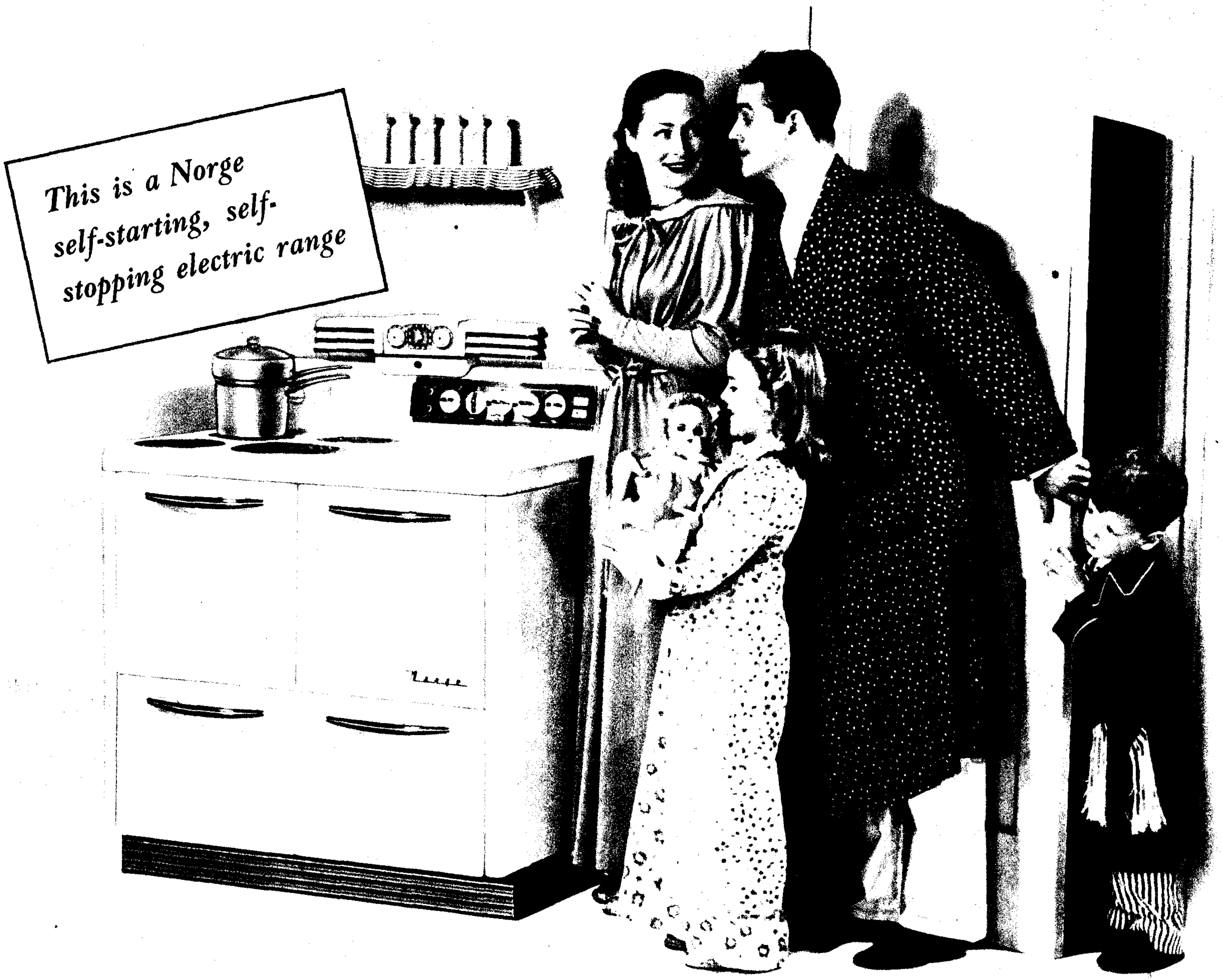


SAILING . . . Fred is trying to tack in those white tennis shorts, but you may prefer tan, brown or blue. A navy-blue polo shirt or half-sleeved, striped Basque shirt enhances the nautical note, and the tennis sneakers and hat do double duty. Suntan lotion and glasses are almost mandatory

EVENING . . . Our friend is going strong at the moment, but this isn't tomorrow morning. Formal summer dances and country-clubbing call for white dinner jackets, midnight-blue trousers, soft collar-attached shirt and black tie. Double-breasted model holds an edge over the single

GOLF . . . Fred has just had a stroke. We expected it. If you travel in gray flannels you'll find them fine from tee to green. Combine them with a navy-blue polo shirt and brown-and-white shoes. Top yourself off with a poplin hat or that tennis cap. But no matter what you wear—take it easy. Below is Fred on Monday. We hope he learns!

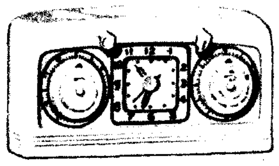
CYCLING . . . A lightweight leisure coat in linenlike fabric, flannel, tweed or gabardine, with contrasting slacks, sports shirt and shoes, is for bike hikes. Also for sight-seeing and general lounging. Fred is getting too tired for sight-seeing


This is a Norge self-starting, self-stopping electric range

A NEW DAY . . . A NEW RANGE . . . A NEW WAY OF LIVING!

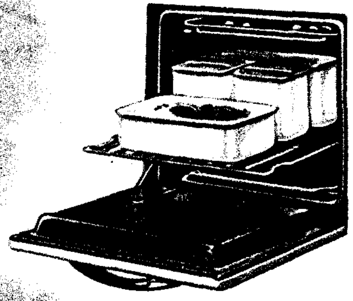
Perhaps *your* family, too, will hurry to the kitchen on that first morning after the installation of your new Norge electric range . . . to see if the automatic clock control really did start the cereal cooking or the coffee perking! Later, when you prepare dinner and place it in the oven before going out for the afternoon, you will have additional proof that the automatic control will turn on and shut off the cooking heat at predetermined times.

On this model a deep-well cooker is standard equipment . . . or in its place you may elect to have a fourth surface element. And there are many other features that will appeal to you—just as there are many reasons why the other Norge *products of experience* are especially desirable, each in its field. Norge dealers are listed in the classified section of telephone books . . . visit the dealer nearest you and learn ALL about the latest developments in household appliances.



Turns current on and off on one top element, oven or convenience outlet.

Seven cooking speeds for each top element . . . 250° to 550° control of oven temperature.



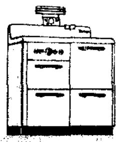
Oven is large, well insulated . . . top and bottom elements provide even heat distribution.

A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

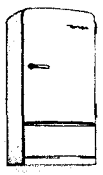
Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan
In Canada: Addison Industries, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Revolutionary new home heating units are now offered by Norge-Heat Division of Borg-Warner

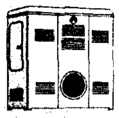
Electric Ranges



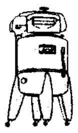
Gas Ranges



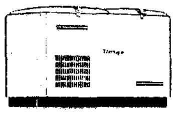
Refrigeration



Home Heaters



Washers



Home and Farm Freezers

SEE
NORGE
BEFORE YOU BUY

Cipriano

Continued from page 62

before the war, to all those evenings by the fireplace when he'd let the newspaper fall into his lap and cock his head to one side listening to the soft giggling from Cipriano's room upstairs and the mournful murmur of Ordonio who was being defeated at cards. What was it those boys played now—twenty-one, fan-tan, some silly game for pennies? And, always, Frank would stare into the fire and that smile would twist his lips a little crookedly and then, to make it easier for him, she'd sigh over her sewing and say, “Frank, I'm going to bed, but it's early. Why don't you go up and see the boys? You know they like you to play.”

Frank would bank the fire, put up the screen, pause in the doorway to say, “You're sure you don't mind, Carrie?” and without waiting for an answer he'd go upstairs. She'd wind her spools of thread, jab her needles into the cushion and go to bed secretly vexed because her husband played cards with Cipriano and his friend Ordonio who worked in the candy factory.

She knew it was only a silly vanity with Frank. After they were through playing, the boys always asked Frank to perform, begged him to show them a trick and Frank told her they'd sit there and stare like kids at a circus while he balanced a fork on the rim of a drinking glass with a fifty-cent piece or showed them that stale old match trick.

When Ordonio was laid off at the factory, Cipriano and Frank became conspirators. “Too bad about Ordonio,” Frank had said too loudly while Cipriano cleared the table. “Has he found a job yet?”

Cipriano's pushed-in face looked sorrowful. “It is sad, sir. For a week he work as bus boy in San Pedro Street restaurant. Then his boss match him double or nothing for his pay.” Cipriano shook his head. “Con-clus-i-*on!*”

Ordonio joined the household. He was handsomer than Cipriano and knew it. Wearing well-pressed pants, a white twill jacket over a lavender shirt, he always smoothed his thick, glossy hair in front of the mirror and critically studied the angle of his straw hat before he went out to mow the lawn. He did the laundry and beat the egg whites for Cipriano's wonderful soufflés, all with the impassive dignity of a Buddha. But after hours when the dishes were done and the polished house was quiet, the giggling would start upstairs and on Wednesday evenings they would make a formal ceremony of inviting Frank up for a game of blackjack.

CARRIE BENSON wouldn't have minded if only Frank had kept his mouth shut. But the wives of his Kiwanis and Lions Club friends all knew that Frank played cards with his Filipino servants. Jane Eberle had tried without success to lure Cipriano into her own remodeled kitchen. She raised her eyebrows whenever the Benson servants were mentioned.

“It's a miracle those boys remember their place, Carrie. I must say they've never seemed to take advantage of Frank's good nature—always so respectful, both of them.”

The implication of social error always distressed Carrie. She made up her mind again and again to have it out with Frank; otherwise she'd have to give up her club. It had become too embarrassing. But she had never spoken to Frank about it because she knew how forlorn he would have been without the boys' childlike admiration and the card game.

Carrie hastened to assure her friends that Ordonio was just an accident. Purely temporary, she told them, although he had stayed three years. “He works for practically nothing just to be near his friend. Don't get the idea, my dears, that we're putting on the dog having two servants . . .”

That was before they had not two servants, but three.

It was a little while before Carrie Benson realized that the tall, gaunt Filipino with the spaniel eyes and the big ears not only came over to visit his friends, Ordonio and Cipriano, but he also stayed for breakfast most of the time. In gratitude he started tinkering with Frank's car and she had to admit that since Casimiro had given the motor what he called “the gentle persuas-ion” the car did run better.

CASI, the boys called him, and he was as silent as he was tall. A long, brown shadow that appeared and disappeared without sound and finally padded away one night, a long-legged jump ahead of the law.

Casi had contracted with a credit jeweler downtown to pay eight dollars down and fifty cents a week on a wrist watch for his blond love, a taxi dancer at the Palace Ballroom. The day after he disappeared, the boys told Frank that Casi had no alternative. They had offered to lend him the five-dollar balance to pay the jeweler, but Casi was, they claimed, a man of much honor. He couldn't borrow from his friends to pay for a watch now adorning the wrist of a fickle woman. Cipriano had said that though she was fickle, in all fairness one must admit that she had the sensitive soul. After she had jilted Casi she had sent him a fancy tinted photograph of herself, smiling into the face of her brand-new boy friend and in uncertain but flourishing letters she had written in the corner: “All my best wishes for your success, Sincerely, Daisy.”

HOUSING CRISIS

June,
Moon,
The usual fare;
Kiss,
Bliss,
Stuff like that there.
Two
Woo,
But can they be one?
No
Go.
No apartment, son.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

“A lady of great refinement,” Cipriano had said soberly.

Two weeks after Casi had disappeared, Carrie received a letter from him. He apologized for melting like the snow and wanted to thank her for all her kindnesses. At the time Carrie had wondered how even Casi could mistake helpless resignation for kindness. He was with relatives in Sacramento. He was in superior spirits, very well and happy, he wrote, and he trusted that she and Mr. Frank Benson were in the same predicament. . . .

Ordonio's penchant for gambling was a source of great concern to Cipriano. “My good friend Ordonio has the weakness, but not the gift,” he told Frank. “That is why you observe that on Sundays I accompany my friend to the social clubs downtown and keep him out of trouble with the talented stinkers at the card tables.”

But one Sunday, Cipriano had to stay in bed. He had the flu. When Ordonio came downstairs there was a small glint of pleasure in his almond-shaped eyes. He was on his own and elegantly dressed for the occasion. Carrie noted without surprise that peeking out of the breast pocket of his Palm Beach suit was the daintily embroidered edge of one of her best white cocktail napkins. It would be beautifully laundered and properly replaced on Monday morning, she knew.

She heard Ordonio come in very late that night and cautious sounds came from the kitchen. She nudged Frank. They listened and Carrie said, “Sounds like he's peeling potatoes.”

They put on their robes and slippers and went together into the kitchen. Ordonio was stirring potatoes, diced thin and small, in the hot skillet. He looked up, politely said good evening and continued stirring with his right hand.

“Hungry?” Frank asked.

“No, sir.”

“Plenty of cold meat and eggs,” said Carrie.

“I make the hot-potato poultice,” said Ordonio simply.

“Poultice? Whatever for?” Carrie said.

“I been shot, ma'am.”

He calmly unwound the blood-soaked handkerchiefs from his left hand and Carrie often wondered what had kept her from fainting when she saw his little finger, half dangling there. Even Frank was surprised the way she took charge. Over Ordonio's protests she said a bullet couldn't be removed by a potato poultice and phoned for the doctor. Only after Ordonio was bandaged and lay on the day bed in Cipriano's room did he have difficulty beating back the tears of repressed fright. Cipriano gathered his aching bones, supported himself on his elbows and cussed at Ordonio in their native dialect.

“He tells me,” Cipriano interpreted with disgust, “on this fatal night for the first time in his life he win. Twenty-three dollar. The stinker tells him, ‘Oh sure, come my hotel, I give you twenty-three dollar.’ This so intelligent gentleman here, my good friend Ordonio, is innocent baby. He go. The man give him twenty-three dollar—*but* has hire two friends to beat up Ordonio in hotel alley, even shoot with gun, and take back money.” He made a wry face and sank back on his pillow. “Con-clus-i-*on*.”

Carrie had missed her club meeting and shampoo appointment that week. She was much too busy cleaning, cooking and carrying trays upstairs to the two brown invalids, resplendent in bright blue and pink pajamas. The police had come immediately after the doctor reported treating a gunshot wound, and when Ordonio was well enough they came and drove him to headquarters where he identified his surly assailants. They went to jail for three months, swearing vengeance, and Ordonio came home ready to resume what duties he could with one hand. Cipriano punished him. Ordonio had to sit as a spectator, meek and contrite for three Wednesday evenings, while Frank and Cipriano played cards.

CARRIE paused at the garden gate, shifted the package of rice to the other hand and picked some dead leaves from the rosebushes. She walked up the path examining the box hedge with a sigh. Neither she nor Katie, who certainly had a way with flowers, could make that hedge look the way it did when Ordonio had been here. She was looking at it with admiration that afternoon a long time ago when the bright red coupé slid slowly past the house, and two dark-skinned men leaned out and carefully studied the house number. They drove past twice. Puzzled, Carrie went around back to the small greenhouse where Ordonio was

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$3.65 LESS BATTERY
6-VOLT BATTERY OPERATED
POWERlite
2-LITE ELECTRIC LANTERN

For instant light anywhere! Ideal for home owners, motorists, vacationists. Flip switch for 800 ft. spotlight or broad floodlight. Rugged. Light weight. Unbreakable lenses. 80 to 100 hours on one battery.

Buy Delta Power*lite* at hardware, sporting goods, and electrical stores.

DELTA ELECTRIC CO., MARION, INDIANA

REVERSE IT -for floodlight
AIM IT -for spotlight
CARRY IT -in hand or on arm

Wipe 'em out! don't stir 'em up!

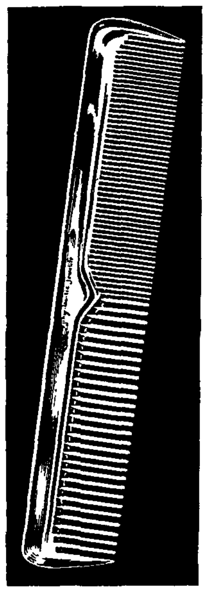
The NEW sure SKIP-FLEA POWDER doesn't irritate your dog

• Please, Boss, don't douse me with a powder that makes the fleas run about like crazy and drives me likewise . . . get the NEW *improved* Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder. It uses DDT in combination with other ingredients in a formula that kills fleas fast, without disturbing them . . . or me. The Sergeant folks have worked for years perfecting this formula, and it has been thoroughly tested on dogs. It's safe, it's sure. We can get Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder, and Soap, too, at any drug store.

Sergeant's
SKIP-FLEA POWDER

5 advantages to look for in your COMB

(you get them all in Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs)



1 Smart styling, sparkling new colors.

2 Rounded teeth to avoid scalp injury.

3 Wide range of styles for men and women.

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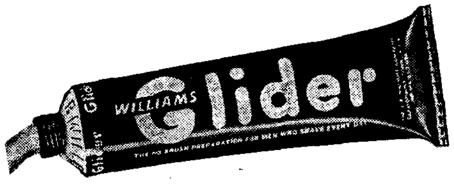
Pro-phy-lac-tic Combs in POST-WAR PLASTIC

KILL INSECTS WITHOUT DUST OR SPRAY

Bait in the protective tube unfailingly kills roaches, silverfish, waterbugs, crickets. Sanitary—cannot be blown or tracked on food supplies, etc. Gives clean, long-lasting protection. Sold by most drug, grocery and other stores. If yours has none send $1.00 for 3 packages postpaid. Money back guarantee. Over 20 million sold. DeSoto Chemical Company, 6 Sand St., Arcadia, Florida.

GATOR ROACH HIVES



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

★

For the 1 man in 7 who shaves daily

★

NO BRUSH

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich soothing cream. Glider *protects* your face. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating*. It's quick and easy to use. Needs no brush—not sticky or greasy.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

Get Glider at your regular dealer's. Or send us your name and address with 10¢—and we'll mail you a full three weeks' supply. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-1, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

Everett B. Hurlburt
PRESIDENT

tending the begonias and told him about the men.

"A red coupé, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"The driver?" he asked quietly. "Small mustache—evil eyes?"

"Why—why, yes."

"Panama hat, last-year style?"

"Yes."

"The other one—thin face and flat nose?"

"Yes."

"Goodby, ma'am."

He was gone. Carrie had caught a glimpse of him and his expensive monogrammed suitcase vaulting over the back fence twenty minutes later. She never saw him again but he sent a post card from Hawaii.

Cipriano, lonely but philosophic, stayed on until the war. He listened to the radio news. When Manila fell he went to his room and packed his things.

"I go Army," he said soberly. "I swing my bolo knife like hell. I kill."

SO THEY had come and gone, one by one. Now there was Katie, who could make duck fat and minced onions smell more wonderful than Jane Eberle's imported perfume. Katie with the broad hands, proud, stingy, and comfortingly undramatic. No love affairs, no money problems, no creditors, no gunfights. Thank heaven for Katie. She was shouting goodby into the telephone as Carrie walked into the house. Her arms were dusted with flour and she reminded Carrie of a big clean New Jersey barn.

"It was a call for me. Personal," she said brusquely. "Didja tell Mr. Shane those last Brussels sprouts were lousy like I said?"

"Why—no, Katie."

Katie gave her a look and heaved her weight from the small chair. "Well, you might as well take a gander at the table. I polished the silver."

"Oh, Katie, it looks lovely—and the flower centerpiece—simply lovely."

"Best china, too, and the Waterford glass," Katie grumbled.

"Lovely," said Carrie weakly. Katie had surpassed herself—for Cipriano.

"Whatsa matter? You sick?"

"No—no, Katie. But I think I'll lie down awhile."

"Well, gimme the rice then. Want a little snort of Mr. Benson's rye?"

"I never touch it, thank you."

Katie vanished into the kitchen, her starched Percheron hips just clearing the doorway. She reappeared in a few minutes with a cup of hot tea.

Carrie lifted herself from the sofa. "How thoughtful of you, Katie."

"You ought to eat more. Types like you get TB quick. I got to iron those napkins now. That laundry . . ."

"Oh, don't bother, Katie. Use the blue ones."

"For dinner—when you got a guest comin'?" She moved away.

Carrie opened her mouth. The words were right there, but Katie wasn't. The kitchen door was still swinging after her.

Right after I've finished this tea, Carrie promised herself, I'll go in and tell her. I'll say, "Katie, my husband invited . . ." I'll say, "Katie, this soldier who's coming for dinner used to be our houseboy. . . ."

No, that was wrong. "Katie"—very firmly—"this is a democratic country, you know. . . ." *Heavens!* "Mr. Benson was very fond of Cipriano and his friends—Yes, it is an odd name, isn't it? Filipino, I believe. . . ." *Oh dear!*

She settled the matter by falling asleep, and when she awoke, the lamps were lit and Frank's voice was booming from the hallway.

"Same old place, eh, Cipriano? Nothing changed."

"No, *sir.* Nothing changed."

His voice was the same at least. Carrie rose swiftly and went to meet him, her hand outstretched. She hadn't realized he was so husky—or so straight. Perhaps it was the uniform. The softness was gone from his face. It was a polished mahogany carving. But when he smiled, his eyes disappeared into slanted slits, and it was Cipriano.

"I feel like I come home to family," he said.

"That's the way we like it," Carrie said, conscious that Katie was peeking through the door.

Frank went into the kitchen for some wine and when he came back he had Katie in tow. Carrie couldn't look at her. Frank was happy and hearty.

"She can't cook rice like you can, though," Frank told Cipriano.

"Then I show her *how.* Is easy." Cipriano giggled and sipped his wine.

"Good! He'll be right in, Katie. Give him one of your aprons."

"Sure. Why not?" Without a smile Katie turned on her flat heels and the kitchen door swung hard after her.

Oh lord! Carrie squirmed. What a talent Frank had for being tactless. This last insult Katie would never forgive. When Cipriano rolled up his sleeves and made for the kitchen, Carrie signaled Frank with her eyebrows that she would have a word with him. But Frank only beamed at her and followed Cipriano into the kitchen. Carrie groaned when she heard his cheery roar, Cipriano's giggle—and Katie's ominous silence. Carrie looked at the wine bottle, hesitated, then poured herself a drink although wine always made her quite dizzy.

THE dinner was very good, she was sure, but it passed in a sherry haze, during which she joined in the talk when she could, but mainly listened to Cipriano's dramatic exploits—with gestures.

". . . So I crip through the jungle—crip so soft like mouse—then I *jump!* I catch him by the fit. He fall. Yell yi-yi-yi! I stick my knife . . ." He sprang to his feet, plunged his hand savagely downward toward the floor. "For him—is con-clus-i-*on!*" Then he calmly picked up his plate and went out into the kitchen for a second helping, and Carrie heard him ask Katie if she ever cooked bean sprouts with soy sauce . . . .

After dinner Cipriano sat by the fireplace, crossed his short, thick legs and he and Frank smoked cigars. Cipriano was still talking, but eventually the wine, the dinner and the cigars produced small interludes of dreamy silence.

"Your family in the Philippines, Cipriano? Are they safe?" Carrie caught Frank's warning glance too late.

Cipriano's face was without expression. "My brother safe, yes. My two sisters—who know? Taken away. My father—my father walking back to village after months in evacuation camp is happy—because somebody has say to him your boy Cipriano is one of *Americans* on *beachhead*—he's walk with joy. Is bayoneted."

"I'm so sorry," Carrie whispered.

Frank said nothing. His cigar was dead. In the silence Carrie's mind hurried to erase her blunder. She shouldn't have asked anything so personal. She lifted her voice and smiled. "Tell us, what about Ordonio and Casi? They were both in the Army, I suppose?"

"Yes. Casi was in my battalion. He receive medal for bravery."

"How nice. Where is he now?"

"Dead, ma'am."

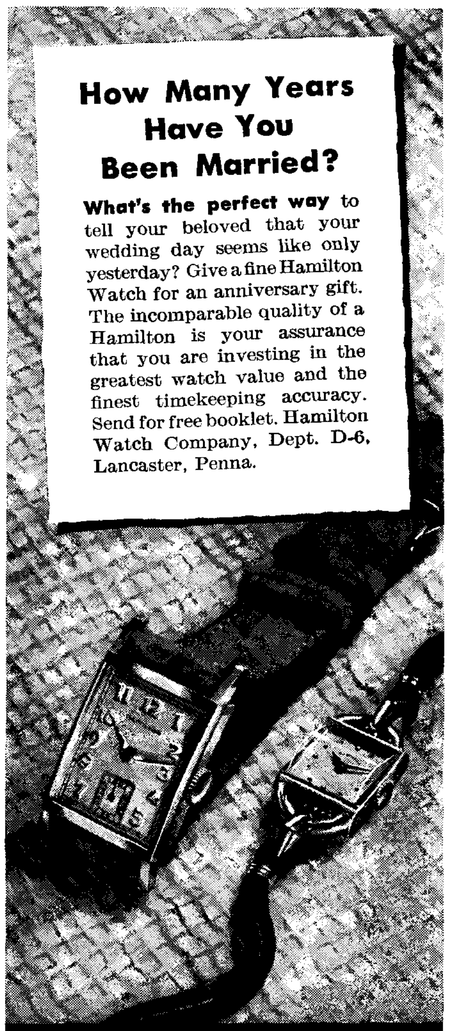
"Oh."

In some corner of her being, Cipriano's flat voice had set a wild, cold wind beating. She was afraid suddenly. Cipriano was staring at her, waiting, ready to answer.

"Ordonio?" she said quietly.

"Dead, ma'am."

After a time she was aware that Frank had relighted his cigar, he had poured brandy for himself and Cipriano and they were talking machine guns, troop movements. . . . Eventually they were smiling again and when Frank suggested



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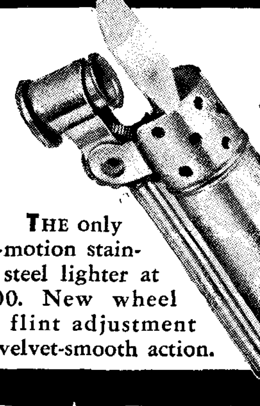

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a quick game of cards Cipriano rubbed his hands together.

"That's good. Like old time."

"You remember, Cipriano," Carrie said, "you left a small suitcase here. You said to keep it for you. I'll go up and get it. No, sit still, Frank. I know right where it is. You two go right ahead. . . ." Her voice sounded strange to her ears. She moved up the stairs with the deliberation of a sleepwalker. She turned into Cipriano's old room, went to the closet and found the suitcase. He had told her to open it if he didn't come back, keep the bag if she wanted it. She was glad she hadn't had to do that. The doorbell rang downstairs and the sound of voices reached her. The Shanes had come. They'd brought Gus, the flower man on the corner. She heard the voice of Luke, the barber, and Mr. Leonard, who owned the haberdashery, and Felix Malone from the newspaper. The pop of a flashlight bulb startled Carrie. They were taking Cipriano's picture for the paper and she heard him tell Mr. Malone, "Uncle Sam take good care his soldiers. Say I can learn radio—go to school. Buy house when I marry my girl from Philippines . . ." He giggled. Everybody was talking at once. Frank was bringing out more wine.

CARRIE sank upon the bed, the suitcase beside her. It came open and an expensive cigarette case fell on the bedspread. She tucked it back into the neat pile of fine linen handkerchiefs, and her hand brought out a folder of snapshots. His girls, no doubt. She looked at them. There were no girls. Just pictures of Ordonio smiling in his Palm Beach suit, Casi at the wheel of the car. . . . But most of the pictures were of her and Frank. Out by the greenhouse, ready for church—dear me, that old coat!—and a picture of them sitting under the trees over a picnic supper in the garden. Each one was dated on the back, a chronological record of "My best friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benson."

His best friends!

Those violent blue and pink pajamas! *I been shot, ma'am. . . . This so intelligent gentleman here. . . . A lady of great refinement. . . . Casi? Dead, ma'am. . . . Ordonio? Dead, ma'am. . . .*

She hadn't cried, not really, not since that time long ago when she'd told herself it was best not to love too much—you saved yourself pain. But she had forgotten that in kindness and understanding you served, and in service there was love. Forged together whether you liked it or not. She had closed a door on it, and the power had built up within her like a dam and now it overflowed, bringing not only the heartache but the richer meaning of memory.

Through the commotion below, Carrie heard a heavy tread on the stairway. Katie's footsteps. Carrie dried her eyes and closed the suitcase. Let Katie's pride be injured. She could go. It didn't matter. Jane Eberle was welcome to her. Carrie had done her own work before. She'd do it again. It would be good for her figure. . . .

She looked up. Katie stood, grim and determined, in the doorway. Her fists were on her hips, heavy arms akimbo like the supporting timbers of a bridge.

"Mr. Benson says to serve coffee and cake. . . ."

"All right, Katie," said Carrie evenly. "But you needn't bother. I'll take care of it."

"That's my job," said Katie. "I just came up to ask you would you tell this Cipriano to write down that thing about bean sprouts, seein' Mr. Benson likes 'em so. There's such a crowd around that little fellow I can't get near him."

"Why—yes. I guess I could, Katie."

"There's another thing you might as well know."

HERE it comes, thought Carrie, and she sat very straight on the edge of the bed and smiled into Katie's stubborn face.

"I told that Mrs. Eberle," said Katie with one small eye half closed, "to quit sashayin' around me. I ain't cookin' for a woman who has no dignity. . . ."

"No—no what, Katie?"

"Don't worry. She ain't got it. She phoned before you come home this afternoon from the meetin'. She says Mr. Shane had just told her you was entertainin' and when she found out it was your former cook she called me quick to know how I liked the idea of waitin' on him."

"H'mmm," said Carrie. "Didn't waste any time, did she?"

"She wasted *mine*. And I told her so. I work for a lady, I says, and I serve her guests and if her cook fought for this country, I says, I'm proud to serve him, Mrs. Eberle. Goodby, I says. And I hung up."

"You did? You hung up on Jane Eberle?"

"Forget her. You better come on down to the party. It's goin' good. Mr. Benson has to drive Cipriano to the train soon."

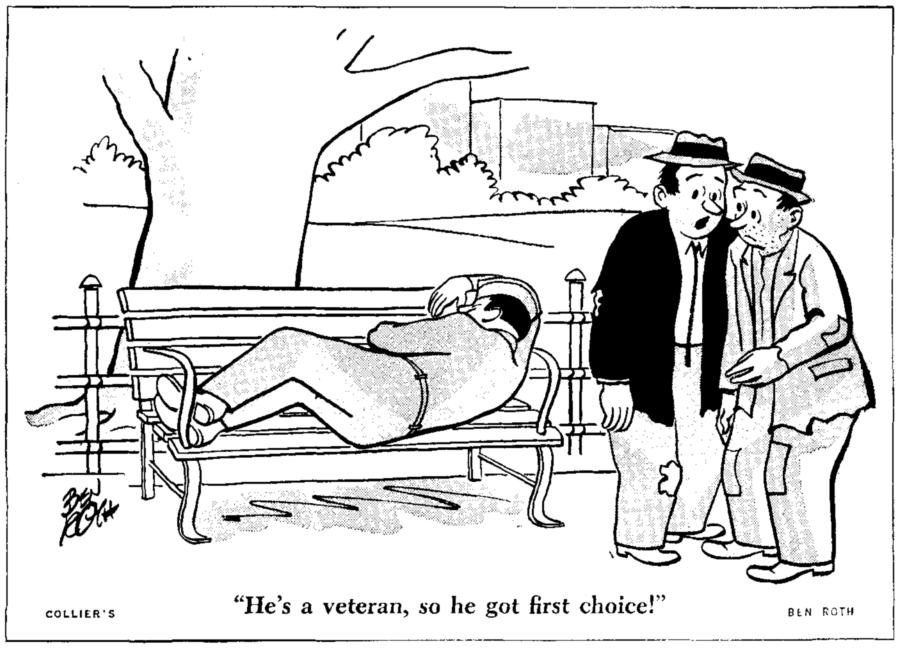
"In a minute, Katie," Carrie said, and she felt the deep and sudden need for quiet humility.

"Don't be too long. You know what that little fellow said? Said I was a damn' fine cook!"

Katie thumped down the stairs and Carrie could have sworn there was a smile on her face.

"Well," said Carrie softly. "Well, I declare!"

THE END



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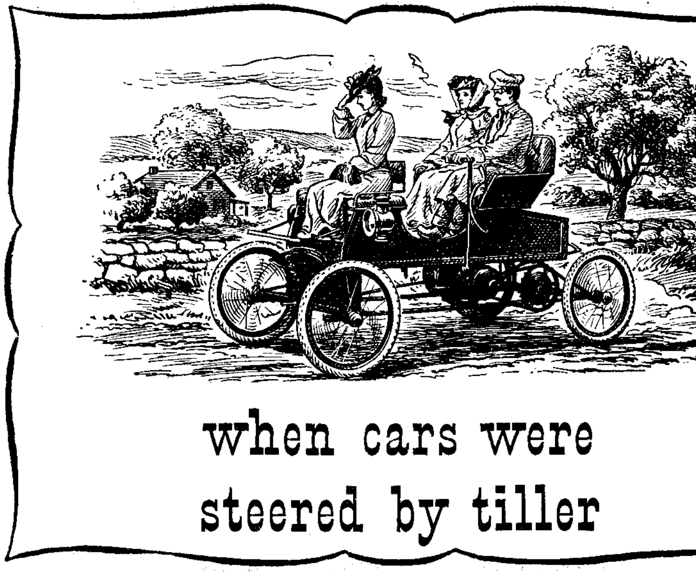

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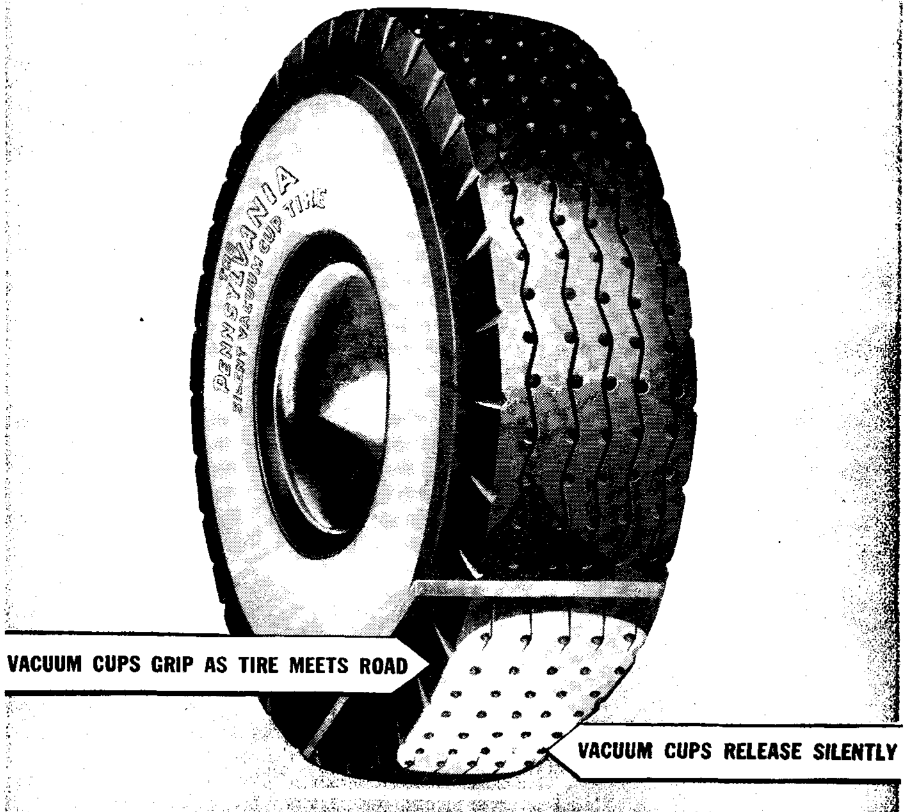
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Hot Tamale Circuit

Continued from page 27

and then decamped. Do the Mexicans carry guns? Ladies and gentlemen, they most certainly do! Sitting in a box with Pasquel, you will discern the glint of something at his feet and there the revolver will be. The gentleman next to him may have taken his out of his holster in the hot weather and have it resting easily under his seat cushion.

We offer no explanation of this but can report no instances where ballplayers were pinked in the anatomy for ineptitude. The revolution may still be in action in Mexico or it may merely be a frontier country, but the gentry wear their gats at social events and there is no denying it.

No Organized Gambling Cliques

And how about gambling? There are persistent reports in the States that baseball in Mexico is merely an excuse for gambling and that games are run accordingly. This suggests that gambling coups are possible with games being thrown, which naturally is repugnant to all loyal Americans. From what we could see—and we looked with gimlet eye and made every investigation possible—this is a lot of nonsense. There is absolutely no open gambling at the ball parks and certainly no animated group of swindlers such as are seen behind third base in every ball park in this country.

There is the further charge that baseball in Mexico is a syndicate affair because Jorge Pasquel owns or is interested in every club in the league, but this also blows up on interviewing the owners of the various teams. They are fanatically proud of their organizations and determined to win the pennant. Pasquel takes the greatest care not to overload his favorite team, Vera Cruz, with the best players. The Mexicans look with horror at the very thought of anything irregular in their sports.

"You've never heard of a bull fight or soccer or prize-fighting scandal down here, have you?" they ask, with flashing eyes. They take this inquiry about syndicate ball very hard, as if it were a reflection on their integrity, and we can only surmise that Pasquel would be in grave danger if any hint of manipulation ever arose.

The crux of the whole situation is Jorge Pasquel, who is an amazing character. At thirty-eight he is a well-set-up, vigorous man with very definite ideas on the future of baseball in Mexico. At his elaborate home on Hamburgo Street there is a statuette of Napoleon prominently placed in the reception hall. Pasquel admits to having read twenty-five books on Napoleon and being an authority on his life. This may account for a lot in his career.

Although he is not the oldest, he is the head of the Pasquel family. Living at home with him are his mother, his brother Mario and sister Rosarie, his married sister and her husband and two children. Another sister is married and lives in Puebla in another fabulous Pasquel mansion. The old family home is kept up in Vera Cruz and there is another Pasquel establishment in Nuevo Laredo, where brothers Bernardo and Alfonso live. Gerardo runs a huge ranch near Torreón.

The Vernon Stephens affair was particularly painful to Jorge (pronounced Hor-gay in Spanish but now George by common consent) because Stephens had been taken into the Pasquel home as a guest, a distinctive honor. This accounts for Pasquel's determination to sue Stephens for breach of contract. "I will sue him as long as he lives," Jorge kept saying over the phone to New York, when reporters called him during the excitement about Mickey Owen's arrival.

This suit could easily be a disaster for American baseball, and it ties in with much of the resentment among American players against American club owners. The baseball contract is admittedly a one-sided affair. The player is tied to organized baseball for life, but he can be discharged at will. The player either works for what the club owner offers or he doesn't work at all, for no club is allowed to tamper with the players of any other club.

It must be admitted at once, that without this type of contract, baseball might be impossible. If the players were free after each season to make new deals for themselves, the best players would naturally gravitate to the best-heeled clubs and no team would know from year to year where it stood.

However, there is a possibility that the courts would find the present contract a form of peonage, since the player has no legal rights whatever. This has been known to the owners for a long time and accounts for their reluctance to tangle with the law. It is most ironically possible that Pasquel could lose the suit against Stephens for damages (even though Pasquel reported in the middle of May that Stephens had not returned any of the money advanced to him by Pasquel) and yet blow up the whole structure of baseball by getting the present standard contract held invalid.

Since Pasquel's raids on our leagues, facts about American salaries have become public and shocked the fans. Luis Olmo knocked in 110 runs for Brooklyn last year and was offered a contract this season for $7,500. Hal Gregg won eighteen games for the same team and was given $8,000 after a hard fight. We were told by American players in Mexico that the St. Louis Cardinals pay their new men $400 a month, raising the ante to $600 after May fifteen, if they stick. The season is five and a half months.

Rumors of Small Salaries

There was a report in New York that Ralph Branca of the Dodgers had signed a three-year contract calling for a total salary of $4,900. It is alleged that men on the Philadelphia Nationals have played for as little as $1,750 a year. The newspapers reported that Branch Rickey had offered Joe Hatten, the spectacular southpaw, a salary of $500 a month this spring. Hatten held out and got more.

"If a player is good enough to make a big-league team," said Sal Maglie, when he left the Giants, "he should be worth at least $10,000 a year."

We talked with Maglie in Puebla, where he and his wife are installed in a suite in the best hotel in town and very contented with their fate.

"I'm twenty-nine years old and had a hard time making the big leagues. I won five straight games for them when I came in late last year but that didn't seem to mean anything to them this spring. They didn't answer my letters when I wrote them about a new contract and then finally offered me one with a small raise. When they heard I had been approached by the Mexican League, they boosted it to $8,000. I'm working on a three-year contract down here and even if I'm no good and am dropped after the first season, I'll still be better off than if I'd stayed three or four years with the Giants."

Pasquel has been swamped with letters from players in this country since starting his raiding campaign. Many of them are from amateurs and minor-leaguers with no chance in Mexico, but we can testify to being startled by some of the big names involved. The players seem

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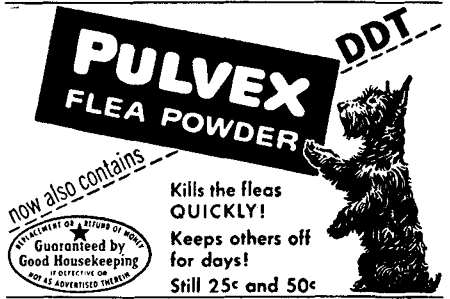
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to feel that they play baseball for a living and are entitled to make the best deal for their services. If an engineer can run off to Egypt or Russia or India to build a bridge, they don't see the disloyalty in making the best of their talents in Mexico.

The Mexicans are unable to understand our psychology in the battle between Pasquel and the big leagues. Baseball is our national sport and it seems to the Mexicans we should be the proudest people in the world at the thought that others are taking it up. With the war over and big-league rosters crammed with players, the Mexicans think it would have been a smart thing for us to offer Pasquel some of our overflow talent. Instead we have practically waged a vendetta against them, they claim, replete with insults, recriminations and boycotts.

"The manufacturers took our order for two thousand dozen baseballs," says Pasquel, "and then refused to fill it. We have to get baseballs and bats from retail stores in the States, just as if we were bootlegging them. Every foul ball that goes over the fence costs us fourteen pesos (approximately $2.80)."

That pettiness was not lost on the Mexican fans, who are aware of everything going on over here. The big Mexico City dailies (Excelsior, Universal) carry more baseball news than any paper in this country. *La Aficion* is said to be the only daily sports paper in the world.

Native Talent is Improving

The madness for baseball in Mexico will probably soon produce many fine Mexican players. At the present time the core of the league are the Negro players from Cuba, Puerto Rico and the United States. There are some great players in this group but the Mexicans are coming fast with such talented young fellows as Vecino and Magallon of San Luis Potosí and Bache, a fine shortstop, and Torres, a great outfielder at Monterrey. Torres is a natural hitter and is said to have the best arm in the league.

When we asked if the Mexicans might not resent the influx of American players, the Mexicans answered with astonishment: "The Mexican players are entirely satisfied because the success of baseball here has raised their salaries about four hundred per cent. Hockey is a popular game in your country and yet all the players are Canadians. Do you resent that?"

The raiding has not all been on one side. For years Joe Cambria, scout for Washington, has been luring prospects north. The Mexicans feel that Commissioner Chandler is slightly less than logical when he objects to Mexico seeking our players and yet welcomed Vernon Stephens back with open arms, although he had repudiated a Mexican contract; but their chief resentment is against Clark Griffith of Washington, who for years has had almost a monopoly on Latin-American players.

When Griffith welcomed the flurry of injunctions against Mexican tampering with American players by saying that the Mexican officials "can be prosecuted for trying to persuade American players to jump their contracts, since this is clearly outside the law," the Mexican laughter rose to hysterical heights. They pointed out that Griffith, Connie Mack and Ban Johnson formed the American League by raiding the National League, a battle in which contracts were repudiated right and left. They also recalled how contracts were flouted in the famous Federal League war of twenty years ago and noted that, in the present conflict between American professional football leagues, many strange things were happening to the sanctity of contracts.

The cardinal point in the discussion is that baseball is in Mexico to stay. They call their home runs "jomrons" or "cuadralangulars" but the crowd gets into hysterics over them just as they do at the Yankee Stadium, and the happy team rushes out en masse to meet the hitter when he arrives at home plate. We observed the umpiring carefully down there and were convinced that it was honest.

Two of the best umpires are Atan, a Chinese Cuban, and Maestri of Cuba. Maestri made his reputation years ago by ignoring insults on the field but meeting the offender after the game under the stands and fighting it out.

From a ballplayer's point of view, Mexico is not all peaches and cream. The altitude at Mexico City and Puebla has a bad effect on some players and this is especially felt among the wives.

Most visitors to Mexico get a touch (sometimes a serious touch) of dysentery from being careless about eating fresh vegetables and drinking impure water. The ball parks are primitive and the playing fields rough specimens compared with our big-league layouts. The pitchers find that their curve ball doesn't break at high altitudes (Tampico at sea level and with a muggy climate is said to be a pitcher's idea of heaven), but the hitters admire the way a ball travels in the thin air at 7,000 feet.

The players we interviewed in Mexico all felt they had landed in the middle of a gold mine and could easily put up with the hardships.

Mickey Owen is considering offers from Cuba and South America for the winter months. He has paid off his farm at Springfield, Missouri, and is dickering for another one.

"The way I was going in the big leagues, I couldn't have done that in ten years, if ever," he says.

According to J. K. Lasser's authoritative book, Your Income Tax (1946 edition), American players will not have to pay an income tax here if they get their "compensation for services outside the country for the entire year." In that period they can make business and vacation trips to this country without changing their status. This is not to say that any of the players looks down his nose at American baseball and certainly none will risk his American citizenship, no matter how much pelf is involved. They read the daily box scores and recall the exciting days in the States, but then they scan their bankbooks and relax.

"I liked it fine at Washington," said Roberto Ortiz, the big outfielder, "but by the time I paid my living expenses and the taxes, I got back to Cuba every winter broke. This is different here."

Migration Likely to Continue

The procession of American players keeps wending its way south and the trail may grow deeper next year when the new parks are built in Mexico.

"Then maybe you won't be surprised at seeing Ted Williams down here," says Señor Pasquel proudly.

With Pasquel, nothing would surprise me. It is not true that the Mexican government is backing him now, although he is a friend of President Avila Camacho, but if Miguel Aleman becomes the next President (and it seems a cinch for him now), the league will definitely be a favored sport. Aleman and Pasquel grew up together in Vera Cruz and are fast friends.

"Maybe even Bobby Feller next year, eh?" said Señor Pasquel, when we last saw him.

If that happens, the battle royal will really be on, and we will probably see contracts breaking in all directions. At least one American scout was lately run out of the Mexican ball park, just as we have been fighting off Mexican agents here. The happy gentry you will note on the side lines will be the ballplayers, experiencing the millennium at last.

THE END

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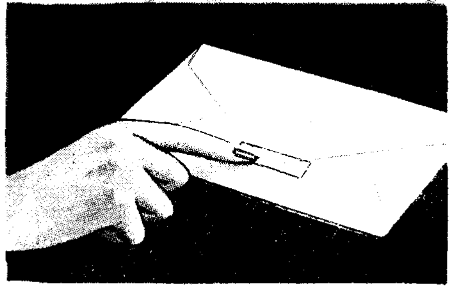

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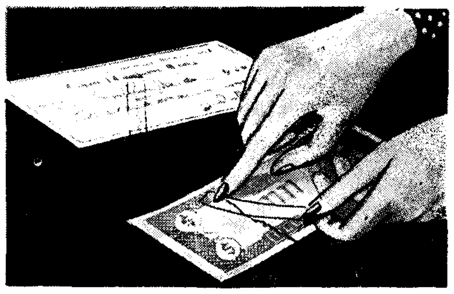

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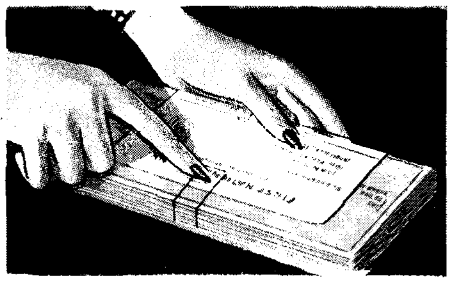

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Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

One of the new, faster ships you'll have to learn to distinguish from familiar transports is the DC-6, which United calls the Mainliner 300

New Ships—New Shapes

JUST when people who live on the transcontinental and Pacific Coast system of United Air Lines were becoming quite proud of their ability to spot a United DC-3 or a DC-4, our friend Dick Rummel, United's publicity manager, throws us (and perhaps them) into a spin by suddenly announcing a lot of new plane designations we'd never heard of.

For a long time, United has dubbed all its planes "Mainliners" because of the mainline airway pioneered by the Post Office Department between New York and San Francisco 25 years ago and which United's predecessor companies took over when the government gave up active mail flying. That was all right when they were all Douglas DC-3s, but now we have references to Mainliner 180s, Mainliner 230s, Mainliner 300s and Mainliner 303s. United figured it was more in the public interest to associate air travel speed with each type, so that's what those numbers mean.

Matched up, the 180s (that's their cruising speed) stand for 21-passenger, twin-engined DC-3s. The 230s stand for the 44-passenger, four-engined Douglas DC-4s, converted from Army C-54s for peacetime commercial use. The 300s are the 52-passenger, four-engined Douglas DC-6s, larger and 70 miles an hour faster than the DC-4s, to go into service sometime this summer. And the 303s are Glenn L. Martin's twin-engined, 40-passenger intercity planes which will replace the DC-3s next year. Built to United's specifications, they feature pressurized cabins and are booked to fly at 300 miles an hour. In all other respects they resemble the Martin 202 which Braniff, Chicago & Southern, Colonial, Eastern and PCA have ordered to replace their DC-3s.

Not all airlines have yet gone in for catchy names for their planes, but they're coming around rapidly. We now have Alaskan Airlines Starliners; American Airlines Flagships; Braniff Airways B-Liners; Chicago & Southern Dixieliners; Colonial Airlines Skycruisers; Delta Air Lines Deltaliners; Eastern Air Lines Silverliners; Pan American Clippers; PCA Capitaliners and TWA Skyliners.

Other airlines, as well as some of the foregoing, employ descriptive phrases to identify their services. Chicago & Southern calls itself The Route of the Dixieliners; Continental Air Lines Serves the West; Delta Air Lines is The Trans-Southern Route; Eastern Air Lines operates The Great Silver Fleet; Mid-Continent Airlines, The Great Plains Route; National Airlines, The Buccaneer Route; Northeast Airlines is The Wings of New England; and Northwest Airlines is Shortest, Fastest Between Chicago and Seattle. Pan American World Airways has a double description: The System of the Flying Clipper Ships and America's Merchant Marine of the Air.

PCA (Pennsylvania-Central Airlines) is The Capital Airline; TWA, formerly The Lindbergh Line, then The Transcontinental Line, has had to expand its description to coincide with its foreign service so is now called Trans World Airline, but legally is still Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc. United Air Lines is The Main Line Airway, and Western Air Lines proudly describes itself as America's Pioneer Airline.

While the majority of all planes on our airlines are Douglas-built, with Lockheed, Consolidated-Vultee, Martin, Boeing and Republic looming next year as hot competitors, each airline strives to establish distinctiveness and exclusiveness in exterior coloring and interior decoration. The manufacturers could turn them out faster and a little cheaper if they were all made to look alike inside, but competition being what it is, each line wants to indulge its idea of the most attractive and efficient plane.

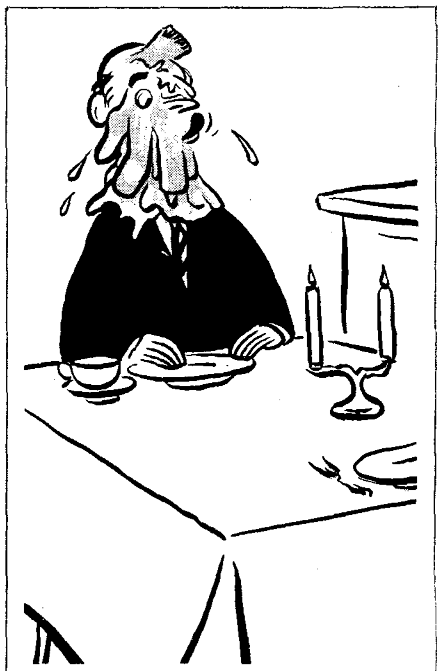
Used to be that all Pullmans looked pretty much alike and people rode "trains." Then with the advent of specially designed cars like the Santa Fe Super Chief and the Chesapeake & Ohio George Washington, people began to identify the train by name. And so, for example, American, Pan American and United would like you to tell your friends you're not only flying, but you're going in a Flagship or a Clipper or a Mainliner 300. But the manufacturers have names, too, and they don't want to lose their identity. Lockheed wants you to be sure and specify it as a Constellation no matter what the airlines call it. Douglas would like you to know it as a DC-6 this summer, and early next year Boeing will say: Fly in a Stratocruiser; Consolidated-Vultee, a 240; Martin, a 202 (or 303 if it's on United); and Republic's new 4-engine, 40-passenger, 400-mile-an-hour, 4,000-mile-range airliner should be remembered as the Rainbow. Clear?

AIRSICKNESS once was ranked with seasickness as being inevitable if your number was up and nothing much could be done about it. Nevertheless, some courageous folk in aviation were bold enough to declare it could be licked outright or reduced to a microscopic minimum.

In the days of trimotored Ford and Fokker airliners, airsickness was along for nearly every trip. The cabins were poorly ventilated—you either roasted or froze—the vibration from the engine was fatiguing and the burning oil from that engine was nauseating. On a rough, hot day many a passenger swore never to fly again.

But a lot has been done since. The nose engine has been removed, and with it, oil fumes and vibration. Cabins have been soundproofed and fresh air gets in. Heating systems have been improved and cowboy pilots who plowed right through thunderstorms and turbulent air, now avoid them and slow down when the air gets rough. The benefit of all this on airsickness is amazing, and Colonel A. D. Tuttle, medical director of United Air Lines, has figures to prove it—figures compiled from 1938 through 1945 and covering 4,000,000 passengers carried on his line.

He says that only three out of 1,000 passengers were airsick; only one in 1,000 needed supplemental oxygen; only one in 2,000 had ear trouble and only one in 1,000 had some miscellaneous upset. He predicts that with the altitude-condition pressurized cabins coming along in a few months, wherein the passengers can fly at 16,000 feet with only a 5,000-foot pressure in the cabin or 20,000 feet with the equivalent of only 8,000 feet inside, even these infrequent cases of discomfort will be reduced radically; and some will be virtually eliminated. ★★★



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CLUB Sparkling SODA
CANADA DRY
WATER
PIN-POINT CARBONATION
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Even the best drinks are hard to take . . . when they're made with inferior mixers. That's why it's always best to stick with Canada Dry Water and Ginger Ale. Only these world-favorites have "Pin-Point Carbonation"... to keep drinks sparkling with life, to the last sip. They're the only mixers made according to scientific formulae that *improve* . . . don't just dilute . . . tall drinks. One *points up* flavor . . . the other *adds* the delicate flavor of pure Jamaica ginger.

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Quinine Water . . . will be back for delicious gin and tonics.
Spur . . . the quality cola for a perfect Cuba Libre.

What's Russia Up To?

Continued from page 14

The hardening of American policy wasn't the cause of Russian expansionism but the *result.*

The Russians and their sympathizers beg to be "understood" but so do the democracies. In the absence of that mutual "understanding" there is growing almost daily a conflict of such proportions that some of our most levelheaded friends in the State Department, not the confirmed Russophobes but diplomats known for their objectivity, talk of the possibility of another world explosion in a matter of months or a year or two.

President Truman and the administration as a whole don't believe there are any differences between the Western democracies and the Soviet Union and particularly between America and Russia which can't be settled by negotiation. Truman and his colleagues know that Communism can't be destroyed merely by annihilating Russia and that, on the contrary, the breakdown of the world's economy in another conflict would merely increase the prospects either of world Communization or Fascistization.

There's no telling what may happen, however, if the Russians continue to pursue what they insist are the objectives necessary to their security, but what to the Western powers look remarkably like the goals of a resurgent Russian imperialism. One hope of averting disaster is seen in the possibility that Russia is demanding the impossible in order to obtain the probable. That the Soviets, in short, are bluffing. There were indications that this might be true at the meeting last month of the Big Four's foreign ministers in Paris.

Strategies of Empire

The Russians originally demanded sole trusteeship over the North African Italian colony of Tripolitania which, with Cyrenaica, forms Libya. If granted, this would have placed the Soviets squarely on the flank of Britain's Mediterranean route to India and the Orient via the Suez Canal. Britain, of course, objected. It had promised independence to the Senusi tribes of Libya in a double-edged piece of diplomacy calculated (1) to strengthen Britain's strategic position in the Mediterranean at Italy's expense and (2) to increase British prestige with the Arabs.

The foreign ministers of the United States, Britain, France and Russia, who'd met to draft peace treaties with Italy and the defeated Axis satellites of central and southeastern Europe, were deadlocked on every point on their agenda. After failure to agree on what to do about the Adriatic port of Trieste—whether to give it to Yugoslavia, let Italy keep it, or internationalize it—it seemed that the meeting would break up in angry disunity over the Tripolitanian matter.

French Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, however, offered a compromise plan suggesting that a trusteeship be given to Italy under the United Nations. Italy conquered Tripolitania from Turkey in 1912 and what progress has been made in agriculture and industry has cost pre-Fascist Italians much money and sweat. The Russians, to everyone's surprise, accepted the French proposal. They'd asked for the impossible and settled for much less. But they did succeed in winning a point in their duel with the British. England was kept out of Tripolitania.

Otherwise the Big Four could write off the Paris meeting as a failure. The great issue was Trieste, and this one they fumbled, not because they couldn't decide whether or not to award Trieste to Yugoslavia, but because Trieste's fate determined just how far westward into Europe Soviet Russia was to be permitted to come. Trieste is an all-important chip in the poker game of power being played out in Europe.

Russia is in Austria now and from all indications it intends to stay for a long time. It has, as in Germany, the choice zone of occupation—the industrial area and the one richest in raw materials. It hopes, as in Germany, to create a Communist-socialist Austria friendly to the Soviet Union and a potential ally for the future. It wants to make certain that it will be in a position to offer Austrian left-wingers—who are Austrians first and Communists or socialists second—an outlet to the Adriatic.

This Russia could do, eventually, if Trieste were Yugoslav but not if it remained Italian, in which case the port would be a blue chip in the hands of the British. England, too, hopes to have an independent Austria one day as an added buffer against enemies from the east, but, more important, to control the entire system of central and eastern European communication. Clearly, the struggle for power in Europe continues, despite America's efforts, on a military-strategic plane rather than on the higher one envisioned in the Atlantic Charter or the Charter of the United Nations.

Because a Trieste handed to Tito would have meant a Trieste in the hands of Stalin's proxy, the United States was obliged to side with Great Britain in opposing Russian-backed Yugoslav demands for its annexation. Such a Trieste would be the westward outpost of Russian influence and power in Europe and therefore of Communist influence and power. In their spadework on the peace, the foreign ministers of the Big Four found Trieste a difficult shovelful.

It became clear early in the Paris meeting that the negotiation of separate peace treaties between the victors and the vanquished was unworkable and that a general peace conference was necessary. Such a conference, it was hoped, might be held in the presumably more equable political climate of the United States.

Behind America's opposition to awarding Trieste to Tito there were other considerations. America is aware of the services rendered to the Allied cause by Italy during its period of cobelligerency after the fall of Mussolini. The large Italian vote in the States, and its possible influence on the elections in '48 was, of course, a factor. Italo-Americans feel as strongly about Trieste as the Italians themselves. The Adriatic port was Italy's prize for deserting the Holy Alliance to fight on the Allied side in World War I. Some of the naturalized Americans who'll vote in '48 fought to obtain it from the Austro-Hungarians.

Italy's Claims to Trieste

Secretary of State Byrnes' support of British objections to a Yugoslav Trieste was also motivated by an earnest desire to advance democracy's cause in Italy. Italians are united on the question of establishment of a republic and on keeping Trieste, however divided they may be on other questions. Even Italian Communists shout "Trieste Italiana!" and the two issues—the republic and Trieste—are interrelated. If Italy loses Trieste, the chances of a rebirth of Fascism, which originally sprang out of real or imagined discriminations against Italy in World War I's peace treaties, are increased.

In dealing with Russia about Trieste or any other Soviet demands, Secretary Byrnes probably could not help but be influenced by the knowledge of the Soviets' willingness, as recently as 1939, to make an alliance with the Nazis in order to achieve what they consider to be their destiny. The details of those negotiations and of the agreements reached between Hitler and Stalin are known, now, with the capture in Berlin of the secret files of the Reichschancellery. They tell an ugly story and there's little in them to inspire Anglo-American confidence in the objectives of Russian diplomacy.

The position taken in 1939 and 1940 by the Soviet Union, as disclosed in the papers found in Berlin and including, among others, the private documents of Dr. Paul Schmidt, Hitler's personal interpreter, is of utmost importance as a guide to Russian imperial policy. German betrayal of promises made to Russia does not mitigate the fact that the Soviet Union tried to secure from Hitler what it's already obtained and continues to seek from the Allies. Had Hitler met all of the Soviets' conditions, according to the captured documents, the U.S.S.R. might have become a partner in the Italo-German-Japanese Tripartite Pact which had begun as a Rome-Berlin alliance against the Comintern!

The negotiations for a Russo-German alliance began when Hitler discovered Russia's failure to secure a pact with Britain and France against the Nazis due largely to the Poles' refusal to allow the Soviets to march to the German border through their territory. Hitler sounded out Stalin, and the latter, like Barkis, was "willin'." Hitler informed Stalin that he was prepared to recognize the Soviets' "primary interests from the Baltic to the Black Sea," and Stalin consented to receive a German diplomatic mission headed by Joachim von Ribbentrop who sits, at the moment, in the prisoners' dock at Nuremberg.

There was considerable and sharp discussion of "spheres of interest" and a non-aggression pact was finally signed on August 23, 1939. The Soviet "sphere" was defined as including Finland, Estonia, Latvia to the Dvina River, eastern Poland to the right bank of the Vistula and Bessarabia. Stalin insisted on the repartition of Poland to regain territory lost to the Poles in World War I and to bring 4,000,000 Russians back under the Slav flag.

Ribbentrop's View of the Pact

The Russian reasons for accepting the pact were defined in an analysis by Ribbentrop as follows: (1) the Soviet government was freed of the fear of an imminent German attack, (2) a war in the west would weaken the capitalist powers and create a condition favorable to the further spread of Communism, (3) at a pen stroke the Soviet Union got a free hand in the Baltice States, a region for which Peter the Great had fought for 21 years and (4) Russia's never-abandoned claims to Bessarabia, key to penetration into southeastern Europe, were fulfilled.

On September 28, 1939, Von Ribbentrop again went to Moscow to sign another treaty with the Soviet Union redefining the German and Soviet spheres of influence. In the August treaty, for instance, the frontier line dividing the relative areas proceeded north of Lithuania and along the Vistula River. In the September agreement Lithuania was placed wholly in the Soviet sphere, and Germany got the Polish district of Lublin as compensation. But all efforts by the Germans to induce Stalin to renounce possession of Lwów failed. The *Ukrainians,* he told the Germans, would never tolerate the loss of this key city.

On November 12, 1940, Molotov went to Berlin for further talks with Hitler and Von Ribbentrop. Hitler and the Soviet Foreign Commissar discussed the whole range of Soviet interests from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and in the course of their conversation *Der Führer* told Stalin's emissary that Great Britain was "substantially defeated" and that in the subsequent liquidation of the British Empire, the interests of the U.S.S.R. should be directed toward obtaining an outlet to the "warm open sea" via Iran to the Persian Gulf.

Germany, Hitler said, had no interests in that direction but would seek to expand in the west and in the Balkans. Molotov, however, said he didn't believe that the time was yet ripe to make any definite agreements along those lines but added that "in due course" the Soviet

Garrett Price

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government would be prepared to discuss these problems further.

Molotov and Hitler did discuss Finland and the Baltic States in detail. Molotov contended that since Finland was in the Soviet sphere, German troops should be withdrawn from there as soon as possible. Hitler stalled, saying that Germany had only economic and not political interests in Finland and was concerned merely with the nickel supply from Petsamo needed for his war industries. As soon as Germany had enough nickel or had won the war, German troops would be withdrawn.

A Sharp Retort from Hitler

Molotov wasn't happy at what he heard. He said he'd make note of Hitler's observations and would inform Moscow. Then he tartly demanded to know why the Soviet government had not been invited to take part in the discussions which led to the so-called Vienna Award of August, 1940, whereby Transylvania was assigned to Hungary. This was the first real clash of Russian and German imperial interests. Hitler just as acidly replied that he didn't believe that the Soviet Union was primarily concerned in the matter.

"Germany," Hitler said, "is interested in avoiding a war between Rumania and Hungary which would interfere with the supply of Rumanian oil to the Reich."

Hungarian nationalists were, at the time, agitating for war on Rumania to regain lost Transylvania, a rich agricultural area where Hungarian landowners had huge estates. Hitler satisfied the Hungarian appetite for land at Rumania's expense but also, in order to stiffen the backbones of Rumanian pro-Nazis who had come to power in Bucharest, agreed to "guarantee" Rumania's frontiers thereafter.

Molotov, naturally, wanted to know whether the German-Rumanian "treaty of guarantee" was directed against the Soviet Union and blandly declared that he was "unable to follow" *Der Führer's* reasoning when the latter replied that it was directed "against any aggressor."

"There is no reason for fear on the part of the Soviet Union," Hitler told Molotov, "in view of the excellent relations between our two countries and the recent settlement (concession of Bessarabia and northern Bucovina) in the Soviet Union's favor."

Molotov then asked Hitler what the German position might be in the event the Soviets negotiated a similar treaty with Bulgaria to "guarantee" the latter's frontiers "against any aggressor." Russia, Molotov told Hitler, historically had a "vital interest" in Bulgaria, since the country represented the "natural zone of security of the Soviet Union regarding the Turkish Straits." The Soviet Union, Molotov argued, had to be "quite certain of Bulgaria."

Hitler said he'd have to talk the matter over with the Bulgarian government and with Mussolini, but his irritation with Molotov's insistence on the importance of Bulgaria in the Soviets' scheme of things in the region of the Dardanelles was obvious. Molotov also pressed hard for recognition of the Soviets' interests in Hungary and Yugoslavia.

Molotov then raised the pay-off question—that of the Dardanelles themselves. Russia, he told Hitler, had "often been attacked through this strategic waterway and couldn't be satisfied merely with paper guarantees in the future." Hitler was noncommittal and Molotov was unsatisfied.

On November 13, 1940, just about six months before the Nazis sluiced into Russia, Molotov talked with Marshal Goering and then attended a dinner in his honor at the Soviet Embassy in Berlin. Von Ribbentrop was there. The dinner, by the way, was interrupted by an Allied air raid, and Molotov and Ribbentrop were obliged to continue their conversations in the German Foreign Minister's private air-raid cellar.

Thereafter Russo-German negotiations, although continued via their respective embassies, took a turn for the worse. Berlin was unwilling to pay the high price demanded by Russia for participation in the war against the Western powers. With typical orneriness, the Germans used the content of their discussions with the Russians for anti-Soviet propaganda in Balkan and Turkish countries to prepare the way for the support of those nations of the German invasion of the U.S.S.R.

The Turkish Ambassador to Berlin, one Mr. Gerede, for example, was informed on August 19, 1941, of a telegram from Count von der Schulenberg, the German Ambassador in Moscow, purporting to show that Russia's price for adherence to the Axis was (1) the recognition of Soviet "security interests" in the Black Sea, (2) military and air bases in the Dardanelles and the Bosporus and (3) establishment of a Soviet military mission in Ankara.

Some German military and political experts, according to these documents, felt that Hitler made a fatal error in not conceding to the Soviet Union what it demanded, in order to ensure a German victory over Great Britain. In this sense Russian insistence on their imperial rights helped the downfall of Hitler.

But it's also obvious, from an examination of the records found in Berlin, that Soviet policy concerning eastern and southeastern Europe today is identical with the one pursued in 1939-40 in the negotiations with the Germans. This is evident in Soviet acquisition of Finland, incorporation of the Baltic States in the Soviet Union and acquisition of eastern Poland as well as in the system of alliances negotiated with Poland, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and in the degree of control the Soviets exercise over the internal affairs of Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria and Germany.

What Price Soviet Good Will?

Great Britain and (in so far as we're committed to support the British in their power conflict with the Russians) the United States are confronted with practically the same dilemma as faced the Germans in their dealings with the Soviets. Are Britain and America willing to pay Russia the same price, for full participation in the United Nations and the making of a permanent peace, that Russia once demanded as the price of making war against Britain? That is the $64 question and, if war comes, the multibillion-dollar question confronting the Allies.

In view of the possibilities of armed conflict it's necessary to examine (1) whether Russia desires war and (2) if it does, whether it could fight one. Such experts as we have on Russia agree unanimously on point number one. The Russian *people,* they say, don't want another war after having lost at least 6,000,000 and possibly as many as 15,000,000 dead and wounded in World War II, anywhere from 20 to 50 times our own losses.

On point number two there are, thanks to Russia's policy of secrecy concerning its inner political and economic life, few facts upon which to base any conclusions. The almost primitive manner in which Russia fought its battles in World War II and what reliable information, apart from newspaper reports, reaches Washington, indicate that the Soviet Union is not at present and won't be for some years to come in a position to fight a war.

The vast western areas of the U.S.S.R., normally inhabited by 88,000,000 people, or nearly half Russia's population, and producing approximately 60 per cent of the country's coal, ferrous metals and other vital materials, was so thoroughly devastated by the Germans that it will take until 1950 at least to rehabilitate them. Entire industries were evacuated from the west to beyond the Urals to Siberia and Central Asia. It's a reasonable assumption that the objectives of the new and highly publicized five-year plan are to rebuild the damaged industries, mines and farms in the west and to expand and speed up the industries in the east.

For the next five years the U.S.S.R.'s industrial and agricultural energies will be completely occupied with producing a sufficiency of those bare necessities required by its long-suffering population. For four years Soviet workers went without even the most urgent essentials with the total suspension of production of consumer goods in 1941. There is a tremendous backlog of commodities, from shoes and stockings on up to housing, to be produced.

In almost every department of Soviet civilian industrial production, the figures, as confidentially reported from Moscow, not only fall far short of comparable American figures but look puny in comparison to combined Anglo-American production schedules. In almost every case, also, Soviet production is under prewar levels. Reconversion, although begun partially in 1943, is far behind requirements. The 1945 Russian output of automobiles, for instance, will total about 100,000 units as compared with 211,000 in 1938.

(Editor's note: Normal U.S. auto production equals 3,500,000 a year.)

Russia's output of basic raw materials fell off sharply during the war. Coal production totaled only 150,000,000 tons in 1945 and was 166,000,000 tons in 1940; 1945's oil production was 20,000,000 tons compared to 31,000,000 in 1940. In some of the devastated areas, production generally is down to one third what it was before the war.

The willingness of Soviet workers to endure sacrifices was a decisive factor in the Soviet Union's ability to supply most of the Red Army's needs for weapons and food. Throughout the war no Soviet worker could leave his plant for a better job; habitual tardiness and absenteeism were punishable by fines and imprisonment. Vacations were outlawed.

To achieve the objectives of the U.S.S.R.'s fourth five-year plan—the rehabilitation of its farms and industries, the improvement system and the development of its mineral and oil resources—will require an effort on the part of Soviet workers at least equal to that which they made during the war. Most of the wartime disciplines on workers' movements have been retained, although vacations with pay have been restored.

To improve the national morale—the Russians are as sick of war as the British and the Americans—the Soviet hierarchy must find ways and means of improving housing and providing substantial quantities of consumer goods. But to achieve the necessary production, the politicians are obliged to hold before the people the old banners of the struggle between Communism and capitalism.

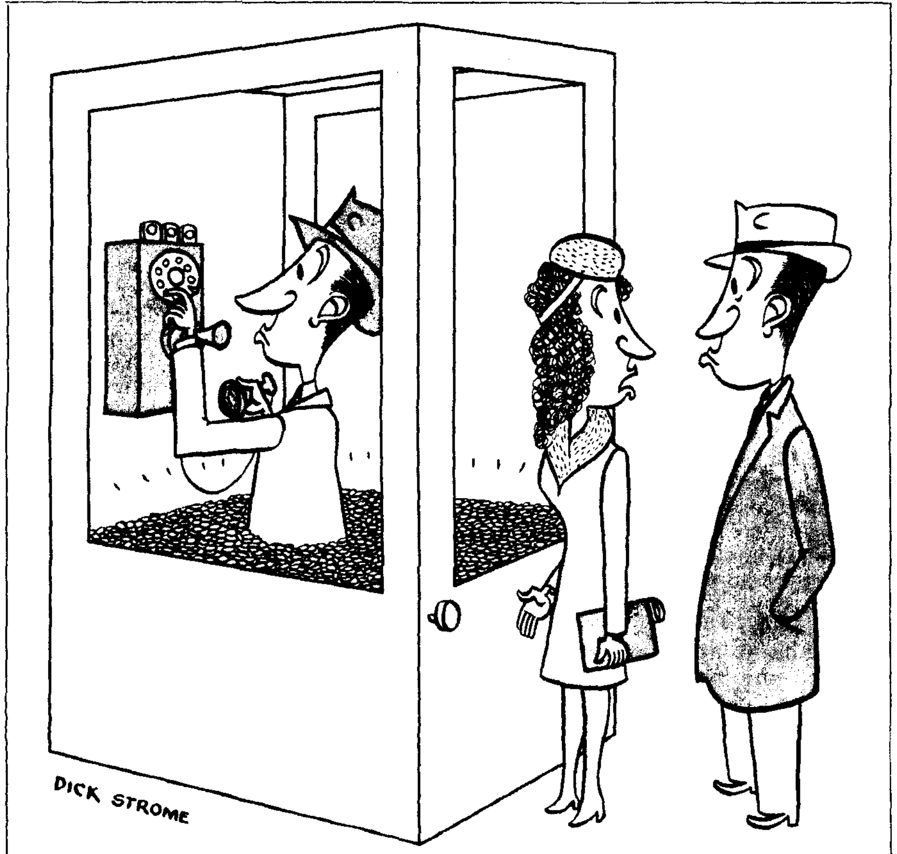
Atomic Energy in War and Peace

Great stress is laid on the development of atomic energy as a source of power and weapons and on the need for maintaining a large Red Army to protect the Soviet Union, as Stalin put it, in "all exigencies." Meanwhile, efforts will be made to integrate the economies of eastern and Balkan Europe into the Soviet system.

The U.S.S.R.'s aggressive economic policy simply doesn't fit its relatively small economic shoes. From this it is easy to conclude that Russia cannot afford to have belligerent intentions and that, therefore, the Western democracies, with their preponderance of modern weapons and industrial capacity, have nothing to fear except inertia and lack of constructive leadership on their part.

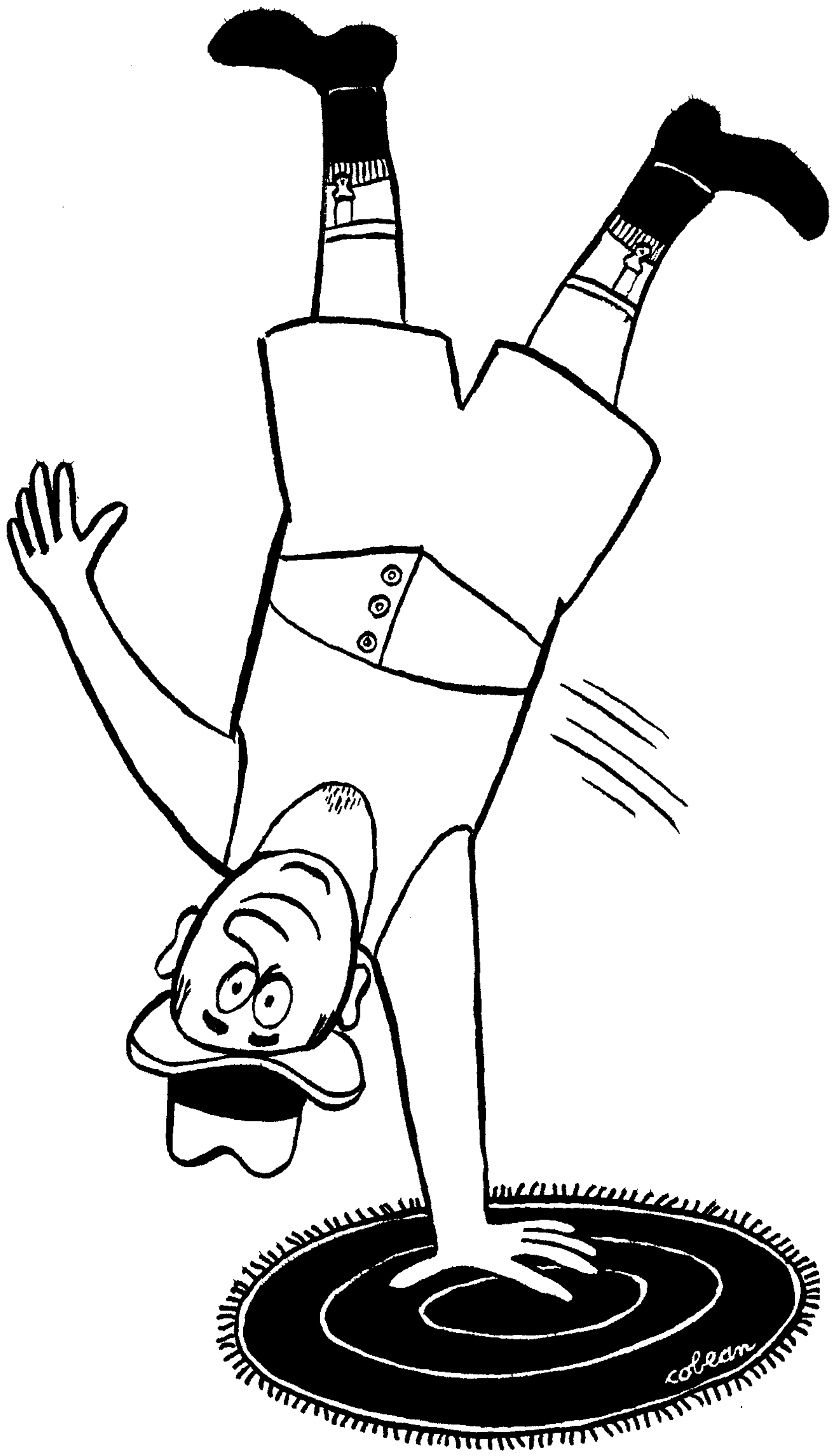
Five, ten, fifteen or twenty years hence, however, the picture would change materially if Russia achieved its empire and organized its economic energies into a cohesive and powerful whole. The Western powers would lose what military advantage they enjoy in possessing the atom bomb. Both sides have, therefore, less than five years and possibly much less time than that—depending on how soon Soviet scientists could produce an atomic weapon—in which to argue out their differences and devote their energies to producing a permanent system for maintaining peace.

THE END



"If you ask me, I think he's going to be in there for quite a while"

COLLIER'S DICK STROME



What sensible man wouldn't turn cartwheels?

There you are . . . wearing shorts with Gripper fasteners again!

There's not a button to pop off. There's never a buttonhole to tear. And these trim snap fasteners are easier to open and close.

You grin when you think that Gripper fasteners will take laundering and laundering and actually outlast the shorts themselves. Then you get that impulse. You want to cheer. You want to whoop. You want to turn cartwheels in the public square.

It's the most natural thing in the world. You'll see if you remember to look for the trademark "*Gripper*" stamped in every fastener. All men's clothing stores have shorts with Gripper fasteners.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
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* *the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury 91, Conn. · America's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners

China's Top Star

BY LESTER WALKER

I REMEMBER when I get my first play in Chungking. In it I am a Chinese Sadie Thompson. And when it will open soon—ai-yah!—am I nervous! Maybe I am not perfect in the role. And on this depends everything—for in Chungking is my debut. So finally I decide I will try it in real life and see."

This was Valentine Chao talking, the girl who was later to become the No. 1 star of the Chungking theater and give a command performance for China's Generalissimo. She now wants to bring her talents to this country.

"I say to myself," she continued, "I will test my acting in the street. If not mistaken for the character I am, then my speech, my hand moving, my clothes are not perfect and I must go to work on them again.

"So I dress up. Cheeks—what rouge! White shoes —with high heels. I have a shabby fox fur, and I smoke a cigarette. I go to where the Chungking streetwalkers walk and I lean against a telephone pole in what I think is the business attitude. And I wait.

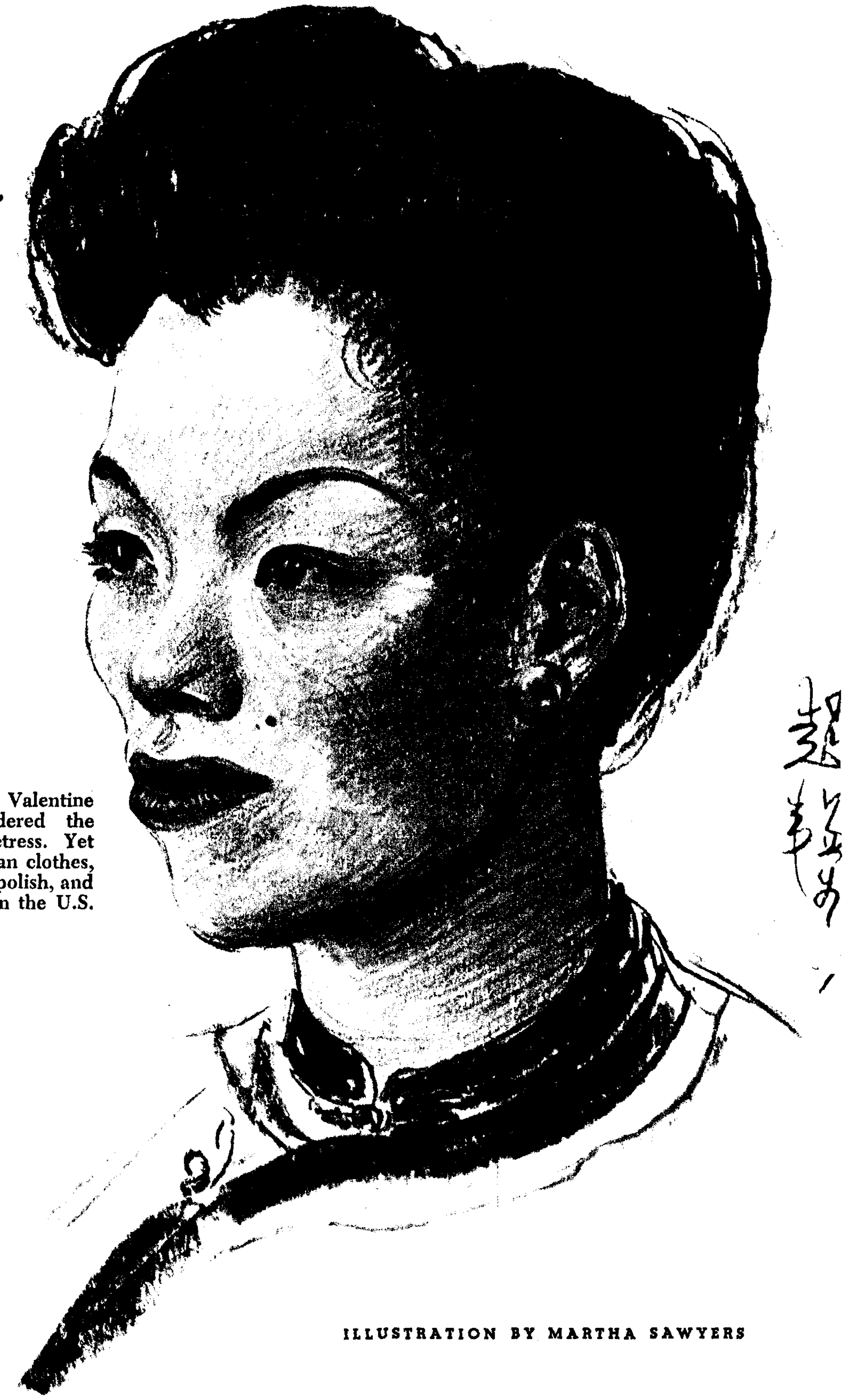
"But nothing happens. The men they go by None gives hello to me. So I think: No good, you do not act the part right. Then one of the girls' amahs—maids, you know—comes by. She look at me. 'No luck tonight, dearie?' she say. Then I know it is all right. I am confident for the part. And it goes fine.

"So ever since," she concluded, "every role—peasant, farm wife—always I test them that way."

The play that later established Valentine Chao as China's leading actress was called Empress Dowager. In Chungking—as a slight distinction from Broadway —a ten-day run puts a play on a paying basis and is even longer than the average. Empress Dowager ran more than forty days, shattering all records. Then to prove Valentine's eminence, the Generalissimo ordered the command performance.

Empress Dowager was a hard play to do; it lasted a full six hours. Valentine had to be on stage, acting, five and a half of them. Her make-up, put on by a special make-up man, took another three hours and altogether she had to be at work twelve hours a day. But Valentine, who weighs a mere eighty-eight pounds, is unfazed by the rigid life of the Chinese theater.

She was born in Soochow, a city long famed for its beautiful women. Before she was eighteen, she decided she wanted to be an actress. But her parents said no and sent her off to a Catholic girls' school in Hankow. What they overlooked was (1) that Hankow had movies, and (2) that Valentine would go to see Paul Muni in I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang.



In Chungking, Valentine Chao is considered the leading stage actress. Yet she likes American clothes, lipstick and nail polish, and wants to study in the U.S.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The star of the Chungking theater weighs only 88 pounds. But what of it! In one play she was onstage, and acting, for five and a half hours

"I walked out of it," she said, "knowing I must act —forever."

She heard then about the National Drama Academy trials at Nanking, but how to take them was the problem. It was solved when Valentine conveniently remembered she had an uncle living in Nanking, and on her way home from school in June paid him a surprise visit. For three days, she secretly took the exams.

Many Took the Exams. Few Passed

She remembered some of them. One consisted of writing a letter and showing what she was writing by pantomime. There were 500 competitors and only thirty passed. Of the thirty, only eight were girls.

"And when the news to my Soochow home comes," she said, lifting her eyes, "ai-yah!—the wailings in the Chao household! I am an unfilial daughter, they say." But Valentine went to the academy anyway.

The Japs also conspired to keep her from becoming an actress. They chased the academy from Nanking to Changsha, and from Changsha to Ichang, and finally to Chungking. Even there, the Japs dropped their calling cards—once so uncomfortably close that Valentine lost all her clothes and other possessions. But in Chungking, Valentine became an actress.

In one of her parts, something happened that almost ruined her career.

"The opening night," Valentine said, "I send my amah off in hurry to buy countrywoman costume from a pawnshop. Short coat, trousers. It is old, the fasteners no good. So hurry, I have to pin. In middle of the play the pin loses. My pants begin to come off.

"Well, what to do? If I turn around and try to fix, back to audience, they will guess what is wrong. They will howl in ridicule. It can end my career. To now, however, no one knows. Only stage hands in charge of lights. They watch, all ready to turn off at proper moment. And you know then what I do? I just ad-lib. I hoist up my pants, grimacing, and twisting them the way always the countrywomen do. Suddenly everyone is laughing and applauding—because so true to life. And so I keep that ad-lib in all later performances."

Valentine does about eight plays a year. She gets 2,500 Chinese dollars a performance, which sounds better than it is when you consider current Chungking prices. Her ricksha to and from the theater costs $600; a frock, $12,000; a pair of shoes, $5,000; an American lipstick, $7,500. And her hotel room is no bargain.

"Long time in the floor," she explains, "there is a patch of cement gone. Finally I scold the manager—'I stand here, I am this height. In hole I am another height. You better get floor fixed. I don't know for my public how high I am.'"

Actually, she is five feet two, "including on top—my hair."

What she's interested in now is more training, this time in an American drama school—Yale's or Iowa's preferred. Somebody is already trying to arrange a scholarship for her, and if the scholarship goes through —as it appears it might—you may see her name in lights yet. ★★★

Television Will Cost Big Money

Continued from page 19

who use these papers is about $660,000,000 a year and the public spends $766,000,000 a year to buy these papers for a total of $1,400,000,000.

Movies have a total of 4,940,000,000 paid admissions per year, for which they collect $1,500,000,000.

In spite of their large advertising revenue, newspapers and magazines require income from their circulation in order to operate as businesses. *Radio is the only large-scale purveyor of news and entertainment that has been able to exist solely from the sale of advertising.* The advertiser pays for everything that goes out over the air, including Presidential speeches, public service programs, sustaining programs, etc., because advertising is radio's only source of income.

On the other hand, some publications have prospered entirely or largely from their circulation revenue, with little or no income from advertising. The movies are doing nicely without any advertising revenue at all; their box-office income is nearly four times what the advertisers spend for radio, although their daily audience is only a fraction of radio's.

Not a Medium for Cheap Shows

Radio has succeeded with its present commercial setup because it is cheap, but there is no indication that television will be the same. The eye is much more fickle than the ear. People can listen to radio with half an ear, can enjoy the same music played over and over again, are even free to do other things while listening to the inexpensive plays presented by radio. They can lay down a newspaper or magazine, pick it up later, and continue reading where they left off (they may even see the same ad four or five times).

But television, to hold interest at all, must present such superlative quality that it will draw the viewer from all other activity with never an inattentive pause. There can be no backtracking to pick up loose ends. Television producers have already learned that once a viewer's attention wavers, he is lost for that particular show, which means that the advertiser can count him out when the carefully planned commercial is presented.

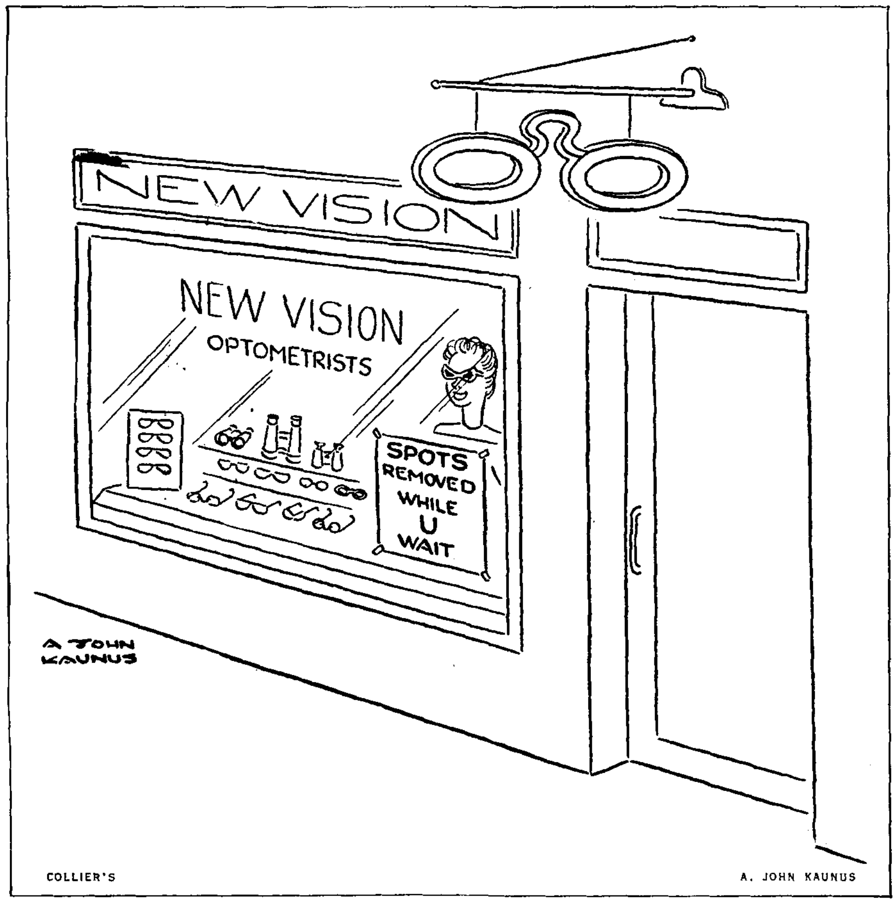
Producing television entertainment of the kind that will gain and hold a mass audience is going to be very costly. We can discount in advance the features about which we hear the most, namely, spot news, sports events, etc. All will be helpful, but their mass appeal for long hours each day will be strictly limited. All of our motion picture companies combined, with cameramen all over the world, produce only about two hours of newsreel a week, without sound, and this is cut to one hour when shown in special newsreel theaters.

A fight or two a week, with an occasional wrestling match thrown in, is about all that the average person will care to watch. Football, baseball and other sports lend themselves only moderately well to television, and even if available in sufficient quantity could not hold an audience indefinitely.

Preference polls without end have shown that people want drama to come by television, that they would like to see new movies and plays, that they expect to receive entertainment at least comparable to the movies in audience appeal. That immediately throws television into competition with movies, and there is nothing to indicate that good television production can be done even as cheaply as good movie production.

Television is a one-shot proposition so far as the particular station or network is concerned; rehearsals must be repeated until the production is perfect. The actors can't huddle in front of a mike and read script as they do in radio, nor can there be retakes of bungled scenes as with the movies. And, to draw an audience remotely comparable to radio's, the entire production must be so outstanding that a majority of the public will forego bridge, gossip, love-making, work or reading to watch it. And this pace must be maintained for many hours each day.

Most Americans go to the movies about once a week, sit through a three-hour show, and spend on the average a trifle more than thirty cents for each admission. At ten or eleven cents an hour, movies provide very inexpensive enter-



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DWIGHT E. MITCHELL

Dwight E. Mitchell, sales manager for the Midwest Division of the Wildroot Company, uses Silvaire to cover his 12-state area. Mr. Mitchell says: "My Luscombe has flown a distance equivalent to twelve times around the world at the equator, and today has a market value slightly higher than the original cost. It has proved fast, safe and economical for business trips. You may be sure that when I purchase a new ship it will be a Luscombe Silvaire."

For business, for sport, for pleasure, for family flying . . . the SILVAIRE is the plane of the day. Remember, if you can drive a car, you can learn to fly SILVAIRE. Write Dept. C for complete information . . . find out how you can get a FREE flying course with your SILVAIRE.

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Take Laxatives?

Try Lemon and Water —it's good for you!

JUICE OF ONE LEMON
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FIRST THING ON ARISING

Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

This natural fruit drink—simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

Millions Take Lemons for Health
Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 10,500,000 Americans now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it for 10 mornings, first thing on arising.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!
LEMON and WATER
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NOW VACATION IN CANADA'S PACIFIC PROVINCE . . . where modern cities rub shoulders with romantic relics of primitive peoples . . . where big fish, big game challenge crack sportsmen. The season is long . . . June thru September.
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Delicious . . . with true, old-time flavor. Really baked (not steamed) *all day long* with juicy pork and spicy sauces . . . "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Burnham & Morrill Company.

B&M
Genuine
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BAKED BEANS
Baked in Open Pots

tainment. However, the cost to the movie industry of providing this entertainment runs into boxcar figures. The average cost for producing feature pictures is about $370,000 per hour. The movies have been severely criticized for extravagance, but it is an established fact that a sure way to make a picture flop is to trim its production costs. With few exceptions over the years, the most profitable and popular pictures have been those that cost the most to produce.

Since television will be competing with the movies as a means of mass visual entertainment, there is no reason to believe that its production costs can be lower than the movies'.

Entertainment 64 Hours a Day

And there is one more illuminating comparison between radio and the movies. The motion picture entertainment on which the public spends one and one half billion dollars a year is ridiculously small in quantity when measured against radio's insatiable appetite. The entire production of new motion pictures averages only about two hours of new film per day, enough to fill the hours from 7 to 9 P.M. on one television network. Radio's four major networks alone produce sixty-four hours of new entertainment each day. The public pays five times as much for two hours of new movie entertainment as the advertiser pays for more than sixty-four hours of new radio entertainment.

Television enthusiasts talk in terms of five or more stations per city. If there were five stations in one city, the cost of providing each with four hours of daily entertainment produced to motion picture standards would be *two billion seven hundred million dollars per year.* This is more than American business spends on every form of advertising combined, from direct mail and billboards to radio, newspapers and magazines.

Television has been shackled too long by unwise friends and promoters who refuse to think their economic problem through. It could become a reality very soon if the industry would only realize that the advertiser can never pay for adequate television, that even if there were a television receiver in every home in the United States the enormous program production costs would make a duplication of radio's commercial pattern economically impossible. On the other hand, the public will gladly pay for television programs, just as it pays for movies.

Suppose, for example, that it could enter the home over an ordinary telephone wire, and that at the end of the month, the subscriber were to be billed for the service he had received, much the same way as he now pays for his telephone. He could sit at home and see all of the low-cost events, such as fashion shows, that television now promises, and in addition would have all of the costly features like championship prize fights, new movies, etc.

New movies are not now available for television, but producers would have no hesitation in providing them if they were paid for. Similarly, major sporting events for which radio broadcasting rights already command a high premium could be available for television from the very first on terms that would be fair to the public, to the television producer, and to the producer of the sports event.

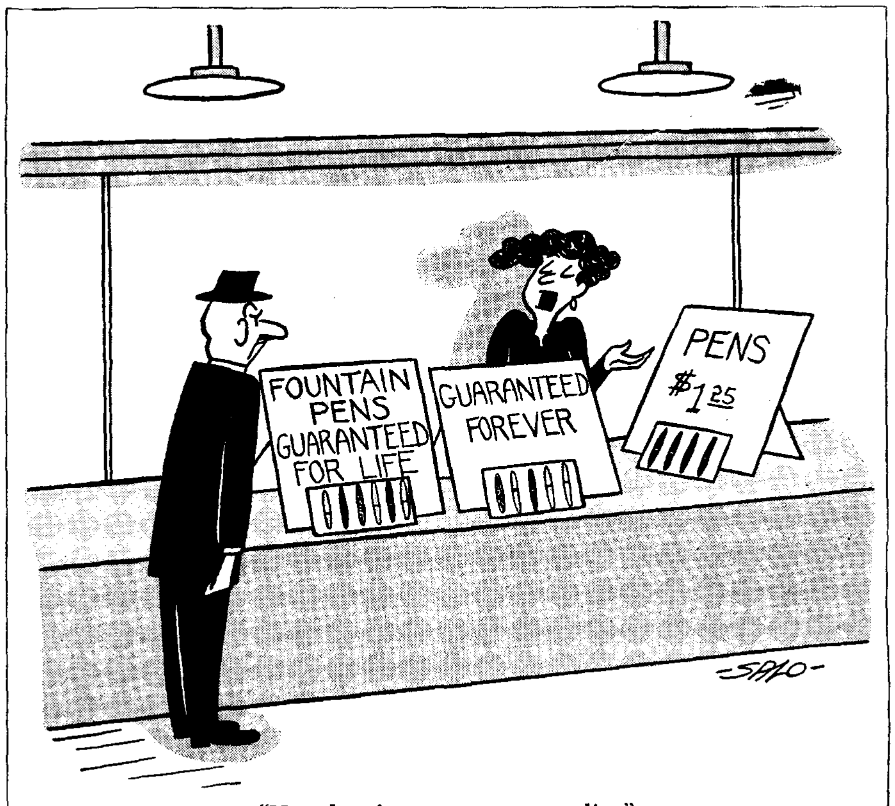
The Pig Squeal Is Included

Should "wired television" require the use of special wiring, such as coaxial cable from transmitter to receiver, it would lend itself more economically to use in theaters than in homes. However, there are other methods, one of which has already been approved experimentally by FCC, for providing a box office from home users, even with ordinary radio transmission and reception. Transmitters can be equipped with a device that will broadcast an interfering "pig squeal" along with the show, which would spoil reception, or with a scrambling device that will make the broadcast unintelligible. "Squeal erasers" or "unscramblers" that will permit proper reception can be rented to owners of home television sets, thereby providing the necessary box office.

There is nothing wrong with television that money won't cure. And the sooner we can convince televisionaries that the advertisers haven't sufficient money to pay for the type of continuous programs that will be necessary to make the public buy television receivers by the millions, the sooner the industry will start applying its brains to a technical solution to obtain a box office.

When this problem is solved, television will become a great industry, and will have fulfilled its promise of bringing new and better entertainment to the American home.

THE END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